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ART. I.—*Egypt's Place in Universal History: An Historical Investigation.* By CHRISTIAN C. J. BUNSEN, D.Ph., and D.C.L. In Five Books. Translated from the German by CHARLES H. COTTRELL, Esq., M.A. 8vo. Vol. I., 1848; Vol. II., 1854. London: Longmans.

WHEN a subject so rich in archæological interest, and bearing so important a relation to sacred and profane history, as the annals of Ancient Egypt, is fully investigated by a person so profoundly versed in history, possessing such acknowledged lingual attainments, so eminent as a philosopher, and so respected throughout Europe for his sound scholarship, as the Chevalier Bunsen, his researches demand from every considerate and inquiring mind the most respectful attention; and warrant the hope that they will afford us the means of increasing the sphere of our knowledge, and of promoting the interests of truth and the cause of sound learning.

For ourselves, we freely avow, that, having long looked into this great subject as into a vast store-house of ancient treasure, and panted with eager anxiety to see all its riches brought out into the light, for the benefit of the world, we hailed the effort of the learned Chevalier with deep interest, and entered on the perusal of these important volumes with sanguine expectation. As we proceeded, various and sometimes conflicting sentiments were called forth; and our present object is to place these, with a rapid sketch of the work, before our readers.

In attempting this digest, we are greatly aided by the copiousness of the materials, and the lucidness of the Chevalier's arrangement and style. Nothing, in fact, is left us to desire in

these essential respects; our only doubt being whether we can simplify what is so difficult, and condense what is so diffuse, within the compass of the few pages which we can allot to the purpose.

Without further preface, we invite attention to the ultimate object which the author proposes to himself in his work; namely, "by persevering in a course of Egyptian research,—based, in the strictest sense of the word, on historical principles,—to obtain for the history of mankind a surer foundation than we at present possess." The local inquiry he therefore obviously regards as only preliminary to much more extensive deductions thence ensuing. He would read correctly this single chapter of the history of nations, that he may from it draw large inferences respecting the ethnography of the whole world.

Our author is sanguine as to the eventual success of modern research in the realms of Egyptian antiquity:—

"We are convinced that it may and will be the lot of our age, to disentangle the clue of Egyptian chronology, by the light of hieroglyphical science and the aid of modern historical research, even after the loss of so many invaluable records of the Old World; and thus to fasten the thread of universal chronology round the apex of those indestructible Pyramids which are no longer closed and mysterious. Admitting, however, that we do succeed in this, one portion only of our task, though certainly the most difficult and toilsome, is accomplished; the original problem, the definition of the position of Egypt in general history, still remains to be solved. We cannot claim the introduction of a period of more than thirty centuries, of the chronology of Egypt, into the general chronology of the world, without submitting it to the test of that general chronology. We shall commence, therefore, with the lowest point in general history,—the foundation of the Macedonian Empire,—and proceed upwards in an unbroken line, along the turning points in the history of those nations with which that of Egypt is connected. The epochs of the Persian and Babylonian dominion, both of which are fixed by astronomical and historical records, will first be noticed; and then we shall pass on beyond the Olympiads, the limits of Grecian chronology, and the threshold of the Jewish, the dedication of Solomon's temple. Prior to the latter [last-named] event, there is no systematic computation by years; nothing save mere scattered dates, in which frequent contradictions occur, and requiring consequently to be verified and adjusted themselves, instead of furnishing us any guarantee in the prosecution of our chronological researches. Even this, however, shall not deter us from making further investigation. We must still go onward, beyond the commencement of the Assyrian Empire and the days of the great Legislator of Israel, in order to arrive at last, through seemingly barren ages,—the supposed nonage of human civilization,—at the starting-point of all Egyptian chronology,—the foundation of the Empire of Upper and Lower Egypt by Menes."

This point being thrown back to a date more than 2,500 years before the building of Solomon's temple, A.C. 1,000, may give

an idea of the extreme antiquity which the author is prepared to claim for the history on which he has expended his labours.

Our author is not only sanguine that he shall be able to sustain the claims of Egypt to this great antiquity, but believes that the recognition of it will have an important effect on general history: that, when he has established the succession and names of the various ancient Dynasties that ruled over that country, he may hopefully endeavour to connect its history with the traditional history of the other ancient peoples of the world, his Egyptian data receiving confirmation from *them* where they are right, and correcting them where they are wrong:—

“The gaps and flaws which have been dexterously glossed over will re-appear; and many portions of history, which have been dissected and artfully torn asunder, will, on the re-establishment of the natural connexion, fall back at once, like dislocated members of an organic body, into their places, and mutually co-operate to restore to the ancient history of the world the vital energy of which it has been so long deprived.”

The leading point to which all others are subordinate, and which may be regarded as the foundation of our author's chronological system, is, that Egypt possessed a historical King, Menes, (introductory to a whole series of reigning Dynasties, lasting down to the death of the younger Nectanebo, the last Pharaoh of the Egyptian race, A.C. 340,) from a period so far back as the year before Christ 3895; in other words, contemporaneous with Adam, the progenitor of the human race, and only a hundred and nine years after the creation of the world, according to the common but incorrect chronology of the margin of our Bibles. On these statements we shall bestow an observation or two further on; for the present, we confine ourselves to a representation of our author's design and method, that our readers may enter with us into a due appreciation of the difficulty of his task, and more worthily estimate the ingenuity and pains bestowed on its discharge.

By common consent of all the learned, the *exodus* of the children of Israel from Egypt took place under the Eighteenth Dynasty of the sovereign families which had held rule in Egypt. Are the seventeen preceding Dynasties of Egyptian Kings to be considered as historical,—not fabulous? And can the fact of their existence, the deeds of their life, the orthography of their names, the dates of their reigns, be ascertained, with any thing like reliable precision, out of the conflicting lists of the historians, and the mutilated sculptures on the monuments? This question our author answers in the affirmative; and undertakes to show that the chronologies of Manetho, Eratosthenes, and Apollodorus (their seeming discrepancies notwithstanding) do mutually explain, harmonize with, and supplement, each other; while the carvings of Karnak and Abydos at once serve as a check to the historians,

and confirm their essential truth. As these writers and documents form the subject-matter with which the author deals, and are of perpetual recurrence in his treatise, we shall devote a few paragraphs to a description of them.

Of these the first and most important is Manetho, or Má-n'-thôth,—a Priest of the city of Sebennytus, on a branch of the Nile,—who lived in the time of Ptolemy Soter, son of Lagos, and also in that of Ptolemy II. Philadelphus. For his learning and parts he was held in high estimation at a learned Court, and had the rare merit, in the eyes of a Greek Sovereign, of being able to record the acquisitions of his priestly education and native Egyptian lore, in the language of the civilized world. Of his numerous works on religion, philosophy, history, and chronology, none survive, except a few extracts in some of the Greek writers,—all of whom mention Manetho with the utmost respect. Eusebius of Cæsarea, Theodoret, Josephus, Diogenes Laërtius, Plutarch, and Porphyry, pronounce him a man of singular qualifications for the exposition of Egyptian history and manners, and regard his decision on these subjects as authoritative and final.

If the work of such an author had come down to us entire, or even any considerable portion of it, or indeed any portion at all, in the precise form and terms in which it was originally written, we should feel bound to pay great respect and attention to such an interesting ancient record. For although Manetho wrote more than two hundred years after Egypt had been subdued, and her power and institutions trampled into the dust, by the merciless Cambyses, he might notwithstanding have had access to some records of early Egyptian history, if any such existed, and to monuments yet in a tolerable state of preservation. We must not, however, imagine that this scribe lived under the Pharaohs, or that he was himself conversant with the history or antiquities of Ancient Egypt, except through remote and uncertain channels of communication.

The next leading writer upon whom the author relies, is the Greek Eratosthenes. From his position, education, and abilities, this writer is deserving of the highest respect. He, like Manetho, belongs to the distinguished era of the Ptolemies, having been born under Philadelphus, and promoted to the post of Director of the Alexandrian Library, probably under Euergetes, dying in the 146th Olympiad, when eighty or eighty-two years old; before Christ, about 196. With Callimachus he forms the pride of the Greek colony of Cyrene, in Africa, the place of his birth; "for," says Strabo, "if ever there was a man who combined skill in the art of poetry and grammar, common to him and to Callimachus, with philosophy and general learning, Eratosthenes was that man." He is said to have reduced to a system the two sciences of geography and chronology, becoming thus a guide to such

distinguished geographers as Strabo and Ptolemy; and, in chronology, to Apollodorus and others. Southernmost Africa was not too remote to be embraced in his researches of the one kind, while the legendary history of Greece was not too shadowy to be included in the other. A man of such multifarious ability and rare opportunities might be expected to do much for the chronography of Egypt; and he did. At the command of the King, he compiled a list of early Egyptian Kings from monuments and other sources of the most reliable kind; and his labours are consequently cited as of perfect authenticity by Apollodorus and succeeding chronologers.

But the work of Eratosthenes does not survive in a separate form, any more than that of Manetho; so that we are indebted for the preservation of its most precious fragment to the industry and zeal of a Greek churchman of the ninth century, Georgius Syncellus, or the Chancellor, of the city of Byzantium. In his work on Chronography, he cites the labours of Eratosthenes, with a brief statement of their origin and nature; copying, however, it must be added, from the pages of Apollodorus, as the separate publication of Eratosthenes had by this time perished. So that the solitary fragment of this author which we possess, has come to us through a third hand.

The third independent authority on which Bunsen relies for the establishment of the great chronological facts, the truth of which he advocates, namely, this Apollodorus of Athens, was a chronographer by profession, and quoted as such by Clemens Alexandrinus, Diodorus the Sicilian, and Strabo. He continued the labours, and added a supplement to the calculations, of Eratosthenes, according to the testimony of the Byzantine Monk:—

“Here ends the succession of the eight-and-thirty so-called Theban Kings of Egypt, whose names Eratosthenes obtained from the sacred scribes at Thebes, and translated from Egyptian into Greek. It began in the 2,900th year of the world, 124 years after the confusion of tongues, and ended in this the 3,975th. The same Apollodorus has handed down three-and-fifty Kings, immediate successors of the foregoing. We consider it, however, superfluous to transcribe their names.”

So wrote Syncellus, in a marvellous slumber of the chronographic faculty; for those very names which, in the exercise of a critical judgment, he has seen fit to exclude from his canon, are just those which modern criticism is most anxious to recover, and which, without this independent testimony, we doubtfully recal from his own looser lists and from monumental inscriptions.

Besides the incidental notice just given, we shall more precisely indicate the spots where these well-springs of Egyptian history are to be found, thus furnishing a valuable clue to further research on the part of any reader disposed to pursue the thread of Egyptian inquiry; and at the same time intimating, in the scantiness of the materials amassed, and in their deposition

on second-hand authority in every case, what uncertainty may attend conclusions seemingly the most positive on grounds seemingly the most satisfactory. Manetho, for instance, only lives in the *Chronographia* of Syncellus, in the Armenian version of the *Chronicon* of Eusebius, in the work of Josephus *Contra Apion.*, and in the still less important *Excerpta* of St. Theophilus to Autolycus.

Extracts from Eratosthenes and Apollodorus are to be found in Syncellus only; while matters comparatively unimportant to our subject, that is, distinct from the chronology and history of the country, are to be found in Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, Strabo, Chæremon, and Lysimachus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Berosus, Alexander Polyhistor, and Julius Africanus: one half even of these surviving only at second-hand. Syncellus, then, is clearly the mainstay of the student; and his report of Manetho, Eratosthenes, and Apollodorus, is what we have almost exclusively to rely upon; his testimony being open to all the exception, on the score of human infirmity, which a prudent judge will take to evidence of such a nature. He gives Manetho's lists in an imperfect form, at a distance of a thousand years after Manetho's death, from manuscripts which, during that protracted period, had undergone the fate of all manuscripts under transcription, and had become replete with errors, the greater part made unconsciously, but some doubtless purposely manufactured ones, in the shape of attempted emendations. When we see the accidents which have befallen the copies of the Holy Scriptures for a thousand years before the invention of printing,—works which an enlightened piety and a sectarian zeal alike conspired to preserve from erroneous transcription,—we must not expect works of less value and sacredness to be free from blemish. The very nature of Manetho's work, too, chronological and dealing much in ciphers, is one peculiarly obnoxious to important variations, from the slightest causes. As numerals, moreover, are represented in Greek by the letters of the alphabet, the mere substitution of one letter for another closely resembling it, might alter the value of a sum a thousand times. These considerations are named, not to disparage Syncellus, nor to prepossess the mind against Bunsen, but to suggest that preparatory caution, which, in handling a subject mainly chronological, a correct view of our present duty demands at our hands. Any conclusions based upon an authority so insufficient, and which really resolves itself into the testimony of a single person, would carry little conviction with them, were they not supposed to be substantiated by collateral and very important evidence, in the shape of existing monuments. These latter we shall briefly describe, so that the student may have all the evidence before him on which Bunsen founds his verdict; the documentary being that already mentioned, and

the monumental consisting of the Tablet of Karnak, the Tablet of Abydos, and the Papyrus Roll in the Royal Museum of Turin.

In an apartment of the palace-temple of KARNAK was discovered by Burton, a learned English traveller, a sculpture on the walls, representing four rows of Kings, with Tuthmosis III. at the end of each two rows, offering sacrifice. There are sixty-one figures in all; and Lepsius, of Berlin, by the aid of the Turin Papyrus, seems to have ascertained that the two Kings in the third and fourth rows, immediately in front of Tuthmosis, are Amenemes I. and Osortesen I., two Monarchs of the Twelfth Dynasty of Manetho, that is, the last entire Dynasty of the Old Empire. Tuthmosis III. is himself the fifth Ruler of the Eighteenth Dynasty; and from the groups and inscriptions on this remarkable sculpture,—some of the figures being unaccompanied by the usual throne marks, and others being distributed in a very promiscuous order,—the conclusion has been gathered, that a genealogical, and not a dynastic, succession of Princes is recorded here. The monument itself, however, is of prime value, as corrective of the historical dates and notices given by the ancient epitomists of the chronology of Egypt.

Another English traveller, Mr. Banks, has been fortunate enough to bring to light the TABLET OF ABYDOS, or Rameses, carved with the name and effigy of that Monarch, (Sesostris, the third King of the Nineteenth Dynasty,) and his predecessors. It is deposited in the British Museum. The slab exhibits two horizontal rows of Kings, seated beneath their royal cartouches, to the number of twenty-six in each row. The stone has been much mutilated, and the right side of it shows thirteen—that is, one-half the names in the upper row—utterly obliterated, and eight in the lower. Nevertheless, such is either the cleverness of modern hypothetists in guessing, or, as Bunsen would phrase it, such the unquestionable certainty of modern research, that Lepsius has succeeded in ascertaining the names of the missing figures. This he has done by the help of the Turin Papyrus, shortly to be described. The grand fact, however, discovered by this sagacious Egyptologist is, that the Twelfth Dynasty precedes the Eighteenth without any interval; an extraordinary circumstance, if true, and provocative, to a high degree, of further investigation.

In the Library of THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT TURIN is deposited the sole remaining memorial we shall name, of use in checking and corroborating the accounts of the historians of Egypt. Its presence in Europe is one of the many fruits of the French invasion of Egypt; as is the invaluable Rosetta Stone, the talisman without whose aid all the literature of Ancient Egypt would have remained sealed up to us in an impenetrable tomb. The document which we are now describing is a fragmentary Papyrus Roll in the hieratic character of the time of the Rames-

sides, or the Kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty. It is six feet long, fourteen inches in height, is arranged in twelve columns, and has the names of from twenty-six to thirty Kings in each column. In the fragmentary portions of this scroll, vestiges of about two hundred names were found to exist; and it has been conjectured that it originally contained as many as two hundred and fifty,—an embarrassing plenitude of crowned heads, but for the reasonable supposition that co-regencies, or something equivalent to such an arrangement, are registered in this monument, as appears to be the case elsewhere. In this very scanty enumeration of authorities,—namely, that of one author of the Church representing three Pagan chronographers who had flourished a thousand years before him,—together with the three precious but imperfect monumental records just described, is comprised the whole library of really efficient and valuable Egyptian literature; all from which the student may argue, all from which the castle-builder may construct, all from which the antiquarian and chronologist may safely infer. Pyramids, tombs, and palaces will, of course, furnish incidental names and nations, to fill up chasms or confirm facts already surmised; individual features and singular details may be painted in, by the help which these casual tracings supply; but the documents and writers above named exhaust the series of the original classical and consecutive records of the dynastic history of Ancient Egypt. Where these fail us, the light is darkness. “How great, then, must be that darkness!”

But, notwithstanding this dearth of materials to furnish a complete history of the ancient times of the mysterious land of the veiled Isis, there has been no lack of enterprise to turn the scanty supply to the most liberal account. In the *résumé* which follows will be found a fair account of the results of modern Egyptian research, the most advanced opinions and most elaborately compacted details being ascribable to the sagacity and untiring industry of our author. The course of Egyptology, or the study of the antiquities of Egypt, has issued, in the hands of the intelligent modern students of the matter, in the adoption of the theory of three different successive Dynastic periods in the history of the nation, called severally the “Old Empire,” the “Middle Empire,” and the “New Empire.” Of these, the duration—

	Years.
Of the First, according to Eratosthenes, was	1,076
Of the Second, reasoning from Apollodorus's List of Kings	900
And the Third, according to Manetho	1,300
Or, in all.....	3,276

That Manetho and Eratosthenes really describe the same personages and reigns under the first twelve Dynasties, although

the number of names and the sum of their combined reigns do not correspond, is generally believed, from the fact that, at sundry intervals in their respective lists, the names do correspond in every particular, allowance being made for the following qualification; namely, that Eratosthenes pursued the Greek historical method of mentioning only the actually reigning Sovereign, while Manetho pursued the Egyptian one of naming co-regents, even females in some cases; and that thus the sum of Eratosthenes must be considered the correct one, while that of Manetho has received, from the aggregation of the co-regencies, an untrue addition of nearly three hundred years. If these assumptions are taken for granted, a resemblance, amounting almost to identity, will appear in their lists. Manetho, it must be understood, represents the whole period from Menes to Alexander, under the designation of Thirty Dynasties, as covering a period of 3,555 years, of which the earlier portion, embracing twelve of the Dynasties, corresponds here and there, but in the same order of succession, with the names of thirty-eight Kings preserved by Eratosthenes.

To make this more clearly understood, we present the names which correspond in each list, and indicate the exact place in succession of the Kings on both sides.

ERATOSTHENES.	MANETHO.	PLACE IN HIS LIST.
I. Menes.....	Menes.....	I.
II. Athothis.....	Athothis.....	II.
IV. Miabies.....	{ Miebidos. (Miabaes.) }	VI.
X. Anoyphis.....	Soyphis.....	XIII.
XIII. Rayosis.....	Ratoises.....	XXII.
XIV. Biyres.....	Bicheris.....	XXIII.
XV. Saophis.....	Soris.....	XVIII.
XVI. Saophis II.....	Suphis.....	XX.
XVII. Moscheres.....	Mencheres.....	XXI.
XIX. Pammes.....	Thamphis.....	XXV.
XX. Apappus.....	Phiops.....	XXIX.
XXII. Nitocris.....	Nitocris.....	XXXI.
XXXII. Amenemes.....	Amenemes.....	XLIII.
XXXIII. Amenemes II.....	Amenemes.....	XLV.
XXXIV. Sistosis.....	Sesostris.....	XLVI.
XXXV. Mares.....	Lamares.....	XLVII.

It has been reasonably supposed, from the correspondence presented at different points in these lists, with the exception of a slight dislocation, that both the chronologers were dealing with the same historical period and personages, although the list of Manetho professes in its Twelve Dynasties to embrace fifty-four Sovereigns, while that of Eratosthenes confines itself to thirty-eight. The correspondence extends to considerably more than one third of the names of Eratosthenes.

While, however, we admit that the industry and ingenuity with which our author labours to reconcile Manetho and Eratosthenes are very great, we quite agree in the judgment pronounced on this effort by Mr. Kenrick; namely, that "we cannot feel such confidence in its soundness as to make it the basis of a history."

It has been assumed, that the Turin Papyrus was constructed on the same extended plan as the lists of Manetho. For although some deduction must be made from its two hundred and fifty original names, on the score of heroes and demi-gods belonging to the ante-historical or mythical period, there will nevertheless remain more names of mortal Sovereigns for the Old Empire, dating from Menes to the end of the Thirteenth Dynasty, than will comport either with other documentary evidence, or with that of the monuments. It is therefore concluded, that a method similar to Manetho's prevails in this Papyrus, and that it is to be reconciled, by a discriminating criticism, with the more scanty, but at the same time more credible, catalogue of Eratosthenes. But we must not leave entirely out of our account that very obvious and constantly intrusive cause of disturbance of calculations, the *lâches* of transcribers, which are found to affect reports of numbers in manuscripts even more than the ordinary text; of which *lâches* a notable instance occurs in the Seventh Dynasty of Manetho, to which an unknown but large number of Kings is ascribed, while the duration of their joint reigns is given as seventy days. This must be a mere mistake, which it is now impossible to account for, or to rectify.

Whatever may be the cause of this and other similar absurdities, it is quite certain that we have no manuscripts of Manetho, or Eratosthenes either, at first hand, not even their works in an independent shape, but only scanty and imperfect reports at second hand in the summaries of epitomists. These, from their conflicting views and objects in epitomizing, observed different phases of the subject-matter before them, and, consequently, selected different materials for extract; while ignorant copyists, in all ages, have made still greater havoc of the materials in question.

Eratosthenes' list of thirty-eight so-called Theban Kings of Egypt, as given in Manetho, concludes with the third Sovereign in the Thirteenth Dynasty of Manetho's own computation. It has been often asked, Why did this learned chronologer terminate his list here, two thousand years before his own times, according to the systems adopted by our author? But the question has never been answered. Historical data we have none, and speculation is not only vain, but mischievous.

In passing from this, the earliest portion of Egyptian history, we remind the reader, that Manetho gives 1,300 years to the Dynasties, from the Second to the Eleventh, inclusive; to which

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if we add 160 years for the Eleventh Dynasty, we have 1,460 years for the duration of the Old Monarchy. This period our author has reduced to 1,076 years, on the authority of Eratosthenes, as he says, by "a mere balance of external or comparative probabilities." We confess we cannot regard this conclusion as a satisfactory reconciliation of these authorities; nor do we believe that this difficulty will ever be cleared up, unless some means are discovered to show authoritatively whether any, and what number, of Manetho's Kings were co-regents,—whether any, and which, of his Dynasties were contemporaneous.

We now approach the most difficult and problematical portion of Bunsen's restoration of Egyptian history, namely, the nine hundred years assigned to the period of the Middle Empire, or, the dominion of the Palestino-Arab invaders,—the Hyksos. The theory of this humiliating episode in the dynastic life of Egypt is, that the Old Empire fell to pieces in the beginning of Manetho's Thirteenth Dynasty, before the warlike hordes of Bedouins who seized on Memphis, and governed Lower Egypt with military rigour, during the intervening Dynasties down to the Nineteenth. Their native stronghold and frontier fortress was near Pelusium, on the borders of Palestine, in the north-eastern angle of the Delta, whence, and from the conquered capital of Lower Egypt, they exercised their rule over the subject territory. The native Princes still retained their Pharaonic titles, but they were tributary to the Hyksos, the imperial sovereignty having passed out of their hands into the possession of the invaders; and Egypt sank, during this long period, out of the current of the general history of the world. This last circumstance increases the difficulty of dealing with this period, as does also the native distaste of the Arab races for monumental erections. Scarcely any remains of public works by the Hyksos can be traced; the erection of such gigantic structures as the Pyramids having nearly ceased with the Old Empire, the vocation of the invaders evidently being demolition rather than construction.

It is believed, nevertheless, that there is some monumental evidence of the period we are discussing, in the Tablet of Karnak; and the Papyrus of the Ramesside epoch, in the register of its Kings, seems to countenance that belief. The term, "Middle Empire," while any thing but a descriptive one, is simply used to imply a long parenthetical period between the native Egyptian Empires,—the old one which it superseded, and the new one which it ushered in.

The length of the duration of this Empire has become more a subject of dispute than the fact itself, that there was an Empire of the Hyksos in Egypt,—the latter fact having obtained pretty general acceptance at the hands of the best Egyptologists, on the faith of the testimony of Manetho. Indeed, nothing can

be more express than his assertion of the fact, as authorized by Josephus, in his work Against Apion.

"The so-called Timaos [Amun-timaos] became King. Egypt, during his reign, lay, I know not why, under the divine displeasure, and, on a sudden, men from the East country, of an ignoble race, audaciously invaded the land. They easily got possession of it, and established themselves without a struggle, making the Rulers thereof tributary to them, burning their cities, and demolishing the temples of their gods. All the natives they treated in the most brutal manner; some they put to death, others they reduced to slavery, with their wives and children.

"Subsequently, also, they chose a King out of their own body, Salatis by name. He established himself at Memphis, took tribute from the Upper and Lower country, and placed garrisons in the most suitable places. He fortified more especially the eastern frontier, foreseeing, as he did, that the Assyrians, whose power was then at its height, would make an attempt to force their way into the Empire from that quarter. He found in the Sethroite nome a city particularly well adapted for that purpose, lying to the east of the Bubastic arm of the Nile, called Avaris, after an old mythological fable. This he repaired and fortified with strong walls, and placed in it a garrison of 240,000 heavy-armed soldiers. In summer he visited it in person, for the purpose of recruiting them with a fresh supply of provisions, paying their salaries, and practising military exercises, by which to strike terror into the foreigners.

"He died after a reign of nineteen years, and was succeeded by another King, Beon [Bnon] by name, who reigned forty-four years. After him Apachnas reigned thirty-six years and seven months; then Apophis, sixty-one years; then Janias [Jannas], fifty years and one month; and lastly Assis [Asis], forty-nine years and two months.

"These six were their first Rulers. They were continually at war, with a view of utterly exhausting the strength of Egypt. The general name of their people was Hyksos, which means 'Shepherd Kings:' for *Hyk* signifies in the sacred language 'a King,' and *Sos* in the demotic is 'Shepherd,' and 'Shepherds.' Some say they were Arabs."

Such is the emphatic and very clear deposition of Manetho as to the fact of an invasion and dominion of Egypt by a people whom he designates Hyksos or Shepherd Kings,—a fact now too generally acknowledged to need collateral proof. Leaving untouched the historical question of who these invaders were, the inquiry of most enchaining interest is to determine the duration of their dominion; for it will not be lost sight of, that all the published portion of Bunsen's great treatise before us is chronological. Our author has displayed equal ingenuity in fixing the term of the Middle Empire, as in reconciling Manetho and Eratosthenes. Finding the following sentence on the pages of Syncellus, "The period of the 113 generations described by Manetho in his three volumes, comprises a sum total of 3,355 years," the learned Chevalier reads it as the *dictum*

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of Manetho, because "it in no way agrees with the canon or computation of Syncellus." But then he forgets, that it differs still more widely from Manetho's own figures. It is impossible to assign a satisfactory origin to this statement, which, however, comes to us only as an assertion of the Byzantine Monk. But, proceeding on this basis, our author reckons the period from Nectanebo up to Menes to consist of 3,555 years.

In round numbers he makes

	Years.
The Old Empire to have lasted	1,300
The New, the same term, about.....	1,300

Both Empires together, therefore 2,600

Leaving the interval of 900 years for the Hyksos Empire. Although the figures from which these results are deduced differ in Bunsen's final calculation, he attains as nearly as possible this conclusion, and publishes 922 years as Manetho's real chronology.

But as Bunsen prefers the term of Eratosthenes for the duration of the Old Empire, 1,076 years, his arrival at the term of nine centuries for the Hyksos dominion is not so simple and obvious. Taking Apollodorus's statement, that fifty-three Kings reigned during the period of the Hyksos dominion, as only available to establish the simple fact, that there was such a sovereignty, we are driven to gather the chronology of the period from the calculations of Manetho alone. The duration of part of the Thirteenth, of the whole of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Dynasties, is to be ascertained. Now, of these Dynasties,—

XIII. and XIV. are native, Theban and Xoite,

XV. and XVI. are Hyksos, while

XVII. is the two races of Kings, foreign and native, which are contemporaneous with each other.

If these are to be computed in succession, the sums of the reigns will amount to 1,859, according to Viscount Rougé, who has adopted this method. Bunsen gives it as 2,017, but evidently counts the Seventeenth Dynasty twice, and misprints 922, the sum of the two Hyksos Dynasties. (See vol. ii., p. 450.)

The sum 1,859 is thus arrived at:—

The Hyksos Dynasties, XV. and XVI., reigned 260 +	
511 years =	771
The two Theban Dynasties, XIII. and XVII., reigned	
453 + 151 =	604
The Xoite Dynasty	484

In all.....1,859

But Bunsen, finding this period so lengthened as to be incompatible with all the facts of history and calculations of

chronology, propounds a scheme, whereby the period shall be reduced to about half this length,—preserving intact the duration of the general period from Menes to Alexander. His theory is, that to the duration of the two Hyksos Dynasties, Fifteenth and Sixteenth, are to be added ten years of the Seventeenth Dynasty, that is, $260 + 518 + 151 = 929$; and maintains that this is the true result, the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Dynasties being the contemporaneous Theban and native Rulers who held sway over the Empire under the Hyksos' supreme dominion, retaining the Pharaonic name and tradition, however, themselves, and preserving the royal pedigree and *prestige* intact.

The reader will see little reason for reliance on results obtained by such violent means. If we were dealing only with a national history, such a course would be sufficiently startling; but the great avowed object of the investigation is to rear up a standard for regulating the chronology of the world. Every part of the investigation should consequently rest on sterling historical fact, and not be buttressed up by laboured speculation. Nor are we more reconciled to the conclusions of our author in this particular, when we are told that this scheme is sanctioned by its accordance with the sculpture in the chamber of Karnak, where there are supposed to be thirty effigies of Hyksos Kings, whose reigns, at thirty years each, would fill up this period of about nine hundred years. Compare this with other authorities.

	Years.
The first thirty Kings in the Canon of Ptolemy reigned	416
The first thirty Kings in the Dynasty of Nabonassar, according to the Ecclesiastical Canon	399
„ according to the Astronomical Canon	418
The average reign of the 192 Kings in the first eleven Dynasties of Manetho was about twelve years, or, for thirty.....	360

Into any further particulars connected with the supposed dominion of the Hyksos in Egypt, we deem it inexpedient to enter. Our author asserts the fact in the most unqualified terms, justified therein by the express historical evidence which he cites, while, by a series of ingenious, if not conclusive, reasonings, he fixes its duration at a period closely bordering on nine hundred years. This brings us down, assuming it all to be proved, to the reign of the Theban King Tuthmosis III., of the Eighteenth Dynasty, under whom the expulsion of the foreigners took place, and the inauguration of the New Empire of native Princes. The date before Christ of the defeat and ejection of the Hyksos is, according to this calculation, 1,636.

THE NEW EMPIRE, or closing epoch of the dynastic history of Egypt, comprises the whole period from Tuthmosis III., of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Manetho, down to Nectanebo, of the

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Thirtieth. The difficulties connected with this part of the investigation are infinitely less than those which attended the previous ones, from its coming more within the range of contemporary histories, and from its having the names and dates of the Kings fully recorded by the epitomizers, with the exception of those of the Twentieth Dynasty, and that rather in appearance than in reality.

In fact, the illustrative matter of all kinds becomes here so superabundant, that it would constitute an *embarras de richesses* to a mind less methodical and clear than that of our author. Be the strings of his harp, however, ten, or ten thousand, the more numerous, as well as the less so, are equally amenable to his skill. He makes a harmonious diapason from them all. Synchronisms, therefore, with Jewish history, with the reigns of the Psammetici, with the Kings of Persia, with the annals of Greece, and copious illustration from contemporary monuments, all come in here with great felicity to do good service in this cause.

For convenience of treatment, the New Empire may be distributed into the following three epochs.

I. The first embraces the Dynasties of—

- XVIII. The Tuthmoses.
- XIX. The Ramessides.
- XX. Theban Ramessides.
- XXI. Bubastites.
- XXII. Tanites (Ososkon=Sesak).

This brings us down to a synchronism with Jewish history, in the fact of the conquest of Jerusalem by Sheshonk-Sesak, in the fifth year of Rehoboam, the son of Solomon.

II. The second epoch embraces the following Dynasties:—

- XXIII. Tanites.
- XXIV. A Saite (Bokkhoris).
- XXV. The Ethiopians (Sabako).
- XXVI. Saïtes (the Psammetici).
- XXVII. Persians (the Achæmenidæ).

Here the point of contact with the history of the outer world is the conquest of Egypt by the Persians, a chronological period of easy determination.

III. The third epoch will include the remaining three Dynasties, down to the close of the native Egyptian Empire:—

- XXVIII. A Saite (Amyrtæus).
- XXIX. Mendesians (Nepherites).
- XXX. A Sebennyte (Nectanebo).

As ample materials exist, from this closing date of the ninth year before the conquest by Alexander, up to the Eighteenth Dynasty backwards, for fixing with absolute certainty the dates of the principal occurrences out of the history of contemporary

States, this portion of the Egyptian chronology is of easy solution, and of very satisfactory confirmation. The solid ground on which we stand here, may give us vantage for our spring over the more boggy and unsafe quagmire of the earlier periods and Empires.

The exact number of years assigned to these thirteen Dynasties is,—

To the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first,	229	+	112	+	185	+	130	= 656.
To the Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth,	150	+	89	+	6	+	50	
and Twenty-sixth Dynasties,								
	+		160					years, or 455 in all.
To the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirtieth,	120	+	6	+	21	+	38	
								or 185 years.

The sum of the whole is, of course, 656 + 455 + 185, or 1,296 years.

But, while this is expressed in so few figures, it is the result of many conjectural emendations and painful exercises of thought. The historical portion of this elaborate and voluminous treatise, which is yet to come, bears no comparison, as to difficulty of adjustment, with the nice calculations of the chronology, and may be hoped, by consequence, to prove more generally satisfactory than the chronological dates and figures. That an equal ingenuity and industry have directed the researches in each department, we are well assured; but, from the very nature of the case, the results on the one side cannot command such general assent as on the other. A sample, for instance, of the method employed by Bunsen for the restoration and identification of the early names of the Eighteenth Dynasty, will show how happily his sagacity can be applied to the removal of difficulties in the historical department of his work, while scarcely any method of proof he could adopt would satisfy us, in the same degree, of the correctness either of the smaller items of his calculations, or, in every case, of the sums as a whole. Here there may, and probably always will, exist more or less of hesitation, (unless we so identify ourselves with the author, as to adopt, point-blank, all his conclusions,) because the dates are unsettled, and, by reason of the weak premiss, the inference is unstable. But, in the historical adjustments, there is so obvious an appeal to facts, which fall into their proper sequence and order at the imperial command of genius,—while monumental inscriptions corroborate the inferences,—that the very operation itself is evidence of its truth. We produce one instance of many, because of its neatness and brevity:—

The royal Tablet of Abydos enumerates nine Kings at the beginning of the Eighteenth Dynasty, from Aahmes to Her, inclusive; and the lists of Manetho, according to Josephus,

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Africanus, and Eusebius, have the like number of names and dates between Amos, or Amoses, and Horus. Here we have evidently, at the head and at the foot of this short roll of Kings, names that correspond in both catalogues: Aahmes=Amos, and Her=Horus. But the seventh and eighth names in the two enumerations correspond with equal closeness: Tuthmes=Tuthmosis, and Amen-hept=Amenophis. Thus four names out of nine are so certainly identified, that not a doubt can exist that the persons they designate are the same. There remain, however, five names in each enumeration, which present a seemingly irreconcilable incongruity. They are these, and stand in the following order:—

TABLET OF ABYDOS.	MANETHO.
2. Amen-hept I.	Chebron.
3. Tuthmes I.	Amenophis.
4. Tuthmes II.	Amesses (Amenses).
5. Tuthmes III.	Mephres.
6. Amen-hept II.	Mephramuthosis.

The first step in the process of harmonizing these names is to exclude Chebron altogether, because not on the monumental tablet; whereby Amenophis takes its place, corresponding with Amen-hept. Mephramuthosis is thus also thrown up a step higher, and answers to Tuthmes or Tuthmosis III., being evidently a mere compound of the preceding Mephres with Tuthmosis. We have thus obtained six correspondences out of nine, and have only three left to be accounted for. Mephres or Mephre is assumed to be the name of a sister co-regent with her brothers, who reigned in succession to each other, with Tuthmosis II. for twenty-two years probably, and again with Tuthmosis III. twenty-six years in the beginning of his reign. Amesses, the name thrown up opposite Tuthmes I. by the ejection of the name Chebron, is Aahmes, daughter, probably, of the first King Aahmes, and introduced directly after her brother, Amenophis, and her consort Tuthmosis I., (Lepsius calls her "sister," Bunsen "wife,") in genealogical, not dynastic or chronological, order. We have still to seek for the origin of the name Chebron, the second in the series. It is probably placed for either Amosis or Amenophis I., between whom it stands, and may be a travesty of a monumental name, being seemingly nothing more than the name Chnebro, which occurs in the scutcheon of Amos, the preceding King, the chief of the Dynasty. Be this, however, satisfactory or not, the identification and proper allocation of eight out of the nine names are effected with great facility and ingenuity, although, among so much of arbitrary conjecture and arrangement, it is impossible for some minds to feel satisfied that the conclusions thus elicited can ever be invested with the authority of undoubted history.

This is but a sample of the method Bunsen employs throughout, chiefly, indeed, for chronological purposes, as he does in the present instance; but, so far as our opinion goes, with far more satisfying precision of historical identification, than of chronological summation. Could he, for instance, reduce the era of Menes by a thousand years, we should be more disposed to give him credence, than now that he makes that Monarch to have reigned B.C. 3900. Yet that Menes is a perfectly historical personage, we never doubted, nor that he founded and fortified Memphis, that he drained the mountain valley in which that city stood, that he dammed up the Nile and altered its course, and did many other notable things betokening the wise and powerful ruler of a united and civilized people. All that Menes is reported to have done, and that we cannot but believe he did, involves the necessary belief of so much going before, as to population, social organization, and duration of the body politic of Egypt, that we are fain to pause, and estimate cautiously the trustworthiness of the witnesses on whose testimony we are to admit these large chronological demands upon our credence.

Meanwhile, to justify the position of suspense which we have taken up in relation to the chronological portion of the work, we may be allowed to state, that all the dates of any consequence in the Chevalier's volumes are derived from the epitomists of the history of Egypt, and not from the existing monuments, copious though these latter be, because the monuments signalize events, not dates; and that both names and dates appear to be shifted up and down at pleasure, much like men upon a chess-board, to suit the exigencies of argument and the requirements of hypothesis. The proof of this statement is so abundant, appearing, in short, upon every page, that we need cite no instance in corroboration, although we freely own that the learned author is as fully able to justify this critical *leger-de-main* with plausible conjecture or convincing reason, as, from our previous knowledge of his powers, we should have pronounced him to be. We intend this assertion to be understood in a complimentary, and not in a disparaging, sense. The ability of an accomplished pleader will show itself, no less in the advocacy of the weakest, than of the strongest, cause.

To proceed, however: in order to give a fair share of satisfaction to the mind, with reference to the antiquities of Egypt, and more especially its chronology, we want not exactly the autographs of Manetho, Eratosthenes, and Apollodorus, but full and faithful transcripts of their writings. Without such a chart in our hands, we confess that we shall never feel confidence in traversing so dangerous a sea; for, instead of this grand *desideratum* of the original authorities with the historical and critical matter appended, explaining difficulties and recording facts, we

have only synoptic lists, with here and there some most scanty and even impertinent notices regarding the names in the text; and the whole epitomized by later authors, confessedly with a view to sustain their respective systems. Thus Diodorus, Josephus, Eusebius, Julius, and Syncellus, each had his system. No one of them cites in a complete form the chronological matter before him, but each adopts just such a catalogue of names, and synchronism of dates, as harmonize with his own purpose in the selection. In addition to all which, we have the mistakes of ignorant, and the perversions of wilful, transcribers, to defeat our search after even a clean text of these partial epitomes, and to foster within us an obstinate scepticism as to the results based on such faulty *data*. We may as well frankly confess, that we find this an unconquerable obstacle to the conviction of our understanding, conceding, as that understanding nevertheless does, the entire trustworthiness, on moral grounds, of the authors above named. Nor do we conceive the present condition of our knowledge of hieroglyphic literature at all such as to justify a boundless belief in conclusions that may rest, in any high degree, on the interpretation of the ciphers of this still dark tongue. This is another phase of the difficulty of Egyptian studies, but it is a very important one; and one which ought, in all faithfulness, to be urged, when sanguine minds leap to conclusions from totally insufficient premises.

What will our readers think, for instance, of the assertion, that an old Egyptian novel has been translated out of dead hieroglyphics into the living speech of us men of modern days, by the aid of modern science; and that the very ceremonial of the pre-Pharaonite worshippers of the Graces has been done into modern German, for the edification of ritualists to the end of time? Yet so it is reported to be. The Vicomte Rougé, of Paris, a distinguished student of the ancient literature of Egypt, has quite recently and successfully deciphered, in our author's belief, an Egyptian tale of "The Two Brothers," belonging to the period of the *exodus* of the Israelites from the land of the Nile. It is said to contain its story of temptation by an impure woman,—a counterpart of that of Yusuf and Zuleika, proving that the morals of married life had not improved since the time of the graceful Hebrew bondsman who was steward of Potiphar's household,—and many incidents besides, on which we need not dwell, referring our readers for fuller details to the pages of the *Revue Archéologique* of 1852. The incidents of the tale, it will be readily understood, are not the attraction to us, men of grave and studious occupations, but the wonderful decipherment of the character and continuity of the narrative,—an achievement, if thorough and triumphant, only second to the original discovering of the hieroglyphic alphabet by means of the Rosetta Stone.

The interpretation of the Ceremonial Book of the Dead, it is modestly allowed, has not been so full and satisfactory; nevertheless, Lepsius, the great Berlin Egyptologist, has done much to render its pictures and text intelligible, while the amount of discovery already made, in regard to its contents, renders further achievement in this field at once more easy and more certain. Every day, in fact, is adding both to the store of our materials, and to our facilities for their elucidation. Such a resurrection of a defunct literature was never known in the history of the world before, and finds its only parallel in modern times in the discovery of Nineveh, with its precious buried treasures.

Now, while we allow interpreters of the hieroglyphic legend all the credit they deserve for their extraordinary painstaking in the resuscitation of this dead and forgotten tongue, and feel no hesitation in employing the most unmeasured terms to express our gratitude for the "sermons in stones," which their patience and sagacity have enabled them to read to us, we will not permit ourselves to be blinded by partiality, or misled by a false generosity, into an exaggerated estimate of the amount of their success. Two or three pregnant facts must never be lost sight of in relation to our knowledge of hieroglyphic literature. One of these is, that, while names of persons and places have been recognised with tolerable facility and correctness, and a few of the more obvious terms connected with these, such as complimentary inscriptions, dedications, *et hoc genus omne*, the language itself in substance has not been recovered, nor would any one but the veriest tyro aver that it had.

Such, and no more, is the extent hitherto of our exploration of Egyptian hieroglyphics. That it will certainly lead to something fuller and better than this, we have already expressed an unhesitating opinion; but for the present we cannot too strongly reiterate our verdict, that, while enough has been achieved to justify our cordial felicitations, very little has been done to justify the reconstruction, on this basis alone or chiefly, of the entire past history of the world.

A few observations here, on the List of Hieroglyphics appended to Bunsen's first volume, may not be out of place, forming, as that List does, a most interesting portion of his work; and sustaining, as we proceed to show, the question how very problematical may be any conclusions formed on the basis of hieroglyphics, where not fully borne out by simpler and more convincing evidence.

Of pure hieroglyphics, in the shape of ideographic signs, there have been discovered in all hitherto only 620. But ideographic signs are no exponents of a language; they are simply pictured representations of facts or ideas, and are susceptible of an indefinite number of interpretations, according

to the varying fancy of the students, or their skill in hermeneutics. These count for absolutely nothing among our available resources for the recovery of the lost history of Egypt, and might have been omitted, had we not considered ourselves bound in justice to make the enumeration complete.

After these follow 163 determinatives; but what they determine, except their own indeterminateness, our readers may judge by a specimen or two:—

The sign of a *star*, for instance, is determinative of “a star, a month, a fortnight, an hour;” also of “constellations, the swan, the thigh, Ursa Major;” “to adore; a gate.”

But still more indefinite is the sign of *the disc of the sun*, which is determinative of “disc, the sun, to give light, to shine, to gleam; of solar time, as a year, a month, dawn, a day; yesterday, sunset, night, a festival, an hour.” So that the sun can define at once *day* and *night*, a *year* and an *hour*, the *dawn* and the *sunset*.

From this we may pass on to the alphabets, of which there are two, the older and the more modern; these being, in point of fact, the only reliable expositors of the wisdom hidden under the veil of the hieroglyph.

The first of these contains 130 letters, or vocal sounds, ending with the Greek letters of combinations, χ , $\sigma\chi$, after *u*, omitting the letters *c*, *d*, *e*, *g*, *o*, *q*, *r*; some of these letters, however, probably finding equivalents in letters of corresponding sound. The more recent alphabet contains 110 letters, with the same omissions, and ending with *u*.

In the old alphabet, the human mouth sounds either L or R, and the lion *couchant* the same.

In the later we have the sun's disc shining; man with disc on his head, holding two palm branches; man without the disc; man with palm twig on his head; a mask, cows' horns, the leg of a couch, a frog, a flying scarabæus, a panegyry, the lower part of the same, a crooked stick, or tongue, and the lid of a box; or thirteen different objects, to represent the letter H, with what satisfaction to the interpreter, if possessed of a reasonable scepticism, it is not hard to say.

The letter I has three vocal signs,—the human eye, a jackal, and a fish; while K has a man holding up his hands, a wig, a tear, an angry ape, an uræus, a reptile, the side of a seat, an angle, and a vase on a stand, or nine different objects to represent the single sound.

We have the very same signs already employed to represent I and K, to represent L or R, namely, the human eye, and the tear.

But we pass on to S, with which we shall close. S has fifteen objects to represent its phonetic power: a star, a seated female, a sitting child, a jackal, (already used for I,) a sheep, a

goose, an egg, an arrow, a reed growing, a footstool, a flute, a shuttle, a quiver-top, a skein of thread, and a basket.

We believe that a little industry in analysis would show some one object out of the whole collection, representing in turn nearly every letter of the alphabet; and, again, several letters of the alphabet having more than one sign in common. When to this we add, that many signs are themselves undetermined, that is, that the objects which they are designed to represent cannot be defined, and that the vocal powers of as large a number besides cannot be fixed, we conceive we have shown cause sufficiently valid for pausing ere we pronounce dogmatically upon points which rest on hieroglyphic proof. Were all that the hieroglyphics could tell us unravelled, it would form but a fragmentary portion of the old language of Egypt,—only as much as was embodied in public documents, epitaphs, genealogies, and such-like things; so that, even thus, we should be at a loss for all that made the common life and literature of the people. Surely they cultivated the arts,—these mighty engineers, and sculptors, and painters, and astronomers; these delineators of all natural objects with such surprising accuracy and facility, that we recognise them at the distance of three thousand years, as if they had been done but yesterday; these embalmers, who under a burning sun could bid defiance to the inroads of corruption on dead humanity, and have handed down to the present day all-convincing tokens of their practical chemistry; those poets and philosophers, whose strains descend to us in faint echoes of myth and tradition, the songs of Osiris, the wisdom of Thoth and Hermes; and all this must have needed a wealthy vocabulary for its conveyance from lip to listening ear. And they loved, and suffered, and wept, and rejoiced, and married their brides, and buried their dead, and had all manner of communication in articulate speech, such as belongs to a highly civilized community; yet of all this, which constitutes the real life of a people, so far as research has hitherto gone, nothing or next to nothing has been recovered.

We receive, therefore, the story of the interpretation of the tale above alluded to, with extreme limitation. We have seen how no one inscription of any length has been interpreted without recourse to conjectural emendation and palpable guessing; and therefore we will not receive, without more full recognition of the process of translation whereby an Egyptian tale has been made accessible to modern *savans*, the belief that a close translation has yet been accomplished.

A fact, however, more convincing, perhaps, than all which we have urged upon the subject is this, that the hieroglyphics of the Rosetta Stone have never yet found a competent interpreter, even with the help of its two fellow inscriptions, Enchorial and Greek. If, with the aid of these equivalents, especially the

latter, this Stone still refuses to render up the whole of its secret to the astute questioner, how can we expect inscriptions unaccompanied with a like key to be more complaisant? Bunsen himself says, with an emphasis we could not exceed, "We confidently maintain that no man living is competent to read and explain the whole of any one section of the Book of the Dead, far less one of the historical papyri:" (vol. i., p. 267:) with which quotation we leave the subject.

Nor let us be thought unduly exacting, if we require a more satisfying account than has yet been accorded of the critical reasons which governed Eratosthenes' exclusion of some of the names from the fuller lists of Egyptian Dynasties which were in existence in his day. To say that he used the Grecian method of computation, with its simple lists of reigning Sovereigns, and the corresponding dates of their reigns, while Manetho and the native historians followed the Egyptian or genealogical mode of record, is merely to amuse us with words, and ventilate a hypothesis, while seeming to proffer an explanation. How came the Greek chronologer to distinguish the reigning Sovereigns in Manetho's lists from the other members of the imperial house, honoured with an equally prominent place in the catalogues of the Egyptian Priest? That he has made the distinction, and correctly, we will not question, as our object is not to dispute, but to obtain satisfaction. We cavil neither at the competency nor at the honesty of Eratosthenes, but simply ask, as so much is built upon his foundation, by what canon the Athenian architect proceeded, when he laid that foundation down. And why should the smaller list of Eratosthenes, and the shorter period, be chosen, rather than the more plethoric list and wider margin of the chronology of Manetho, save that the scantier numbers and briefer time dovetail somewhat more readily into Bunsen's system?

We want infinitely more light, too, we must add, both historical and chronographic, on the subject of the Middle Empire,—that of the supposed Hyksos, or Shepherd-Kings, a cloud-land of peculiar mistiness and vagueness, the *pons asinorum* of Egyptologers hitherto,—a problem on which scarcely any two men of science are yet agreed. Besides the question of the length of the period to be assigned to this series of foreign potentates, differing in the calculations of divers persons as much as a thousand years, and the identification, or otherwise, of the Hyksos with the Israelites in Egypt, on which the most opposite opinions prevail, the Tablet of Abydos ignores both the persons and the period altogether. An examination of that most important stone monument shows no interval whatever between the Kings of Manetho's Twelfth Dynasty and his Eighteenth,—the two series following in direct succession. So large an intercalation as that of nine hundred years, and so wide a history as that

of the thirty generations claimed for this period, will require an amount of evidence to bear it out in proportion to the importance of the demand upon our belief. By every consideration of what is due to truth, to others, and to ourselves, we are bound to beg for firm standing-ground,—something to justify our reliance, be it ever so small. We ask no wide area, comprehensive, vast; only one small platform on which we may say, as we stamp with assured foot, to confirm our sense of security, “Here, at least, we are safe: this is rock beneath our feet.”

We are not prepared to receive the Egyptian chronology until the evidence be clearer, fuller, and less questionable than it is. That some points are made out satisfactorily, we are ready to concede; but, as a whole, we confess to serious misgivings respecting the tenableness of the Chevalier's scheme. The Hyksos period, however, as we have already urged, is the great stumbling-block in the way of our belief, wanting, as it seems to us, stronger evidence in every way of its nature and duration, requiring, as it does, a complication in its mode of reckoning, to reduce it to Bunsen's figures, seriously damaging to the hypothesis.

In the case of the really ascertained Empires and facts, we have the threefold evidence of historical writings, tabular sculptures and inscriptions, and architectural remains; but, in the case of the Hyksos, we are thrown almost entirely upon the former, and even these shadowy and unsatisfactory to an extreme degree. A tradition or two, relating to an era two thousand years before Christ, reach the ear in echoes so faint as to make a very indistinct impression upon the sense. We naturally look for stronger vouchers than these for facts, assuming them to be such, which took nine centuries for their evolution, and which, from the mere protractedness of their existence and development, must have left a permanent impression upon the land. Instead of this, there is really little more than the echo of a whispered tradition, preserved in the pages of a Church historian of the ninth century, of undoubted good faith, it may be, but of seemingly shallow capacity, and shut up within very confined notions. What further evidence the author may exhibit in the course of his Fourth Book, which he encourages us shortly to expect, and which we shall await with great eagerness, we cannot tell; but that it will add, in any essential measure, to the weight of existing evidence, we must honestly aver our doubt. Reasoning may apply itself with some success to the distribution of its present materials, and to the arrangement and emphasis of its arguments; but reasoning, however close and cogent, will not avail instead of historical *data*. It is not a question of logic, but of fact; not of luminous ability in the advocate,—an endowment we cheerfully concede him,—but of matter for the uses of the historian.

We have now to direct attention to a portion of our author's work which presents nothing pleasing, but much that is difficult and embarrassing to a conscientious Christian critic. Our readers will have perceived that not only isolated conclusions of Chevalier Bunsen, but even the entire scheme of his chronological system, are in direct antagonism to the authoritative revelations of Holy Scripture, as they are generally understood.

To obviate this reflection on our author, some have contended that the chronological numbers which are generally regarded as scriptural, possess no divine authority, but are merely the productions of Archbishop Usher and other chronologers. Now this is not a fair statement of the case. Moses has certainly given us a series of generations from Adam, the first man, to Noah, and from Noah to Jacob. These generations are not only confirmed by other Old-Testament writers, but have received the express sanction of Matthew and Luke. So far, then, as the number of these generations is concerned, it is clear that, although, like every other portion of the sacred text, they are open to just criticism, they are in their true and proper sense a part of revealed truth. But, it will be asked, what are the lengths of these generations? Every well informed Bible reader is aware, that the sacred books have come down to us through three distinct and independent religious bodies, and in three different languages or dialects. The Hebrew Jews of Jerusalem have given us copies of the Old Testament in the square Hebrew character; the Samaritans preserved copies of the Pentateuch in the Old Hebrew, or Samaritan, character; while the Egyptian Jews of Heliopolis have been mainly instrumental in supplying us with copies of the Septuagint or Greek version of the Old-Testament books. Each of these has different numbers attached to the generations of the Patriarchs. We give the reader a summary of these figures:—

	Hebrew.	Samaritan.	Greek.
From the Creation to the Flood	1,656	1,307	2,262
From the Flood to the Birth of Abraham.	292	942	1,072
From the Creation to the Birth of Abraham.	1,948	2,249	3,334

These discrepancies are a fair subject for critical investigation: the biblical science of the present age has given its verdict distinctly in favour of the Septuagint numbers. But however just or unjust this judgment may be, here are certainly scriptural *data* for the chronology of the early ages of the world's history. Beyond this term, it does not seem easy to conceive how persons can carry the age of the world, without placing their views in antagonism to Holy Writ. Yet we are bound in all candour to say, that our author has done this, and, so far as his own mind is concerned, without this result. We must admit,

that no person is bound to square his views by our interpretation of the text of Scripture. On the contrary, if he can reconcile his own historical deductions with what he believes to be the teaching of the sacred record, we cannot charge him with opposing the authority of revelation, however widely his views may differ from our own. This is precisely Chevalier Bunsen's case. He professes the highest reverence for revealed truth, but asserts, "The study of Scripture had long convinced me, that there is in the Old Testament no connected chronology prior to Solomon." Having arrived at this conclusion, (which, however, we imagine, must have required in its evolution as much ingenuity as any thing which these remarkable volumes contain,) our author is certainly entitled to the advantage of it; and we therefore freely and fully acquit him of any direct or covert design to assail the authority of Holy Scripture. However much, therefore, we may lament that the illustrious author of this work should give the sanction of his learning and name to conclusions which multitudes of earnest Christians regard as directly opposed to the truth of divine revelation, we are bound to receive and admit his profession of reverence and respect for the statements of the Bible.

But while we raise no question between the claims of the sacred record as a divine revelation, and the argument of our author, we do most strongly object to the course he has pursued on purely scientific grounds. We have no doubt whatever, that he has lightly esteemed, if, indeed, he has not altogether rejected, the highest historical authority, whilst he has given his confidence to, and placed full reliance on, those of inferior credibility. It is on this purely scientific ground that we protest against the chronological conclusions of our learned author. We will briefly place our reasons for this protest before the reader.

Chevalier Bunsen investigates the chronology of Ancient Egypt for the avowed purpose of assigning correct dates to its early annals, and, by this means, to erect a standard for fixing the age of the most ancient periods of universal history. For effecting this grand object, he mainly relies on the information furnished by Manetho and Eratosthenes.

We have already spoken of these ancient authors, and showed that they lived under the Ptolemies, about 280 to 200 years B.C. We will admit that the former as an Egyptian Priest, and the latter as a talented and scientific Cyrenian Greek, possessed every means which their age afforded of obtaining a correct knowledge of the history and chronology of the ancient nation of which they wrote. But we cannot forget that they did not live under the Pharaohs,—the glory of Ancient Egypt had passed away many centuries before they were born. Not only had the nation on the banks of the Nile been convulsed to its centre by repeated revolutions, and torn to pieces by anarchy and intestine

war; it had been conquered by the Persians under the savage Cambyses, who trampled on every venerable national institution, furiously assailed the ancient religion, and in every way exerted his power to mortify the pride and to prostrate the power of Egypt. Goaded to desperation by the tyranny of a century, the Egyptians threw off the yoke of Persia, but to be again subdued, and afterwards to pass under the power of the great Macedonian and his successors, the Ptolemies. Is it then, we ask, consistent with the principles of historical science to take no account of all these changes and political convulsions, and to speak of Manetho and Eratosthenes as if they had access to the unalloyed records of Ancient Egypt?

But perhaps it will be said, they afford the best information attainable on the subject. This is just what we question. There was a man, much as his works have been neglected by professionally scientific historians, who lived amid all the glory of the Pharaohs, and was bred in the Court of Egypt long before Persian or Greek had assailed her institutions. He was a person of vast mental power and great acquirements: learned "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," he possessed, in addition to all the knowledge that the banks of the Nile could afford, the chronological records of the ancient Hebrews,—a people famous even among the nations of the East for the exactitude of their genealogical registers. Moses, twelve hundred years before the time of Manetho, had access to all the treasures of ancient Egyptian lore, and wrote an epitome of primitive history, which was evidently intended to fix the origin of the primitive nations, and at least the utmost chronological limits to which the annals of Egypt can be carried. Why, then, are not the writings of Moses allowed to exercise a legitimate influence in the decision of the chronology of Egypt?

Is it because the works of the Hebrew sage have come down to us in a corrupt and less authentic form than the productions of these Gentile authors? On the contrary, the books of the Hebrew historian have been preserved with religious fidelity and unexampled success, and have come down to our day in a state of all but absolute perfection; while the works of Manetho have perished. No one can tell whether the tabular lists of the Egyptian Dynasties, which now bear his name, were written by him in their present form, or were culled out of his work by Greek transcribers for their own purposes. All we know is, that what we possess, as ascribed to Manetho, has come to us certainly through the second or third hand. We know, also, that the tables of Eratosthenes, as we now have them, are but mutilated fragments of the originals. The balance in this respect, therefore, is decidedly in favour of Moses.

Is there, then, any manifest absurdity, or great improbability, in the account furnished by the Hebrew legislator, as compared

with those supplied by these Gentile authors? On the contrary, the Book of Genesis gives a series of generations of defined duration, placed before us in a perfectly natural order, and evincing an early longevity, countenanced by the traditions of all primitive nations; while, on the other hand, Manetho records,—

	Years.
The dominion of the gods.....	13,900
Heroes, in two divisions	1,255
Heroes and Kings of primeval race	5,813
Purely human history	3,957

And it is to a section of such a record that we are called to bow with unbounded deference!

Bunsen professedly rejects the generations of Moses, because of the plural names inserted in the lists, such as *Misraim*, *Ludim*, *Cashuhim*, &c. But no plural name is found in the regular line of descent from Adam to Jacob. So that the argument, that Moses intended to record the progression of races, and not the succession of individuals, falls to the ground. These generations were also regarded by the Hebrews as a consecutive series of human families, and as such are authenticated by the testimony of Matthew and Luke. Nor can the claims of Moses be set aside on the plea that he merely recorded Hebrew traditions, as it is more than probable that he copied from public and family records. At all events, this objection cannot consistently be urged by any one who relies on Manetho: for the Egyptian scribe, whose words are preserved by Josephus, distinctly states, that he obtained his materials partly from the sacred books, and partly from "popular tradition."

In our objection to the conclusions of our author, it will therefore be distinctly observed that, on this question, we raise no conflict between faith and science. Fully prepared as we are on proper occasions to maintain the divine inspiration of the sacred books, we, in the present case, make no reference to their religious authority. But we are not disposed to admit that the piety of Moses is fatal to his character as an historian. We will not in this instance rely in any measure on his prophetic character, or divine legation; but we claim for him his just and proper position as a truthful annalist. We maintain that his claims to credibility on the ground of the age in which he lived, and his ample means of information,—on account of the uncorrupted and entire preservation of his works,—and because of the sober and truthlike character of their contents, place him far beyond Manetho, Eratosthenes, or any other ancient author, as a reliable guide in the present day respecting the chronology of Egypt and of ancient universal history; and that these claims cannot be ignored, without a violation of the first principles of historical science.

In conclusion, we must confess ourselves struck with the evidence which this remarkable publication affords of the multifarious learning and many-sided ability of the author. No fact, or circumstance, or name, or subject, seems to have escaped his notice, which was connected ever so remotely with the theme under discussion. Egypt, in all its length and breadth, natural features, political history, monumental antiquities, language, ethnography, and mythology, is ploughed up by the share of his untiring industry, and made to yield a goodly harvest, in return for his well directed and assiduous labours. Never was such light shed upon all departments of Egyptology before, and never were such unity and system given to details which, from their variety and numbers, would have perplexed a less constructive mind. For be it distinctly understood, that while these volumes contain every thing essential to the successful prosecution of the study of Egyptian antiquity,—the original texts of all the authors, views and descriptions of all the monuments, Coptic and hieroglyphic dictionaries, and an amount of original deduction from this accumulation of materials, unequalled, we venture to say, in any modern work whatsoever,—the author's mind is not one of agglomeration merely, but of assimilation. Sheer plodding industry, the *obscura diligentia* which never was guilty of one original thought, nor enlivened by one gleam of fancy or scintillation of genius, might build a pile of dead materials, the monument of its unartistic toil; but the mind that should inform the mass, and fuse the heterogeneous elements into a homogeneous whole, and form it with plastic hand into attractive shapeliness, and quicken it into a new being, which was rather a fresh life than a resurrection,—this belongs to the man of genius alone; this is the rare endowment of the units of mankind, “the precious porcelain of human clay.” Now, this extraordinary faculty our author possesses in an unusual degree. Like the tree, which draws nourishment from every ingredient in the soil, his argument is fed from every source to which he has access. The most divergent conclusions of Egyptian science he reconciles at times with something resembling mathematical skill. The most inaccessible, as well as the most patent, regions of his subject he treads with equally facile foot. He climbs—

“The trackless mountain all unseen,

With the wild flock which never needs a fold,”—

as readily as he paces the champaign beneath; finding the one no impediment to his practised agility, while he speeds along the other with a grace which few can emulate, and none surpass.

However we may demur to the chronological conclusions of our author, we are bound to state, that the work before us is essential to all who would aspire to a knowledge of Ancient

Egypt. Its range of investigation is so wide, and at the same time so minute, that it forms an invaluable auxiliary to every one who desires to possess an intelligent acquaintance with the famous nation anciently located on the banks of the Nile.

With a single observation upon the generous *morale* of our author, we have done. In a work embracing such a variety of topics, there is necessarily allusion made to the names and labours of many husbandmen in the same or in kindred fields. As we deem it, the crowning merit of the Chevalier's publication is, that every where, and on every occasion, he seems to delight in the grateful recognition of the services of others. As, therefore, however high intellectual qualities may range, they rank below the level of moral endowments; so, may we add, we revere the disposition, the kindly frankness of the man, even more than we admire the singular endowments of the author. Never did any man seem more free from the jealous infirmities of the irritable race of authorship. The vital current of too many sons of the quill, which seems to run with tartaric acid or aqua fortis, in him seems, except under extraordinary provocation, to be a tide of milk and honey, whereof be this the honest and hearty recognition.

- ART. II.—1. *Reports from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Accidents in Coal Mines, with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendices.* From June 22nd, 1852, to June 26th, 1854.
2. *Our Coal, and our Coal Pits: the People in them, and the Scenes around them.* By a Traveller underground. London: Longmans. 1855.
3. *Papers read at the North-of-England Institute of Mining Engineers.* Newcastle. 1852, 1853.

ONE of the most remarkable omissions observable in popular literature, has been an accurate and generally readable account of our British coal mines and miners. The little book at the head of this article, entitled "Our Coal, and our Coal Pits," &c., attempts, in part, to supply this omission; and a sale of some seven thousand copies and upwards has attested the previous want of such a book. Its limits, however, are too narrow for the whole subject; and the author states that, on this account, he is compelled to exclude altogether the discussion of *accidents in mines*, with the accompanying topics of ventilation, inflammable gases, explosions, &c.

The body of men and lads, too, who labour in and around these mines, have hitherto been almost entirely unknown beyond the precincts of colliery villages. It would scarcely be expected that they are, in round numbers, about 250,000 persons; or,

if we take an estimate recently made, the coal miners are in number 216,366 persons. Not only must the habits of life, and thought, and labour, and action of such a mass of our industrious classes be very interesting, but we should naturally feel anxious to know what are the peculiarities of health and disease,—in fact, what is the *pathology* of these peculiar working men. Now, on all such interesting matters, no popular and generally accessible information exists, except in the volume above named, and there only to a limited extent. Some valuable hints and notices are scattered throughout the several Reports of Committees of the House of Commons, and especially in the Reports of the Children's Employment Commissioners in 1841. The Report on the Great Northern Coal Field, in particular, included in the latter series, is replete with details of the physical condition of the pitmen and their sons, presented in the form of answers by themselves to questions proposed by the Sub-Commissioner. But these have yet to be made public in a form generally acceptable and accessible.

Probably one cause of the omission has been the presumption, that the subject could not be rendered sufficiently attractive to the general reader. But this must surely be a mere presumption, and without foundation, since not only is the subject commercially and economically important; not only is coal one of the most valuable of our mineral possessions; but, further, whatever relates to the habits and peculiarities and perils of nearly a quarter of a million of our fellow countrymen, must be of considerable moment: while, to the reader who desires to be well informed, the whole of the science connected with coal mining, and with the management of mines, is of high interest. The extraction of the coal may have been thought to be a rough and unscientific business, but there are probably few businesses which demand more sound knowledge of several branches of natural philosophy—as geology and mineralogy, pneumatics and chemistry, &c.—than coal mining on a large scale and in deep mines. In fact, some of the best civil engineers have been educated in the northern coal fields, of which the celebrated George Stephenson (originally a pit-lad, near Newcastle) was a signal example. The author of "Our Coal and our Coal Pits" gives a graphic account of Stephenson's origin, difficulties, and final triumphs; from the perusal of which we rise repeating, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

It is therefore our purpose, and we hope it will be approved, to afford in the present article at least a portion of information on these subjects, principally in relation to the appalling accidents and explosions in coal mines, which have been so frequently recorded in the journals of the day, and have so often been the subject of inquiry by Parliamentary Committees, one of which has recently issued its Reports and ample

evidence. We shall spare the reader the toil of perusing the thousands of folio pages, printed over with the particulars of fearful explosions, the opinions of scientific men on the causes and preventives of such catastrophes, the records of experiments on safety lamps, and the details of various methods of ventilating pits, and of increasing such ventilation. We shall endeavour to popularize the subject, and at the same time to combine our personal experience with sound information, attainable with difficulty by the general reader, and even little known to multitudes connected with coal mines. And in order to introduce the reader as agreeably as may be into these matters, he is now invited to accompany us in an imaginary visit to the Newcastle coal field, and a descent into one of the principal coal mines.

By the way, before we enter upon the Northern field, we may make a few general observations on the British produce and consumption of coal. The extent of the British coal fields has been estimated at 11,859* square miles in all. The coals annually raised in this country a few years since amounted to 35,000,000 tons; or, in another form, taking the ton of coal as being about equal to a cubic yard, we raised annually more than eleven square miles of a bed of coal three feet thick. We exported about 2,728,000 tons of coal, and then a remainder was left of 32,272,000 tons for domestic and industrial consumption. A Metropolitan Return for 1852 informs us, that 3,745,345 tons were brought into the port of London in that year, against 3,490,963 tons in the year 1851. From January 17th to October 31st, 1854, the amount of coals imported to London was 2,787,913 tons, showing an increase, over the like period in 1853, of 76,879 tons. London alone may be said to consume 3,500,000 tons of coal every year, and the demand is on the increase. The Great Northern Railway now brings to London about 500,000 tons *per annum*. It is said that the Lancashire coal fields produce annually about 4,000,000 tons. We find that the quantities of coals shipped to London in the year 1851, by nine leading collieries of the Northern district, were 1,119,775 tons. The entire mines of Northumberland and Durham yield about 10,000,000 tons *per annum*. No authorized statistics of the production and consumption of coal exist; but from various items we are led to estimate that the production of coal in Great Britain amounts to about 60,000,000 tons a year, and that about 250,000 persons are employed as miners in this production. Notwithstanding the revelations made by the Children's Employment Commissioners, fourteen years since, respecting the physical and moral condition of

* The writer doubts this estimate by Taylor. A computation from the Ordnance Maps and other sources affords a grand total for the United Kingdom of 7,995 square miles; the total area of coal-fields in England and Wales being 4,068 square miles.

the pit people, but little thought and attention have been devoted to these 250,000 British subjects. How few have even looked upon a single pitman! How few at this moment know half as much concerning them as they know of the Zouaves and Cossacks in the Crimea!

The great Northern coal field, to which we now invite the reader to accompany us, is bounded on the north by the river Coquet, and it extends on the south nearly to the Tees river. Its extreme length is about 48 miles, and its extreme breadth is about 24 miles. Its area cannot be estimated at more than about 837 square miles; of which 243 square miles belong to Northumberland, and 594 square miles to Durham. This great coal district possesses one peculiar topographical advantage, namely, an intersection by three considerable rivers, by means of which the coal produce of the field is developed, and delivered cheaply and expeditiously into the general markets; and these three rivers, the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, are admirably adapted for these purposes by their ample volume of water, their tides, and their harbour room. The total amount of capital invested in the Northern collieries has been conjecturally estimated as £10,000,000; the sum which Mr. M'Culloch had stated as the amount of investment in the whole extent of British coal fields. If we travel to Newcastle-on-Tyne from Birmingham, we shall traverse the series of coal formations which extend from the middle of England northwards, and cross the county of Durham. Through our whole journey we should notice that every thing is sacrificed to coal, where it can be mined; and the great works in operation underground are indicated by numerous black and unpicturesque colliery appurtenances on the surface. The nearer we approach the great Northern coal field, the more we observe of the kingdom of collieries. Soon after you pass the stately towers of Durham Cathedral, you find yourself crossing or passing frequent tram-roads of rude character, continually bearing long trains of laden or empty coal waggons. Presently you arrive at the very network of these coal conveyances. Trains of ten, twenty, and thirty coal waggons are every where scouring the district, running in all directions, and often seeming to cross each other's paths with rival speed. That they never come into collision remains an inexplicable marvel; but just when you might expect an inevitable crash, off they dart on some very sharp curve, jingling and rattling with all their iron. Guiding or riding upon these waggons may be seen boys and men as black as Negroes; having eyes like kindled coal, and smoking short pipes, and shouting rude songs. Swiftly rush the trains: no sooner have you seen them a minute, than they run off for ever from your sight. And now you notice, rising up all around you, tall engine-houses and vastly tall chimneys, breathing out long

black clouds of smoke into the sullen skies. Soon you hear groans, and whistlings, and gratings, and all varieties of unearthly sounds swelling upon the breeze. Those dark engine-houses contain the great steam-engines that work the coal mines; and these unearthly noises proceed from pulleys, and "gins," and tramways, and waggon-wheels, and "breaks" to the same. The nearer you come to the head-quarters of coal mining, the louder do all these sounds swell, and the clearer, or blacker, do all these sights appear.

Here we pass near to one of the tall engine-houses which we have just described, and which we saw in the distance with its still taller chimney, hoisting into the sky its slanting column of turbid smoke. Now you observe a huge beam protruding itself from the upper story of the engine-house, as if it were a giant's arm, alternately lifting itself and slowly falling again. To this gigantic beam are attached the rod and bucket of a pump, which pump is bringing, from a depth of from five hundred to a thousand feet, the flooding water of the mine, and thus enabling, the miner to work in safety, where otherwise all would be under water, and therefore inaccessible to human labour. Yonder, just beyond this engine-house, you see another great beam resting on its centre, elevated high aloft on a proper support, and wagging its ends alternately up and down with that busy and whimsical air which probably secured to it the name of a "whimsy." This is performing pit-work similar to that of the engine, but on different principles. The whole scene is one of busy blackness; and it is only after we have accustomed ourselves to the noises and novelties, that we can discover the clue to the labyrinth of details.

From the nature of coal mining, we behold the *completion* of the work first, that being the portion of the operations which is performed at the surface. Thus the railways we have crossed are laid down for the delivery of the fuel to the ships moored to the river's bank, and waiting to load. Each large colliery has a railway running in the most direct practicable line to the river's bank. Hence the whole neighbourhood of Newcastle is covered with a network of tram-roads; and a map of these now lying before us exhibits a remarkable reticulation of railways, dotted over with numerous coal pits. The whole vicinity of the Tyne appears, in such a map, to be riddled with pits, and then bound together by interlacings of rails. At the end of these railways, overhanging the river Tyne, a large and singular platform of wood is erected, termed a "staith." When the laden waggons arrive at this point, they are brought to a stand, preparatory to the discharge of their contents into the holds of the ships which are moored beneath. A curious piece of mechanism in the platform causes the waggon of coal to descend full to the vessel; where, being suspended over the

main hatchway, the bottom of the waggon turns upon hinges, and the whole coal is cleanly poured into the hold, and thus safely shipped. Few things are more striking to strangers than the first sight of a loading of coals in this manner. Careering trains rush down to the river's brink, pause a few minutes, and then sweep down from the heights in a circular course between gigantic iron arms, and, making a sudden sunnyside, empty their contents, and fly up once more, and rush back madly for fresh loads of coal along the open lines of rattling rails. When, in busy seasons, loading takes place by night, the scene is really romantic, as witnessed from the opposite side of the river. Now you behold the glare of the blood-red torches flashing upon the dark, heaving waters; the waggons descending indistinctly through the darkness, in the giant arms of the staith's machinery; the men moving about in the light of the flames, and then suddenly hidden in darkness; crates of coal hung over the vessel or its hold, and burning with glowing fires: all these you behold, and, at the same time, listen to the rude shouts of the men, the calls of the sailors, the banging of waggons, the clanking of chains, the creaking of wheels and breaks, and, finally, the rush of the loading coals as they dash down into the hold! Such sights and such sounds compose a night-scene only to be enjoyed on the banks of the Tyne,—the river of coal craft.

It is, however, time that we should descend a mine, and observe underground business. Let us, then, make our way to the pit's mouth. The flag of smoke, streaming from yonder tall chimney, forms a good mine-mark. Let us now stand a few minutes on this "pit-heap," while the men are making preparations for our descent. We are suitably arrayed in pitmen's clothes, and should prove strangers to our nearest and dearest of kin. But look around you here; the scene is peculiar. That low shed there is erected over the mouth of the shaft, to shelter the work-people. Those other sheds on one side are long covered spaces under which the screening of the coals is performed. Step aside here, and glance at the screening process. You observe that the screens are ranged in long rows, like so many square sieves, and over their sounding wires rough coals are continually cast. The screens are proportioned in their wires to the size of coal desired; and thus the housekeeper obtains "screened Wall's-End," and the poor and the manufacturers get cheap small-coal, the refuse of the screens: it must even be burnt in immense heaps, to get rid of it. From the screening process arise thick clouds of coal-dust, which make bystanders' eyes to water, their palates to smack of coal, and the green grass, far and near, to gather blackness hour by hour, until at last a few fortunate green blades are all that remain to remind us of nature's verdure. Stout lads around us

are wheeling away the coals from under the screens; and boys and barrows threaten you, and do any thing but bless you, on every side. Enough of screens and of black grass. There stands the engine-house we espied from the distance. This is the "winding engine," the beautifully finished steam-engine which draws up all loads from the mine, and will, we trust, wind us up also, after we have inspected the mine. That other engine is the "pumping engine," by means of which the ever threatening waters are extracted from below, and discharged in a perpetual stream under the eye of the sun. It is astonishing to learn the quantities of water pumped out of pits by some of these engines, when a "feeder," or sudden and unceasing spring, is broached. At one shaft, Haswell in Durham, the engine power erected has pumped "feeders" to the amount of 26,700 tons of water *per diem*. The strata pierced in sinking Monkwearmouth shaft yielded 3,000 gallons *per minute*. Other instances of 1,000 gallons *per minute* are not rare. In some cases, more water than coal is raised from the mine. At the Murton sinking, Durham, it has been estimated, that no less than 8,000 gallons *per minute* issued from a depth of 70 or 80 fathoms.* At many collieries the accumulation of steam-power is great; and at the colliery just named, the power of 570 horses is constantly exerted in effecting the discharge of the water, and the extraction of coal.

Before we descend the shaft, a few remarks on shafts in this vicinity may be interesting. Most of them are deep, but they vary greatly. The deepest perpendicular shaft in Britain, if not in the world, is that of Monkwearmouth mine, near Sunderland. It is 1,590 feet clear depth, or nearly equal to eight times the height of the Monument of London! That shaft we descended in a basket, or "corfe," some years since. Twelve shafts (their names are now before us) of selected pits which we have descended, compose, in their aggregate depth, *eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty feet*.

The cost of sinking such shafts, until the coal is attained, is generally great, and sometimes enormous. The shaft just spoken of at Monkwearmouth, cost nearly £100,000; but the most costly in the world, perhaps, was that of the Murton pit at South Hetton, Durham, which, owing to the peculiar obstacles encountered, was not completed for a much less sum than £300,000! The mere "tubbing" or lining costs about £60 or £70 *per fathom*, or six feet. The cost being commonly considerable, one shaft is usually made to serve many purposes, and is often divided by a partition, or "brattice," one division being a "downcast," and the other an "upcast," or chimney for the escape of the foul and heated air of the pit, after it has per-

* This is the statement of Mr. Nicholas Wood, in his Inaugural Address, page 16.

formed all the purposes of ventilation, and, as a return current, is charged with vitiated air and poisonous gases. It is not uncommon to descend by the upcast shaft, as being free from pumps and pit machinery. Our descent at Monkwearmouth was in an upcast shaft, and therefore equivalent to a trip down an enormous chimney, which is more than *four* times, and nearly five times, as *deep* as St. Paul's in London is *high*!*

The mode of descent here (and now commonly) is by a sliding cage, a kind of vertical railway carriage, the cage sliding upon upright rails. The older plan was by ropes; and wire ropes are still frequently employed, and much preferred by some to cages. Most adventurous habits were customary among the pitmen and lads in the use of the rope. Often, instead of employing the basket and rope, the lads would cling to the end of the latter only; and "riding in the loop" (that is, inserting one leg into a loop formed by hooking back the chain upon itself at the end of the pit-rope) was a favourite mode of descending. We once rode the loop ourselves, but felt more than uncomfortable while swinging in *quasi-vacuo* and in *tenebris*. Fathers have been seen "to ride in loop," and bring up on their knees one or two boys *asleep* after the day's work in the pit. We once watched a returning party clustering round and clinging to the rope-end on returning to the light of day, as a pitman expressively said, "like a string of ingins" (onions).

Let us now enter the cage for ourselves. All is ready: you must crouch down, and keep your arms and limbs carefully from projection on any side, or they may be amputated in the descent. Now we are in, and now we are off! Rather a strange sensation to a first visitor:—crouched in the most limited space, "cabined, cribbed, and confined" in an iron cage or compartment, in impenetrable darkness, and feeling that you are sinking down in the earth at a rapid rate, not knowing where or when you will stop, or how you will fare when you do stop. Three or four minutes, or five at most, will put an end to your descent and your doubts. Hold! here we are at the bottom. Now come forth! True, you see nothing at this moment but that feebly glimmering oil-lamp which hangs at the bottom of the shaft. Half-a-dozen black and begrimed human beings are

* This shaft is the most appalling; but the Northern shafts in general, on account of their depth, are forbidding to visitors. The stoutest men seem afraid to descend the first time. We may felicitate ourselves on being more courageous than even the late famous Emperor Nicholas; for when he was Grand Duke, he visited Wall's-End, and desired to descend the pit. The late Mr. Buddle was the manager, and prepared all things. The Grand Duke arrayed himself in a miner's dress, and marched to the pit's mouth; but even he was smitten with fear, when he glanced at the black, yawning, smoking shaft; and, having again asked its depth, he suddenly beat a retreat, exclaiming, "My God! it is the very mouth of ——!" Casting off his miner's dress, he took a hasty leave of the unvisited Wall's-End pit.

gathering around us. Let us sit here on this log of wood one minute, until our eyes become accustomed to the darkness.

Now we must proceed into the interior of the pit. Here comes the "overman," to accompany us with the "under-viewer." Take that lump of moist clay which the "overman" offers; it is the universal pit candlestick. Fix a pit candle (forty to the pound) in the clay, and the clay between the fingers of your left hand; grasp this stick in your right; thump down the pitman's round cap on your head; and, having ranged yourself behind the "overman," wait for marching orders. March! Now proceed: all is easy enough for the first half-mile; for we are traversing the main road or highway of the pit,—the Cheapside or Fleet Street of the subterranean city. It is only in the interior parts,—the narrow lanes and side streets,—that we shall suffer inconvenience. By elevating your candle you may see how like a railroad tunnel this excavation is, having been carried through hard sandstone and shale. On the floor are two lines of railway for the transit of the coal waggons; on these "trams" the entire "rolling stock" of the pit runs.* It is like the main trunk line of a superterranean railway, and all the passages of the pit conduct to it, and increase its traffic. There, a great distance before us, do you not observe a light glimmering like a small star? and do you not now hear the whistling and driving exclamations of some unseen human being? That is a "driver," coming up with his train of coal waggons, laden in the interior, and now creaking and grating along the "trams." On the foremost waggon of the train-sits the lad who lashes the little horse or pony that draws this luggage train of carriages, small in size, but long in extent and many in number. The *terminus* of this train is the bottom of the shaft, whence the waggons will be drawn up at a speedy rate, the average speed being, in this shaft, about thirteen feet *per* second. Here we are stopped by a large wooden door. Is it designed to bar all access to the interior? No: it is erected for purposes of ventilation, to regulate the direction of the ventilating current. Hark! how the air whistles against this door, now that you apply your ear to it! It seemed to open by invisible agency, when the overman knocked at it. But the opener was that little specimen of pit humanity crouching behind it in the corner there. He is the "trapper-boy." We have seen boys of eight and nine years of age tending such doors; but now, by Act of Parliament, (5 and 6 Vic., c. 99.) no boy under ten years of age can be admitted into mines; and, by the same Act, all females are excluded from subterranean mining labour. None were employed in this district, but thousands laboured disgracefully in other districts. These trap-doors act like weirs or dams in currents. Many of the explosions have

* In the great Hetton colliery there are *forty miles* of single railway under ground.

occurred by the negligent opening of a trap-door, whereby the whole ventilating system of the pit has shortly become deranged. We were once visiting a pit near Newcastle, where thirty-two lives had been sacrificed the day before, by the supposed neglect of a door by a little trapper, who perished in the catastrophe he had caused. When a strong and heavy current of air ventilates the pit, you may hear, on the off-side of each door, the rush of the air like a steady wind in a forest. On some occasions, this noise is so audible, that the pitmen exclaim, "The doors are a-singing!"

We will now soon pass out of the mainways of the pit, which vary in height from seven feet to five feet eight inches, into the narrower and difficult galleries of the mine. These are generally of the same height as the seam of coal: sometimes they are five feet, and sometimes less. Now and then, we have been unable to bend low enough for the passage; and, after having excoriated our back or shoulders, we have obtained a "rolley," or waggon-truck, thrown ourselves flat upon it, and hired a pit lad to draw us through the passages. The stunted stature of most of the genuine and thorough-bred pitmen is attributed to habitual stooping, and to the confined scene of their labours. Here the gallery becomes lower, and you must bend as much as possible; for we both are too tall for comfort in coal pits. Be careful of your *cranium*; for projecting stones from the roof may prove serious enemies to wholeness of head.

What is the awful din and clamour now saluting our ears? It is a set of "putters," or lads, who are pushing a set of waggons from the recesses of the mine along these narrow passages upon rickety trams to the crane, by which they are hoisted on the rolleys or trucks for the drivers, one of whose trains we have just passed. On, on they hurry. You now see that two little fellows are harnessed to a train of coal-tubs; they tug like little draymen's ponies. Two are harnessed behind to push with all their force; a big lad, the "headsman," overrules the band, and pushes with a might that the patients in the Hospital for Consumption would envy. The loads thus pushed will vary from six to eight hundredweight. All their muscles are greatly developed; and the big lads look a set of the fiercest blackamoors you ever beheld. The noise and shouting are terrific in this limited space; and you must squeeze yourself flat against the wall to permit that roystering, rollicking, clamorous, and quarrelsome set of youths to pass you without your suffering personal detriment.

And now for the "hewers" of the coal,—we shall be with some of them in a few minutes. The overman turns aside here; we follow him, or creep after him; and quadrupedal imitation is the best course here. There hangs a feebly shining Davy lamp against the coal-wall; a stifling cloud of coal-dust fills one's

eyes, and ears, and nose, and throat. The air is visibly thick, clinging heavily around, like damp mist in a valley. When you can see at all clearly by the aid of your own Davy lamp, (for your candle was exchanged for a "Davy" before you entered this dangerous and gaseous region of the mine,) you discover yourself to be in one of the innermost workshops of the pit. Four or five men are hewing at the coal with short pickaxes. The seam being not very broad, they are posited in various, but painful, positions. One is squatting and using his pick over his head; another finds it better to lie along on his side and excavate sideways; another, wishing to penetrate far in, lies headways towards the coal. Behind them stand a few tubs, and into these the coal is shovelled, when torn down by the hewer. Where uncovered candles can be safely used, (that is, where there is no danger of explosion,) you have more light, and some cheerfulness. Then, too, gunpowder can be inserted into the coal seam, and the mineral blasted. When you are in a dangerous pit, and for the first time hear one of these "shots fired," the effect is startling,—and alarming, if you, being at some distance, unhappily mistake it for an explosion of gas. The sound is dull and booming, and rather growls than rings, through all the line of galleries, like muffled guns.

The hewer's toil is most severe. Probably, there is no other kind of labour so painfully severe for the time it lasts; but that time is limited to about six hours in the twenty-four. He is generally bathed in perspiration, covered with coal-dust,—and with very little else; for he works as nearly in *puris naturalibus* as possible. He is ready at any moment, in or out of the pit, to grumble most clamorously at his hard lot; and he certainly does not appear to be a very fine specimen of human proportions. His head is oddly thrown back, his chest much developed, his legs are commonly bowed, and his arms suspended by his side in a peculiar swinging manner; his face is as pale as the coal is black, and his stature is, on the whole, diminutive. These features of the outward man belong almost entirely to the whole race of Newcastle miners; and you may distinguish them in any crowd in the town. But, on Sunday, the hewer and the miners in general appear in black coats, and other grave, sober habiliments, and frequent some of the numerous Methodist chapels which are sprinkled all over the mining districts.

We shall be too much fatigued to penetrate much farther into the interior of the pit, and we should never come to an end, at least in one day; for, this being a very old pit, there are excavations several miles under ground. In the course of years a set of passages of astonishing length, if placed lengthwise in succession, may be opened. Of one of the oldest and largest pits near Newcastle it has been estimated, as a conjecture, that there are no less than 160 miles of excavated passages; but if this is extreme, there

are, in fact, several mines with more than 20 miles of passages. Near Whitehaven, coal mining has been conducted more than 1,000 yards under the sea, and about 600 feet below its bottom.

The plan of working coal in all the mines of this district is the same, and is well known amongst miners as the Newcastle system. It may be verbally described as working the pit by a set of panels. The whole area of the mine is divided into quadrangular panels, each panel containing an area of from eight to twelve acres in extent; and around each panel of this extent is left a solid wall of coal of from forty to fifty yards thick. Through these thick coal walls, roads and air-courses are driven, and thus the whole is brought into working order. Each panel or district has a particular name, and is so designated on the plan of the mine. All these panels are connected together by roads, and thus united to the shaft, as the principal locality. The reader can form some idea of the plan of such a mine, if he will suppose four ordinary windows to be laid flat upon the ground, side by side, forming one large square, but a little apart, so that the space between them may represent the main highways of the pit. The wooden framings of the windows may stand for the minor passages, and the glass itself for the pillars of coal left to support the roof of the mine. Such would be a ground-plan of the mine. Of course, in practice, the galleries and mainways are not quite so regularly laid out; but a general order of this kind is observed, and a general rectangular character is assumed and preserved throughout the entire range of excavations. In some respects the great coal mine is like a great city; and the passenger along the Strand in London, or down Lower Regent Street, might imagine the main street to be the mainway of the pit, and the side streets the side passages; while St. James's Square might serve as one great panel, Pall-Mall as the great cross mainway, and the Duke of York's Column as the shaft of the pit. The whole is worked upon system; and the manager ought to be in circumstances to have pointed out to him on the working plan of the pit, what is going forward in any portion of the area below.

From each of the panels thus laid out, the coal is extracted. They commonly begin with the panel farthest from the shaft, and work the others successively towards the shaft. Pillars of coal are left to support the roof, and these vary in dimensions in proportion to the depth from the surface. At a depth of 100 fathoms, or 600 feet, the pillars left must be 22 yards by 9 yards, in which case the proportion of coal left in each such pillar is as .59 compared with the whole. At 200 fathoms, or 1,200 feet, the pillars are 26 yards by 16 yards, and the proportion of coal left is .71. At 300 fathoms, or 1,800 feet, the pillars would be 30 yards by 24 yards, and as much coal would be left in them as .82 of the whole. In the very deep Monkwearmouth pit, we found that the pillars contained about six-sevenths of

the coal; so that the whole enormous expense of 80,000 or £100,000 was incurred simply in the removal of one seventh of the coal reached,—at least at present.

But nearly the whole of the coal in the panels may eventually be obtained; for when the "whole coal," or that between the pillars, is excavated, then the pillars themselves may be attacked; and this is termed working "in the broken." Much mining skill is required in removing the pillars safely; and the work is gradually and cautiously conducted. Wooden props in great numbers are introduced, and the shattered and shaky roof is supported as well as possible. Finally, even these props are thought too valuable to be left in the mine, and the dangerous work of "drawing the props" commences. We were in the Heaton pit while props were drawn in one portion; and we confess we were not very easy as we watched two men slowly knocking out and down the only supports of the roof above our heads. So soon as they knocked down a prop, we all ran back some distance, awaiting a fall of the roof: if that did not occur, we ventured forward again; and another and another prop was withdrawn. The amount of timber used in mines is considerable, and as much of it as possible must be saved. One or two props are left here and there after the bulk is withdrawn; and then, day after day, fresh masses of the roof fall, with thundering noise, and the whole is considered as "waste," into which only the "wasteman" enters with a Davy-lamp and great precaution. If the whole falls in, the buried mass is termed "a goaf;" and these goafs often become immense natural gasometers, where the gases, exuding freely from the liberated masses, seethe and ferment and generate explosive power, sufficient to explode and shatter the whole mine, if once they are inflamed by contact with a candle or naked light.

A large coal mine is curious on all accounts, as well social as natural. We have glanced at some matters of interest, in relation to the place and the mode of enlarging it; let us now bestow a few more thoughts on the human beings who labour here, and on those who superintend them. In the largest collieries, like those of Hetton* and Seaton Delaval, for example, there may be as many as 1,000 persons employed. At the South Hetton colliery we found the number to be 528, of which number 212 were employed above ground, and 316 under ground. Of the underground labourers, 140 were hewers, and the same number "putters," of coal. It must be one of the largest collieries that employs so many as 500 persons and upwards. As may be at once conceived, such a colliery requires a very strict system of discipline. In the district of Northumberland and Durham we can now number about 150 collieries, and about

* It was recently reported that about 800 pitmen belonging to the Hetton collieries were "on strike."

300 pits in all, where coal is daily being wrought. In 1843, we reckoned 192 pits on the three rivers, the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees; and in that whole district we found the number of persons (men and boys) employed, to be 25,770. These raised 6,506,371 tons of coal in the year. The steam-engine power in use at the above collieries was equal to no less than 19,397 horses. In a business of such magnitude, a plan of discipline and management has gradually been brought into a thoroughly effective system. There is not more order in a man-of-war, than in a Newcastle coal pit. The numbers are fluctuating from year to year with the trade itself, but the system is now never greatly altered. Over the thousands of men employed, there are officers for each department of labour. The highest is the superintending engineer, or manager, always termed in the North "the viewer:" then follow, in succession, the resident viewer, the under viewer, the overman, the back overman, the deputy, the head wasteman, and some subordinates. The number of these officers or functionaries, at present on the Tyne and Wear, may be estimated as follows: there are about 20 superintending viewers, gentlemen of the highest mining qualifications, and generally receiving high emoluments: we have heard the emoluments of *some* of them conjectured at from £1,500 to £2,000 *per annum*. Then there are about 120 resident viewers, 100 under viewers, 300 overmen, and 500 back overmen, (who take the duty of the overmen in the after-part of the day,) about 1,500 deputies, 150 head wastemen, and 150 foremen wastemen, to which we add 1,200 other ordinary wastemen. Thus, altogether, about 4,000 persons are employed hereabouts in the superintendence of the operations of collieries, exclusively of the engineers and mechanics employed above ground. None of these 4,000 men work the coal, but they are all engaged in the supervision of those who do; and especially they supervise the ventilation of the pit, and the security of the whole. Above ground there is an officer who always stands in attendance at the mouth of the shaft, an important personage in that position, and called the "banksman:" such men take charge of all the live and dead stock descending and ascending the mine; and of these there may be about 800 in this whole district. We cannot tarry to describe the respective duties of these several mining officers in detail; but their very names and number indicate a high degree of order and arrangement, and a complete subdivision of official duties.

The superintending viewer has the general charge of the pit, but may have several other pits under his charge; and therefore the resident viewer becomes the chief practical authority, calling in and consulting the superintending viewer in particular exigencies. The under viewer has the general charge of the mining operations under the resident. He is generally a young or middle-aged man, thoroughly acquainted with the theory and practice of ordinary

mining, and, like the curate in a parish, performs much of the duty of routine; but he is always subject to, and acts under, the resident. He is supposed to examine the mine every day, to inspect the waste, the state of the air-courses, the amount of air passing through the mine in the different passages, and the freedom from destructive gases; and, in addition to his own personal examinations, he receives a daily report from the overmen and master wasteman, as to the result of their inspections. In connexion with all these observations, he must take all needful measures for correcting irregularities, and for obviating all discoverable sources of danger. The overmen have the charge of the working of the mine, and more especially of the general safety and duty of the working men and boys; hence their name of "overmen." They are aided by the back overmen, and by deputy overmen, called, in one word, "deputies." The first duty of these persons is to enter the pit every morning, one hour before the hewers, and to examine every working place in the pit, and to report as to its being in safe working condition. Then, returning to an underground cabin, they examine all the safety lamps, if such are used in the mine, and lock them, so that the men cannot tamper with them. Several explosions have been occasioned by careless men opening the top of a safety lamp, to light a pipe, or increase the light. No lamps should be delivered unlocked, and none received in return after work without examination. The culpable neglect of some pitmen, chiefly in other districts, is proverbial. Now we come to speak of the lowest grades of mining officers. The wastemen and their deputies examine the waste parts of the pit and the goaves. The deputies of the overmen lay down and maintain the tramways, secure the workings by timbers, and look to the wooden doors, the stoppings, the brattices, or divisions, and thus generally preserve the working places in good working order.

It is desirable that the reader should understand how complete and systematic is the superintendence and the precautionary inspection by the regular officers in a large Northern pit. Whenever you pass through the pit, and especially if in the earlier hours of the morning, you will meet with overmen and their deputies, and perambulating wastemen and their deputies; and you will find them busily engaged, or passing you every here and there with a polite pit salutation. Of nearly the whole of these men we noticed one characteristic habit, namely, their sober demeanour and grave taciturnity. They are men of much work and few words,—at least, to strangers. They will answer proper questions, but with brevity, and in their pit *patois*, which to a complete stranger renders the answer useless. Many months must be spent in this locality in frequent conversation with pit folk, before it will be possible for the stranger to arrive at any thing like a perfect understanding of their replies.

From what we have observed it will be seen that there is no greater mistake than to suppose that accidents happen in the Newcastle mines from want of supervision: that may not be perfect, but it is certainly systematic. Here are the most experienced colliery officers and workmen to be found in the world: though many of the subordinates are uneducated, and most of them may cherish prejudices, yet, in any thing that concerns a coal pit, the Newcastle men are thoroughly at home. Little may be known among them of the theory of science, but much of its practice is daily exhibited. It is remarkable, too, that amongst the subordinates, and even the common hewers, a taste for mathematics has long existed. The celebrated George Stephenson was a subordinate at Killingworth pit near Newcastle; and a living mathematician connected with King's College, author of several esteemed works, has risen from the pits, and glories, we believe, in his rise and origin from the regions of darkness.

We now proceed to speak of, perhaps, the most important of all the subjects connected with the safety and comfort of the pit,
—VENTILATION.

The ventilation of large, deep, and fiery, or gaseous, coal mines, is a matter of practical science, which demands far more minute and anxious study than would be generally supposed; for upon efficient ventilation depends the comfort of all the miners, and, eventually, the remuneration of the proprietors. The worst economy is to disregard due ventilation; and this observation applies equally to manufactories and mines. In mines where the ventilation is insufficient, the miners labour with the greatest difficulty. If they have occasion to "fire a shot," that is, to blast a portion of the coal or rock by gunpowder, the smoke arising from the blast hangs densely and long about the face of the workings, lessening the light of the lamps, and filling the lungs of the men. Frequently in summer, when the ventilation stagnates or is reversed, the pit candles will not burn unless held sideways, and parts of the mine must be abandoned for days, until better air can be commanded. One of the most telling instances of the actual saving in money effected by good ventilation, is mentioned by Mr. Mackworth with reference to the United Mines in Cornwall. In a certain part of those mines, the temperature was so remarkably and oppressively high as 105° ; and in that part three sets of men were employed in driving a "level," or gallery, at a cost of £17 per fathom. So great was their exhaustion, that the poor miners were changed every five minutes, and it was said that to remain twenty minutes in that place would have occasioned total prostration, and probably death. Mr. Mackworth pointed out how a quantity of air might be introduced, sufficient to reduce the temperature to 70° , or less. Subsequently, the

temperature was reduced to 75°; and then the cost of the same work in the same gallery was £5 per fathom, instead of £17, as before; that is, a saving of £12 in excavating every six feet was realized by sending down enough of air.

The quantity of air breathed by a man in one minute is rather less than half a cubic foot, or exactly 320 cubic inches, according to chemists;* of which 10 *per cent.*, consisting of oxygen, is consumed by the lungs, and from 7·7 to 8·5 parts of carbonic acid gas are expired. A candle burns every minute about one seventh of a cubic foot of air, and it will begin to burn dimly when the proportion of oxygen in the air is diminished from 21 *per cent.* to 18 *per cent.*; while it will be extinguished when the proportion falls to 16 *per cent.*, and at the point of 14 *per cent.* suffocation will gradually ensue. From these ascertained data, it is not difficult to estimate what is the state of a mine where men have worked for some five or six hours, and have burnt numerous candles; but we have also data in the analysis of 18 samples of air taken in four Cornish mines, at an average depth of 214 fathoms (1284 feet), and an average distance of 28 fathoms (168 feet) from any shaft. The result of this analysis affords a mean per-centage of 17·067 oxygen, 82·848 nitrogen, and 0·085 carbonic acid gas. The air had been deprived of much oxygen by the breathing of the men, the combustion of the lights, and the decomposition of mineral and animal substances.

Besides the vitiation of the air by the presence of a large body of miners, we have this made sensible in another form, by the raising of the temperature. Fifty miners, with their lights, will give off sufficient heat to raise fifty thousand cubic feet of air, being at a temperature of 55°, by one degree every minute. Now there are in most mines of any magnitude many more than fifty persons at work in them at the same hour. Towards the end of their work, therefore, the mine must be very oppressive; very far more oppressive than any room where a large party has been assembled for several hours, and has exhausted the oxygen of its limited atmosphere. What a crowded church or apartment is to a long inmate of either, that a badly aired coal pit is to the miners, with the addition of their being required to labour actively and exhaustingly in the midst of air more thoroughly vitiated than that of any building, and often corrupted with the efflux of noxious gases from the coal. It is not to be wondered at, that they work in the recesses of the mine half naked, and sometimes more than half; and that in some Cornish mines of great depth, where the

* According to Dr. Glover, 666 cubic feet of air will sustain a healthy man for 24 hours. Supposing a working place to be 12 feet wide, 4 feet high, and 4 feet long, the air in that place will sustain, with discomfort, a person for 7 hours.

temperature has approached 100°, owing to deficient ventilation, the men have been compelled to plunge into cold water several times during their short relays of painful work.

The ventilation of a coal pit is founded on well known natural laws, and is simple enough in the merely theoretical view. If there be two shafts sunk to the bottom, at a suitable distance from each other, one is called and used as the "downcast shaft," and the other as the "upcast shaft,"—the air descending by the former, and ascending by the latter. In a general sense the force of the ventilation depends upon the difference in weight between two columns of air, extending from the limits of the atmosphere to the bottom of two shafts, when they are on the same level. When one shaft is deeper than the other, allowance must be made for the difference between the weight of the air in it, and the weight of the air descending or ascending through the workings. A natural ventilation will always establish itself under such arrangements, just as in a room with two chimneys: when air has been made to descend one chimney and to ascend the other as warm air, then this warm air, having once filled the second chimney after passing through the room, establishes a rarefied column in the second, lighter than the unrarefied column in the first chimney. Let us assume that thirteen cubic feet of air weigh one pound, and that air expands or contracts one five-hundred-and-nineteenth part of its bulk at 60°, for every degree of increase or decrease in its temperature; then the actual weight of the air in each chimney or shaft can be accurately estimated. One column of air will balance the other, like the weights hung over a pulley; and the lighter column will ascend with a velocity which obeys the same mechanical laws as the pulley, and which can be equally well determined.

The science of natural ventilation, then, consists in so arranging, by the use of downcast and upcast shafts, the currents of air in a mine, that the cold air from the surface shall, by its density and dryness, descend at once to the lowest depths of the mine, and to its inmost recesses; and, passing along all the workings without leakage, shall supply all the workpeople in the mine with an adequate quantity of air for respiration, and also for absorbing and carrying away the heat arising from the mine, the men, and their lights, as well as the gases exuding from the coal, the moisture, and the various exhalations;—so that they shall all unite in rarefying the air during its descent to the lowest part of the upcast shaft to which it can be conveniently conducted. Natural ventilation, however, would not suffice for large mines with large numbers of inhabitants: therefore little is known to miners of its principles; and artificial ventilation, or assistance derived from artificial aids, is in ordinary use. This we shall explain as succinctly as possible.

There are four principal kinds of artificial ventilating power, —the furnace, the steam jet, mechanical fans, &c., and water ventilators. The furnace acts by rarefaction,* and assists the natural tendencies of the common air. The steam jet acts partly by a similar rarefaction, and partly by its vigorous propulsion, which assists in exhausting the air. Mechanical ventilators are of various kinds, such as pumps, fans, screws, and pneumatic wheels, and of different economical values, according to the circumstances in which they are applied; some being good with a high velocity and a small "drag," others with a small ventilation and heavy drag, whilst the various inventions of this kind are severally distinguished by small first cost and heavy maintenance, or large first outlay with economy in use. Water ventilators, unlike the other mechanisms, are more frequently used to force air into the mine than for exhausting air from it; and they are chiefly applicable to metallic mines, such as the Cornish. With the evidence published by the last Committee, there are printed engravings of machinery for colliery ventilation in Belgium, taken, as we think, from a Belgian work on the subject. A high authority remarks to us, in a private letter, that they are given without discrimination of their value, and that the only one worthy of attention is Fabry's; but the last form of this is not given. The same authority does not think it equal as a mechanical ventilator to Struve's *aërometers*, or air-pumps.

A furnace is the most convenient ventilating power, as long as the resistance of the air-ways in shallow mines does not amount to more than four pounds *per square foot*, and in deep mines to more than eight pounds *per square foot*. When the resistance is greater, mechanical ventilation may be employed. But the velocity of air-currents in mines is restricted, by the considerations of the convenience of men in using lights, the great leakage that takes place at high velocities, and other causes, to a speed commonly not exceeding from three to five lineal feet *per second*; and this speed can generally be attained with the furnace by judicious management, such as the enlargement and division of the air-ways. The viewers of the North are firmly wedded to the furnace system, "perhaps," acknowledges Mr. Nicholas Wood, the chief Northern viewer, "as an old friend, though we have had as a substitution innumerable plans and suggestions, few of which have stood the test of time and experience." The Parliamentary Committee announce that "the preponderance of evidence is decidedly in its favour." Those, however, who consider the subject apart from such influence

* It is estimated by some that the average limit of the furnace is the production of one thousand cubic feet of air *per minute per foot area*. This is the standard rule of some districts. It is clear that the air cools as it expands, and at length will acquire a density similar to that of the air it encounters.

and evidence, find some disadvantages in the furnace. Its ventilating effect is very irregular. The increase of the temperature of the atmosphere, between morning and mid-day, is sometimes sufficient to diminish the ventilation by one sixth. An unskilful flue-man, or a choked fire, will lessen the effect by one tenth. An ordinary pit furnace is in size from eight to ten feet, and the length may be six feet. At South Hetton there is a furnace fifteen feet in width. The space under the bars should be left open, and the ash-pit kept full of water, as the heat which radiates downwards is thereby utilized. The amount of the ventilating current produced by two such furnaces was, in one mine, (Seaton Delaval,) fifty-three thousand cubic feet of air *per* minute,—the highest amount which the viewer, Mr. Forster, could obtain. Mr. Wood has performed a series of highly interesting experiments with the furnace and the steam jet at Hetton pits, from which we learn that the amount of ventilation obtained by a furnace nine feet wide at the Eppleton Jane pit, having an area of 58 feet, was, on an average, 49,296 cubic feet *per* minute. In the Minor pit, having 98 feet area, the average was 107,300 cubic feet of air *per* minute. The consumption of coals producing these effects, was at the rate of 10·11 lbs. *per* minute; and 16,320 cubic feet of air were gained *per* minute from each pound of coal consumed. The workings of the Hetton colliery—which comprise one upcast shaft of 900 feet depth, and two downcast shafts respectively of 900 feet and 1,080 feet (the latter of which the writer of this article descended)—are ventilated by the three shafts just named, and with a power obtained from three furnaces, one nine feet in width, and the other two eight feet each. The whole workings are very extensive, and are carried out in three seams of coal; namely, the Hutton seam at 900 feet, the Low Main coal at 780 feet, and the Main coal at 660 feet from the surface. In the Hutton seam the workings extend over 2,000 acres, comprising coal partially worked or standing in pillars, and also coal entirely worked away, or “goaf.”

The furnaces burn 900 feet below ground in the Hutton seam; and though these furnaces embrace the ventilation of the entire workings in all the seams, the air from the Low Main and Main coal seams does not pass over them, but passes into the upcast shaft at their respective depths from the surface. The quantity of air passing round the workings of the Low Main coal seam is no less than 29,200 cubic feet *per* minute, and in the Main coal seam 29,950 cubic feet *per* minute. These are high quantities, and are only obtained in such complete and well appointed concerns as the chief Northern collieries. But we think the *minimum* amount of air, even for pits not fiery, should be from 10,000 to 15,000 cubic feet *per*

minute; nor should the split currents in fiery mines be less than from 8,000 to 10,000 cubic feet *per* minute.

A large amount of time and attention has recently been directed to the furnace, as the presumed best and most effective ventilating power, in comparison with what is termed "the steam jet," which Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney claims as his invention, or rather application. The Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1851, only receiving evidence for five days, and publishing a Report of 247 pages, gave much prominence to the steam jet, and pronounced decisively on the matter, by saying, "Your Committee are unanimously of opinion, that the steam jet is the most powerful, and at the same time least expensive, method for the ventilation of mines." This appeared to the Northern viewers to be a startling declaration; and they regarded the whole as partaking of the character of special pleading, founded on very insufficient evidence. It has been pointed out that most of the questions and answers wore an *ex-parte* appearance; but the best result was, that it prompted Mr. Wood and others to institute a series of careful experiments in Northern pits, on the relative merits of furnace and steam jet. The results lie before us; and, as the consequence of a study of the whole, we are bound to infer that the merits of the steam jet have been exaggerated. The First Appendix to the Third Report of the Committee of 1853, is a full and complete exposition of the subject, and does great credit to its compiler, Mr. Nicholas Wood. The question must now be viewed as in a great measure determined. It is difficult to conceive of more detailed and patient experiments; and the issue of all, in brief, is as follows:—

With respect to the application of the jet as a *substitution* for the furnace, and considered with reference to their comparative powers in producing the largest amount of ventilation; and, consequently, as having a tendency in that respect to prevent accidents in coal mines; these experiments show, in the most conclusive manner, that the steam jet, as hitherto employed, is far inferior to the furnace in producing a large amount of ventilation in deep mines; and the experiments at a shallow mine show that with equal areas of fire-grate the furnace is even superior to the steam jet in shallow mines.

There can only be one other question; namely, What is the value of the steam jet as an *auxiliary* to the furnace? In connexion with this question, numerous and accurate experiments were performed; and the issue is, that even as an auxiliary to the furnace, the steam jet is deficient. The increase of effect of the jet over the furnace is quite inconsiderable. Such increase is extremely unsteady, and in some cases nothing at all, when the furnace is urged to its *maximum* effect; and, in the ordinary working state of the furnace, amounts to only about

2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Such increase is attended with a loss of power, or increase in the consumption of the coal, as compared with the furnace, of nearly three to one. It is, therefore, ineligible and inefficient either as an auxiliary to, or as a substitute for, the furnace. Mr. Longridge has produced a talented paper, in which he arrives at similar conclusions, adding, "that the amount of fuel consumed is more than sufficient to produce, by the ordinary furnace, the whole effect obtained by the more expensive and dangerous steam boilers."

The mode of conducting so many cubic feet of air through all the workings of the pit is, in the North, brought to a high and interesting degree of system. By the rarefaction caused by the furnace in the upcast shaft,* the air entering the downcast would naturally take the shortest course to the upcast, and thus leave much of the mine unventilated. But the air-current is so cleverly managed, that it can be made to visit any and all the desired parts of the mine. At first a single current was carried, as well as might be, through the mine; but when the workings became extensive, and branched out many miles underground, great inconvenience was experienced in the adulteration of a single current as it passed through all the sinuosities of the workings; and the column of air connected with the shortest route to the upcast shaft robbed the other currents. To meet these difficulties, *stoppings* were placed in the course of each current, so that, by the restriction of the current at the stopping, it was forced into another direction, and enlarged the quantity of air in another course. Some of these bars to the air must sometimes be erected in mainways; and then the wooden doors above described are fixed, and opened and closed by little boys. In passages not having traffic, brick or stone stoppings may be built in. This plan may be carried still further, so as to divide the air-current in one passage into two portions by a wooden division (a "brattice") running along the passage; and by this means the same single column can be divided into two portions, one of which may be made to run down the passage and the other up the same simultaneously. This system of ventilation is termed "splitting the air;" and it has been so fully studied that there is scarcely a limit to the ingenious divisions the air-currents may be compelled to take. It is often necessary even to turn and twist the currents under and over each other; and this is easily effected by means of "crossings," formed by enlarging the roof, and then inserting either a brick arch or a flooring of wood placed upon brick walls, completely closed at the ends; and then the air may be compelled to pass over the bridge in one direction, and under it in another,—just as the

* A difference of temperature of no less than 140° Fahrenheit has, in some instances, been observed between the air in the upcast shaft and that in the interior of the mine.

stream of human life passes over London-Bridge across the Thames, the living beings and the river pursuing cross directions. Indeed, the currents of air in a coal pit are now as manageable as currents of water; and just as water may be directed and diverted on a plane surface by dams and docks, so may the air below ground. The facilities of managing the air are, in some respects, greater; for the air can be made to change its level with ease, and its volume can be readily increased or diminished. Further still, the *reversing* of the air-currents is a common practice in extensive mines, either for the more convenient change of the working places, or to obviate a sudden discharge of inflammable gas from the coal. The most effectual reversal of an air-current is produced by the erection of doors for effecting a temporary stagnation in a part of the air-course, and the fire may then be made to draw its supply of air from the leakage of the doors. In collieries wanting an efficient furnace, the course of the air is frequently changed without any visible cause; and this in Staffordshire is named "the fighting of the pits." In large Newcastle mines, the columns of air are speedy and far-going travellers in a day; and the number of miles they traverse, the sinuosities they make, the turns, vaults, and summersets they effect, the "wastes," the dark and distant corners they visit, would compose a strange eventful history. A current may be divided into any number of "splits;" and supposing that it is divided into four at the bottom of the downcast shaft, No. I. may proceed northwards, and be split again; No. II. may proceed to air other workings; No. III. may pursue its course along the eastern workings; and No. IV. may air the southern workings. Each split current, like a separate messenger of health, may pursue its round and make its welcome calls, and all may finally meet at the upcast shaft. This excellent plan is neglected in some districts, as Lancashire, &c.; but it is fully adopted in the North. The plan, however, may be carried too far, and the subdivided currents too much weakened. This may occasion explosions, even with a full *total* quantity of air.

If it be asked, How are the specified quantities of air ascertained? the answer is,—There are approximate and accurate methods of measuring the air. Of the former, the simplest is to select a portion of an air-way of uniform size, through which the current to be measured passes. Let this be six feet high, five feet wide, and fifty fathoms in length,—the quantity of air it will contain at any moment is 9,000 cubic feet. Taking a candle, walk with the current, and at the same velocity as it. This is performed by moving at that rate which allows the flame to remain upright. Now note the time occupied in passing from one end to the other of the measured distance. Suppose this is done in one minute, then the quantity of air passing through the air-way is at the rate of 9,000 cubic feet *per* minute.

Another approximate and simple mode of measurement is to "flash off" gunpowder about five fathoms back from the beginning of the fifty fathoms, and to have persons stationed at each extremity, so as to call when the smoke reaches them. Two observations must be taken,—one, of the first part of the smoke which passes,—and another, of the last; and the *mean* of the velocities given by the two velocities must be taken as the *true* velocity.

Other rough means of like character are adopted with soap-bubbles, or the smoke from tinder; but the scientific mode of measurement is by an instrument called an "anemometer," (wind-measurer,) of which there are three principal kinds now in use, —Biram's, Combes's, and Dickinson's. Biram's anemometer resembles a smoke-jack, or the old ventilator occasionally used in windows and doors. The angle of its vanes is so adjusted, that the wheel makes one revolution for one foot lineal motion of the air; and these revolutions are registered by dials in the centre of the instrument. Combes's is generally used in the mines of France and Belgium. Mr. Dickinson's consists of a light square disc of metal suspended on a pivot. The pressure of the air inclines it outward, in proportion to the velocity; and the velocities are marked on the arc of a circle, up which the lower edge of the disc moves.

It is always desirable to measure the velocity of the air at different points of the section of the air-way, as the middle air travels faster than that near the sides. When the lineal velocity has been obtained, multiply it by the area of the air-way, to obtain the cubic quantity of air passing at that time.

The power expended in moving the air through any mine, is found by multiplying the number of cubic feet of air passed through *per* minute by the resistance *per* square foot. It is ascertained by numerous experiments, that the resistance of air increases as the square of the velocity; or, in other words, the "drag" increases as the square of the amount of ventilation. Since the power is the drag multiplied by the ventilation, it can be proved, mathematically and practically, that the power usefully expended increases as the cube of the amount of ventilation. More simply, to double any ventilation requires eight times the power, for 8 is the cube of 2.* Hence a large amount of air can be obtained by natural ventilation in cold weather, as compared with the highest amount of artificial ventilation. The rule holds as true with furnace as with mechanical ventilation. Since in the former the ventilation varies as the square root of the difference of the temperatures of the two shafts, if these temperatures in natural ventilation be 40° and 65°, the difference being

* Mr. Mackworth, in "Twenty-first Report of Cornwall Polytechnic Society," 1853, p. 26.

25°; to produce double the ventilation, the difference must amount to 100°, giving a temperature for the upcast shaft of 140°, which is actually the temperature of some of the hotter furnace shafts in ordinary work.

Of the several ingenious contrivances in good ventilation, one is worthy of notice. The large flaming furnace at the bottom of the upcast shaft, or chimney of the whole mine, must be fed with air as well as fuel; but if it should be fed with the return air of the pit, that is, the air which has completed its circuit of all the passages, the amount of fire-damp borne along in the return current, and with which it is charged from all corners of the waste and pillar workings, might, and often would, cause an explosion at the furnace. To prevent this peril, the furnace is fed with fresh air, and the "returns" are conveyed by a "dumb drift," or separate brick channel, *over* the furnace, but without contact, into the upcast shaft. Nothing can be more simple, and nothing more effective.

Considerable questionings and discussions have taken place, in relation to the effective power of the furnace. To enter into the matter more minutely would be unsuitable to our pages. In the evidence of several witnesses before the Committee of 1852, phrases are introduced, as if intended to denote newly discovered laws in furnace ventilation; these are, "the furnace limit," "the furnace paradox," and "the natural brattice," or division. Mr. J. K. Blackwell has, we think, clearly shown in a few words, in his pamphlet on the subject,* that facts of this nature have long been known to well informed mining engineers; and that "they can only acquire importance, or appear novel, under their present disguise, to those who are imperfectly acquainted with the subject." We subjoin, in a note below, a memorandum of experiments, which may be interesting to many.†

The large quantities of air forced into the pits are not merely required to furnish the men with fresh air, but also to evacuate the workings from those dangerous gases for which the Newcastle and some other coal mines have become so celebrated.

* "Explosions in Coal Mines." 8vo. London, 1853.

† Useful effect (that is, absolute work done upon the air) by the consumption of one pound of coal with various ventilating powers:—

	Horse power.
At Middle Dyffryn colliery, furnace and steam jets, the latter applied near pit top	·09
Same colliery, furnace alone	·50
Cwmbach colliery, ditto	·56
Tyne Main colliery, ditto	·88
Eaglesbush colliery, Struve's ventilator (first erected)	2·67
" " Fabry's pneumatic wheels	2·70
" " Common fan, straight vanes, six feet diameter	0·87
Scaton Delaval colliery, jets and boiler flues	·44
" " " boilers and flues alone	·31

These gases are vulgarly known by the names of fire-damp, choke-damp, after-damp, &c.

Fire-damp is light carburetted hydrogen gas, and is the most prevalent and important of the gases in mines. Chemists give us accurate accounts of this gas considered chemically, but little is known as to its mode of existence and cause of issue in coal pits. Being of very light specific gravity as compared with atmospheric air, (the latter being 1.0000, and the former 0.5554,) it has a tendency to ascend; and therefore all ventilation should be conducted on an ascensional principle, that the gas may not surmount the air and be unreachd by it, but be carried out of the workings with the return air. In many mines the bad system of ventilation leaves the fire-damp in the pit, clinging to the roofs of the passages. In the issues of gases from coal pits, analysis has proved that this light carburetted hydrogen forms a principal element. In five specimens the proportions *per cent.* of this gas were 92, 92, 86, 83, 77.

It has long been known that the proportion of this gas necessary, in admixture with atmospheric air, to render the whole explosive, is from one fourteenth part to one twelfth. With this proportion there is danger; and the danger increases as the fire-damp increases, until the mixture attains its *maximum* of explosiveness, and that is when the proportion varies from one ninth to one eighth part. When as much as one fourth part of the total mixture is composed of fire-damp, it will no longer explode, but begin to descend to simple inflammableness. From these facts several important consequences arise; and one is, that inefficient ventilation in a pit may actually contribute to an explosion by diluting the gas to the explosive point; so that a little air, like a little knowledge, is indeed "a dangerous thing."

The condition in which this gas exists imprisoned in the coal is not accurately known. The occasional sudden outbreaks of fire-damp which the pitmen term "blowers," seem to countenance the opinion that it may obtain in the liquid state; and yet, if so, its sudden extrication might be attended even with more violent effects than those observed. Some think it is pent up in the minute cellular interstices of the coal, and that it is liberated by exposure or fracture, and that it gradually exudes. Certain seams of coal, at moderate depths from the surface, have lost their fire-damp by spontaneous drainage. It certainly exists in a high state of compression in the coal; and it often continues to escape as long as its compression exceeds that of the atmosphere. So long as it exudes gradually, and by what may be termed a capillary issue, it is quite manageable by art. Thus, in one pit we have seen it conducted by pipes to the bottom of the shaft, and there lighted like street gas; while, in the interior of the mine, it issued so abundantly from the coal, that it could be

heard continually hissing out its way. The viewer, for our special wonder, lit the roof of the passage where we stood, and one long, soft, blue lambent flame played innocently over our heads, until it was "dowsed," or beaten out by bags and jackets. But when the compression of gas is very high, then oftentimes a "blower" will break forth with a sudden and perilous discharge. The "fouling" effects are extraordinary in the cases of the eruption of the high pressure gas. A few instances, scarcely known at all to the public, will excite interest.*

In Haswell colliery there are certain "drifts," through which, on one occasion, no less than 9,760 cubic feet of air *per* minute were passing to ventilate them. The sectional area of one drift was 37 square feet, and the velocity of the air-current was therefore 4.39 feet *per* second; safety-lamps were used in the "face," or front of the workings of the coal. While the hewer was at work in this drift, he heard a loud noise, and immediately retreated some distance, and heard a sound like that of falling water, occasioned by the rushing out of the gas at the face. The "deputy" ran to warn some men who were exposed to extinguish their lights, and, returning, he found the air-course foul. By opening a door, and by other judicious steps, he cleared the mine in less than half an hour. Afterwards it was found that the mass of inflammable air produced by the eruption of this gas was at least 35,000 cubic feet, or about 1,300 cubic yards, a quantity sufficient to account for the heaviest mining explosion. It is estimated that the quantity of fire-damp alone was from 3,000 to 4,000 cubic feet.

In another instance, at Walker colliery, so powerful was the pent-up gas, that it forcibly displaced a block of coal, which, with the shattered coal around, weighed eleven tons; and it was found that this issue of gas had fouled the air to a distance of 41,681 cubic feet.

Some other sudden discharges of "bags" or "blowers" of gas might be mentioned; but the above are sufficiently illustrative. By careful examination of these instances and their results, we may arrive at some opinion as to the amounts of gas that have caused the heavy pit explosions in the North. A careful inquirer (Mr. T. J. Taylor) has thus conjectured that several such explosions have been caused by quantities of fire-damp

* At Wall's-End colliery is now witnessed by all an example, not of sudden eruption, but of continuous issue. A five-inch metal pipe is brought from the bottom of the pit to the surface of the ground, as a conduit of fire-damp: underground it reaches to an insulated portion of the coal strata of about five acres in extent. The quantity of gas drawn off from this portion was at first eleven hogsheads *per* minute, or 15,840 hogsheads of gas *per diem*! Now it only discharges about five and a half hogsheads *per* minute, night and day. The end of the pipe above ground was ignited, and it has from the first continued to stream forth flame night and day to the present hour. It is, in fact, a permanent gas-light supplied direct from an immense natural gasometer. We have often watched it flaming forth, with much interest:

varying from 2,000 to 4,000 cubic feet; that is to say, by such quantities as we know by experience are discharged from a single working place, without warning, in the space of a minute or two, or even in less time. Here, then, we learn the subtle and enormously powerful enemy which miners have to contend against in the most fiery mines.* It is clear that superior and continual ventilation is required to remove and dilute the ordinary and extraordinary issues of fire-damp. But it is equally clear that we must not rely solely on ventilation; this must not be propounded as the *panacea*. For, if we consider the force of our enemy, we shall discover the weakness of our own forces. Our mines are ventilated by a power which, in favourable cases, is represented by a column of water of three to five inches in height, and perhaps, on an average, four inches. "Now," says Mr. T. J. Taylor, "let us suppose that a bag of gas possesses the proved compression of three atmospheres above the common atmosphere, then those three atmospheres are measured by 1,230 inches of water, being more than 300 times the power of the ventilating column. By what name shall we designate the mistaken confidence which thus puts into competition agents so hopelessly unequal?" And obviously no increase, such as may be reasonably expected, can be entirely successful; for, even if the ventilating powers could be augmented ten times beyond their present force, the ventilating agency would still be inefficient as compared with the cause of the explosion, in the proportion of one to thirty on the *datum* assumed, which, as regards the compression of the gas in some of its states, is doubtless far short of its *maximum*.

Much of the *amateur* advice tendered to the managers of collieries by scientific chemists and others, proceeds upon ignorance of such facts as we have just stated. Folio pages have been written and printed to show the inadequacy of present means, and to prove the value of the steam jet. But now that accurate experiments and observations have been made, and are still in the course of being made, we discover the inadequacy of the steam jet, and the enormous force of the gases. Accomplished mining engineers are as uneasy under such advice as

* The St. Hilda's pit, South Shields, may be mentioned as a remarkable and very fiery mine, easily visited by travellers. The depth of the shaft is about 850 feet. Extensive passages of old workings exist, which may measure seventy-five miles, amounting to upwards of 14,500,000 cubic feet. This mine was so full of gas, that no naked light was permitted even to approach the shaft. As a man, on December 31st, 1852, was carrying a shovel of burning coals upwards of twenty feet from it on the surface, the gas from the pit caught fire at the burning coals, and darted in a mass of flame into the shaft, forming a blazing area of upwards of ninety-eight feet. It blazed thus for hours, rushing into the atmosphere in flames sometimes forty feet high, and burning all within reach. Fortunately, atmospheric air had not descended into the workings, or there would have been formed one of the most tremendous explosive mixtures in the world. Had the flame descended the pit, and had an explosive mixture filled the fourteen millions of cubic feet, the explosion would have shaken part of South Shields like an earthquake.

accomplished Generals at the newspaper suggestions as to the mode of carrying on military operations.

We are, therefore, conducted by fair and necessary conclusions to the general or universal employment of the safety-lamp in fiery mines. The form and value of this miner's friend is well known. In brief, it consists of a common oil-lamp, surrounded with a covered cylinder of very fine wire gauze, the apertures in which may be four hundred to the square inch, and from that to nine hundred, if desired. Since the fire-damp is not inflamed by heated wire, the thickness of the wire is not of importance, and it may be from one fortieth to one sixtieth of an inch in diameter. The wire-gauze cylinder must be carefully constructed with double joinings, and should not be more than two inches in diameter, since in large cylinders the combustion of the fire-damp renders the top too hot. A second top is always fixed above the first. A strong ring enables the miner to carry it in his hand. This is the simple lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, which has probably brought him more general fame than any of his brilliant chemical discoveries.

The proportion of fire-damp necessary to render the air explosive has been already stated. In an explosive air the pitman observes the safety oil-lamp to increase in flame, and sometimes a brilliant combustion will take place within the lamp; but *the flame will not pass through the minute apertures of the wire gauze*. At first, Davy tried lamps with apertures four hundred to the square inch of gauze; and then the flame of the wick at first was lost amidst the flame with which the whole cylinder was filled, which was feeble, but green. The apertures may be increased to nine hundred in the square inch, thus diminishing the size to a very minute orifice; but the larger the apertures the greater the heat, and the more brilliant the flame. When the coal gas was from one to four or five, the flame of the wick never appeared; and always, as the quantity of inflammable air diminished, the flame became limited to the wick, and was gradually extinguished. These and other similar fundamental principles were stated by Davy, and led to his invention, and to its adoption in fiery mines. He, however, did not describe its state under extreme danger; then the upper part of the lamp becomes quite red, a continued rushing noise and crackling of the gauze is heard, and the smoke and the smell emitted from the lamp show the active combustion going on within its cylinder of immunity. In this condition the sudden, sharp movement of the lamp, or its exposure to a current of air, would expose the mine to extreme danger; so that, in the event of indiscretion in the midst of such warnings, it was not intended to pronounce the lamp perfectly safe. With such visible and audible admonitions of peril, every pitman is expected to retire from the scene. Davy himself admonished

his friends in the North of these perils as being possible. It may be well to quote his words to the colliery manager who received his first lamps, and who declared to the writer of this article, as well as to Committees, that Davy "warned him there would be no danger, except in exposing the lamp to a strong current, by which the explosion might be passed through the cylinder."

A very long and animated controversy has existed between two parties on the question of the safety of the Davy lamp. The Committee of the Commons of 1852, often alluded to above, seemed to have obtained evidence disproving its safety. Experiments were made at the Polytechnic Institution, in which the flame was made to pass through the apertures of the Davy. On the other hand it is objected, that in these experiments the flame was made to pass by means of a pencil of gas forced upon the gauze; and that the gas employed was street gas, which the experimenter confesses is far more easily exploded than fire-damp. This is obviously unfair and unnatural. Such experiments only prove that Davy's warning, as above quoted, was well founded. But they by no means disprove the safety of the Davy lamp in all ordinary cases. The Committee of 1854 approve of Davy lamps, and recommend their general adoption.

In such a question as this, we should naturally ask the opinions of those men who have tested the Davy lamp, by the employment of it in mines for a long course of years. The late Mr. Buddle, the most eminent of all the Northern mining engineers, has expressed before Committees, and to ourselves personally, his entire confidence in the Davy under all circumstances which the miner will commonly meet with in mines,—if used with discretion and care. The same is the opinion of Mr. Nicholas Wood, who is at present the most experienced and eminent viewer in the North. And the same is very generally the opinion of the whole body of Northern and experienced viewers. Neither have we ever found, amongst the numerous working miners with whom we have conversed, any well grounded opinion to the contrary. We prefer such evidence and opinions as these to that of a minority not distinguished by mining experience and long practice, though they may be worthily distinguished for a desire to benefit the miners, and to secure their safety. We commend their philanthropy, but we doubt their practical knowledge.

The safety of the common Davy, if not proved to strict demonstration, yet may be very fairly presumed from the fact, that in thirty-eight years of actual trial, there has been no well authenticated instance of an explosion having been caused by a lamp of this kind. Moreover, in the three coal-producing countries of the Continent, not a doubt is entertained of the safety of the Davy; and there the exclusion of exposed flame

from fire-damp mines has passed into a law. There, too, the common Davy lamp (with the exception of an improved form by Mueseler, of which eight thousand are in use) is in universal employment. Such facts ought to confirm the confidence of the working miner in his old friend, once, perhaps, doubted, now of tried and proved fidelity. But it should be strongly impressed on all miners, that the Davy lamp is no less a monitor than a friend.

We must admit that the common Davy is liable to some disadvantages; and they are chiefly these:—Owing to the permeability of the gauze, the light is acted upon too forcibly and too easily by currents of air. Nor is the light imparted equal to that of a candle; and, although the work may be done by the light of the Davy, it is the common complaint of the working pitmen, that they cannot see by it. This leads to a neglect of the Davy where danger does not appear imminent. Frequent attempts have been made to remove these objections by the construction of safety-lamps in variously modified forms, in all of which, however, the main principle of the Davy is retained. Some of these modifications are dangerous in their construction, others give even less light than the Davy, and many very little more, while all of them are necessarily heavier than the Davy, and more expensive. The ordinary Davy may be had at about 7*s.* 6*d.*; the "improved" lamps cost considerably more.

Of the numerous proposed modifications and improvements, the best are the lamp of Clanny, and the Mueseler and Eloin lamps; the two latter being of Belgian origin, while the former is the production of the well known Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland,—to whom, as well as to Davy, much of the merit of proposing, if not of actually inventing, the safety-lamp is due.* These three lamps are glass lamps; for each of them has a short thick cylinder of glass surrounding the flame, and forming, with the cylinder of wire gauze, the case, and thus separating the flame within the lamp from the explosive atmosphere without. The glass, if subjected to a good annealing, may be made of great strength, and should be of the first quality. In such lamps the flame cannot be acted upon by sudden currents of air, as may be the case with the Davy; and this is very important. Many object to the liability of the glass to fracture; but Mr. Mackworth states that, at a coal mine near Liège, he found four hundred Mueseler lamps in constant use; and although the breakage of glass was from one to four weekly, yet a piece was

* The reader, when in London, can readily inspect forms of Davy lamps in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. There are preserved the first two lamps that Davy himself constructed. They are interesting, but appear small and poor when placed by the side of the more recent lamps. A new lamp by Dr. Glover and Mr. Cail has received high commendation from several practical men.—See "Journal of Art," December 9th, 1853.

hardly ever broken out of the glass. In all colliery rules, the *locking* of the safety-lamps should be prominently named, and rigidly enforced. The lock should not be by a common screw, which men can unfasten, but either by a long key passing up the pillar of the lamp, or by a padlock brazed to the oil-box, or, better still, by a lead rivet, passing through cheeks on the upper and lower part of the lamp, and clinched by nippers which leave a letter or die mark on the end of the rivet. To open the lamp, the rivet can be cut across the middle with a knife, and then the two ends drop out: this is an effectual barrier to the carelessness and wickedness of bad men in the pit. In Stephenson's lamp, and other similar lamps protected by glass, as long as the glass remains whole, the gas will not affect the intensity of the flame beyond a certain degree; and if the glass breaks, the lamp then becomes a simple Davy.

The history of coal-mine explosions is one of the most harrowing that exists, apart from the annals of warfare. It would answer no good purpose to repeat the details, especially as the daily journals give them at the time of their occurrence. We ourselves were once eye-witnesses of the effects of such an explosion in a pit near Newcastle, which we descended shortly after the unhappy accident. No time can efface from our memory the mournful sights we then beheld. The shattered pit, the immense masses of fallen stone and coal, the blocked-up passages, the crawling and creeping we perforce performed, the sudden encounter with several excavators who had exhumed a *dead body*,—which appeared, by the feeble light of our Davys, more like a lump of charcoal, than any thing once human,—the charred and blasted props of wood, the battered waggons, and the broken “rolleys” heaped up confusedly with dislodged trams and pointed stones, and finally the neighing of a little pony in his stall, who was the sole survivor of the whole number—thirty-two—of living beings who had but shortly before breathed and laboured in this pit,—all these particulars of horror have impressed themselves indelibly on our memory, although we write these lines fourteen years after the event. Nor was the scene above ground less harrowing, as we visited cottage after cottage of newly made widows and orphans, and, in reply to their melancholy invitations, looked shrinkingly upon the bodies already recovered and lying in their hasty shells. Some of the poor men had been stifled with the “after-damp,”* (a fatal foe,) and their countenances bore the mark of moveless slumber, rather than of violent death. Only those who had perished by the fire-damp—the carburetted hydrogen

* After-damp consists of eight parts of nitrogen, two of aqueous vapour, and one of carbonic acid gas. But the component proportions vary in the peculiar circumstances of each explosion. It is also called “choke-damp.”

—were burnt and blackened. Then, finally, on the following Sunday afternoon, crowds of miners and their wives and children thronged the church and the churchyard, to hear the funeral sermon for the thirty-two deceased; and the lamentations and weepings which were at first heard at the scene of the accident, were renewed and shared by a multitude of miners. Let this suffice for all details of explosions.

Lamentable and lamented as these have always been, yet it is a remarkable proof of negligence, that no authentic record of them has been kept. Fourteen years since, we attempted to produce a list of them; and the negligence was so complete, that we could find no *data* for the catalogue. By the favour of the Secretary of the North-Shields Committee, we recorded an approximate list of explosions in the Northern district; but it must have been very far short of actual events. Mr. Blackwell has presented us (in Appendix No. II. to the Third Report of Committee, 1853) with a list of the *principal* colliery explosions during seven years ending 1852, and of the ascertained causes, for the whole of England. In this list we find that the number of fatal cases for the seven years is 1,099. The great proportion of these accidents are attributed to ignition of the gas at naked light, and the other causes are very few. One advantage of Government inspection will be tolerably accurate records of accidents and explosions. The following is the result of such inquiries relating to a brief period of time, namely, from November 21st, 1850, to December 31st, 1852, for England, Scotland, and Wales:—Deaths arising from explosions, 645=30 *per cent.* of the whole number. From falls of roof, 744=34·7 *per cent.* of the whole. Accidents in shafts during ascent and descent, &c., 457=21·32 *per cent.* of the whole. From other causes, 297=13·86 *per cent.* Total deaths, 2,143.

The number of casualties in pits not terminating fatally are very numerous. One of the Inspectors informs us, that he considers that in some districts more than ten to one are maimed or seriously injured, for every one killed.

While upon explosions, it may be remarked that two-thirds of the deaths are occasioned by "after-damp," and not by the common fire-damp, or light carburetted hydrogen. Stalls of refuge were proposed for persons who have escaped the effects of the explosion of fire-damp to repair to, and to avoid the "after-damp;" but unless very numerous and closely adjacent, they would mostly fail. Some mines have a sort of fatal facility for exploding. A mine called Jarrow, on the Tyne, is noted for the number of its fatal explosions. In former periods Wall's-End was remarkable, and latterly Haswell in Durham has become so, for deaths. These are all extremely fiery or gaseous pits.

In Lancashire, the Ince-Hall Company's mines have a dark

and dismal record of this kind. On March 23rd, 1853, there was an explosion in those mines, attended with great loss of life; and this was followed by another very fatal explosion on the 18th of February, 1854; by which *eighty-nine persons* were hurried into eternity, within the workings of the Arley mine (Ince-Hall Company's). The evidence of this calamity, as taken at the inquest at Wigan, has been printed for private circulation, and forwarded to us. It is a pamphlet of fifty-seven closely printed pages, and merits the careful perusal of mining engineers. The object of the Company's mining engineer, who has printed the pamphlet, is to exculpate himself from the animadversions of the Government Inspector, and from the blame cast upon him by the jury. The case is very instructive, as one of collision of mining views and opinions.

Some collieries have histories of this kind so painfully attached to them, that they cannot be visited without the idea of their being dark holes of danger and death.* It is remarkable, however, how soon the men who survive an accident recover courage, and descend to work again. A poor maimed pitman once pointed out a mine to us, exclaiming, "Ah! Sir, *there's a leg and two fingers of mine in that pit.*"

In a recent paper in the "Journal of the Society of Arts," Mr. Mackworth, a Government Inspector of Mines, states it to be the issue of his calculations, that at least one out of every eight colliers meets with a violent death; and that out of the 250,000 colliers now at work in Great Britain, 30,000 are certain to be killed, unless the present negligence, especially in the ruder districts, be remedied. The ratio of deaths by accident in Great Britain *per 1,000 colliers*, is 4·5 *per annum*. In Lancashire it amounts to 5·2, and probably in Staffordshire to even more. In the coal mines of Belgium the deaths amount to only 2·8, and in Prussia to 1·6, *per annum*. Mr. Mackworth believes that this excessive mortality in England is owing chiefly to the exceedingly great difficulty of obtaining criminal convictions or civil damages, in cases of accidents in mines. The convictions are at the rate of about 1 for every 1,000 lives lost, and little or no compensation has been recovered hitherto by the widows of children and miners under Lord Campbell's Act. Accidents in mines are generally difficult to elucidate, and yet the jurymen are commonly ignorant persons, selected by the constable, and are often in the employ of the manager of the mine; and the jury and Coroner seldom or never visit the scene of the accident. We have heard of a verdict on four unfortunate colliers who had been killed by fire-damp, to this

* The other principal recent explosions have been at Nitskill, Scotland, 61 killed; Guindraeth, South Wales, 27 killed; Middle Dyffryn, Aberdare, Wales, 68 killed; Hebburn, 23 lives lost; Washington, 28; Coppul, 36; Killingworth, 9 lives lost.

effect: "We finds 'em died of the pit a-firing, and we recommends 'em to be more careful in future!"

Mr. Mackworth justly observes, "The little that has been done in this country, and the appointment of the Committees of Parliament who have investigated the causes of explosions of fire-damp, may be traced to Lord Ashley's Commission (the 'Children's Employment Commission') in 1842; but since then the sanitary question has lain dormant." To the Reports and local labours of the Sub-Commissioners on that Commission may be attributed, in effect, the whole of what has been done subsequently, not merely in the appointment of Committees, but also in the local improvements in the mining districts themselves. We could find some convincing proofs of this remark, were it necessary. The truth is, that when a number of competent gentlemen visited and examined the several coal fields, and descended the pits, the managers thought it high time to bestir themselves; and although some neither thanked, nor even aided, to any extent, the Sub-Commissioners, they owe more to their visits than they choose to acknowledge. Some of the most eminent Northern viewers (such as Messrs. Wood and Taylor) were friendly; but a principal witness in the evidence of the Committee of 1853, to our certain knowledge, defied the Sub-Commissioner for the Newcastle coal field, forbade him to enter his mine, (though he gave an ungraceful subsequent permission,) and yet now appears as one of the foremost of improvers. In the Report of the Sub-Commissioner for the Newcastle collieries under Lord Ashley's Commission, are to be found very numerous and detailed statements of pit life and labour, taken down from the *vivd voce* examination of some hundreds of working colliers, and subordinate and superior officers, of the Northern pits; together with ample accounts of the physical and moral condition of the pitmen and their families. To that Report we refer for such matters.*

We may here appropriately present a very brief notice of the efforts made by Government, in connexion with this subject.

In 1835 a Committee of the House of Commons, of which Mr. Joseph Pease was Chairman, sat hearing evidence respecting accidents in mines for about nineteen days, and produced a Report, &c., of three hundred and sixty pages, which, however, did not prominently recommend any particular plan of prevention, but possessed its value in the information imparted in the evidence.

In 1839, a private Committee of gentlemen of South Shields was formed, having originated from the period of the lamentable explosion at St. Hilda colliery, South Shields, by which fifty persons were killed. This Committee has met occasionally

* "Report on the Collieries, Lead Mines, and Iron Works of Northumberland and Durham. By J. R. Leifchild, Esq." 1841.

during three years, and in 1843 issued a valuable and not bulky Report, which has been re-published as an Appendix to the Report of the Committee of Commons, in 1852. The conclusions of this Committee are in favour of the steam jet, and against confident reliance on the original Davy lamp.

In 1840-2, the celebrated "Children's Employment Commission" was in operation, and a number of highly respectable gentlemen personally visited the chief mining districts, descended the mines, and inspected the condition of the children and young people. Accidents in mines formed a part of their inquiry; and, finally, a very voluminous and invaluable body of information was published as the fruit of these gentlemen's labours. The periodicals and journals were filled with extracts; and it may be said, that never before did the country manifest such an interest in mines and miners. The result of all was, that Lord Ashley obtained the Act (5 and 6 Vic., c. 99) which prohibited the working of women and girls in mines and collieries, and regulated the employment of boys, and made other salutary provisions for miners. Doubtless, this Act was the greatest boon which the colliers have, as yet, obtained from the Government. It has worked admirably, and all fears of the evils it would originate have been removed.

In 1844, a very fatal explosion occurred at Haswell colliery, and Government sent Messrs. Lyell and Faraday to report thereon, and to suggest preventives. Their suggestions were by the viewers deemed impracticable.

In 1845, Government appointed Sir Henry de la Beche and Dr. Lyon Playfair to inquire into the explosion at Jarrow colliery, in September of that year, and into the subject of accidents in coal mines. In 1847, these gentlemen published elaborate Reports, which included the recommendation of Government Inspectors, and of the compulsory use of the safety-lamp in all fiery collieries. They were in favour of the simple Davy lamp.

In 1846, there were serious explosions at Risca, South Wales, and also in Warwickshire and Lancashire, and at Ardsley Main, in Yorkshire; to investigate which a Commission was appointed, without particular results.

In 1849, in consequence of the continuance of fatal accidents, a Committee of the Lords was appointed, of which Lord Wharncliffe was Chairman. This Committee received evidence during eighteen days, and produced a "Blue Book" of six hundred and fifteen pages, which chiefly directed attention to inspection, to the improvement of safety-lamps and of ventilation in general, and particularly to the steam jet. During this Session, Government appointed Professor John Phillips and Mr. J. K. Blackwell, two highly qualified gentlemen, to investigate and report on the ventilation of mines. These Reports are valuable and thoroughly practical.

In 1851, Government Inspectors were appointed under the "Coal Mines' Inspection Act." In that year a Committee of the Commons, of which Mr. Cayley was Chairman, was appointed. This was the Steam-jet Committee, whose Report and evidence startled the viewers like an explosion of fire-damp. But this Committee is thought to have been exploded by its successor, whose Reports are named at the head of this article.

From 1851 to the present period, Inspectors have visited the mines; but the number of Inspectors (six) at present appointed is far too small for effective superintendence. The new Act will probably add to the labours of the present Inspectors, and to their number; and at present they will not receive assistance from subordinate officers. It is necessary that well qualified and gentlemanly Inspectors should be found to accept the office, the emoluments of which are, however, very disproportionate to the duties performed.

A few lines on the physical and moral condition of the Northern coal miners may be permitted as a conclusion of this article.

The Northern coal miners, that is, those of Northumberland and Durham, are by far the most advanced and able of all British coal miners. They form a fluctuating body of men, their numbers depending on the demands of the trade. No public returns are made of their numbers, or, indeed, of any thing connected with their condition; but we were at considerable pains, in the year 1843, to obtain accurate lists of the colliers employed, and found them to be 25,770 persons, (men and boys,) engaged in 192 pits or collieries on the Tyne, Wear, and Tees rivers.

These persons dwell in colliery villages, composed of cottages built to contract, or order, by speculative builders or colliery Companies. The pit villages connected with many of the older collieries are dismal and filthy; while those connected with newer collieries are more tolerable, and, in a few instances, cleanly and neat. The cottages are commonly built in "rows," and these again in pairs, the front doors of one row facing those of the other row. The space between each pair of rows of back doors presents along the centre one long ash-heap and dung-hill,—generally the playground of the children in summer,—with a coal-heap and often a pigsty at the side of each door. The visitor of such villages is surprised at the remarkable contrast between the cottages with their outsides, and the furniture inside. Amongst several hundreds of pitmen's houses which the writer visited, there were few that did not exhibit this contrast. Outside, all is coal-dirt and gloom; inside, all is sprightly and showy, at least in the one best room, and in times of tidiness. The one best room on the ground-floor commonly contains an eight-day clock, a good mahogany chest of drawers, and a fine four-post bedstead, perhaps with carved posts of old

mahogany. A newly married couple consider these articles as indispensable to matrimonial felicity; and they will begin life with a debt incurred for these luxuries, which they dearly discharge by instalments. Good living is no rarity with these people. A sufficiency of fat meat is found on their tables; a girdle-cake, called a "singing-honey," from the simmering noise it makes in baking, is found at the fireside; and tea or beer appears on the table. All this is applicable to the one good meal a day after pit work, and to the Sunday dinners. Small coals are obtained for nothing, or a mere nominal charge, and large fires glow in the cottages, hot enough to roast a refractory master, or an exacting creditor, or an intrusive constable.

In the fine evenings of summer and autumn, the visitor may watch dozens of pitmen wending their homeward way after work, disappearing into cottages, then re-appearing with washed persons; and, having cast off all works and garments of blackness, forth they sally in cloth coats to the public-house, or to a neighbour's cottage, or, not unfrequently, to the Wesleyan chapel. Lads and boys, if not fortunately sleepy, are mischievous and pugnacious, which all stray dogs and donkeys discover to their cost. Sounds are heard to issue from musical instruments, and an *amateur* pitman may be heard scraping on a violin, or blowing at a flute. Look in at one cottage, and you will see half-a-dozen chubby children feasting upon childish sweets, and all promising well for the rising pit generation. Look in at another cottage, and you will find a studious collier poring over Euclid, or Emerson's Fluxions, while his wife or daughter may be consulting the "Dream Book," or "Napoleon's Book of Fate," or "The Little Warbler." An hour or two brings all these pursuits to a close, and persecuted dogs and donkeys, scraped violins, cracked flutes, noisy disputants, and eager politicians, all have rest and are silent; and the sleepers in the four-post bedsteads are soon dreaming of a rise of wages, or a fall of the roof in the mine, or a terrific explosion of fire-damp, with the horrible accompaniments of mutilated bodies, hairbreadth escapes, and funeral processions at the interment of the killed. Such, probably, are the visions which delude or disturb the slumberers until soon after daylight, when the "caller" goes his round through the village, and summons lads and men to get up, and go down and renew their labours in darkness.

The moral and mental condition of the pitmen is not what it should be and might be, but it is far better than it once was. The "march of intellect" has reached even to pit villages, and the "schoolmaster is abroad" even there. Although, while under ground, you can discern nothing appertaining to humanity but white teeth and red eyes in a mass of blackness, yet above ground you may meet with considerable intelligence in these very beings, when washed and clad

in a suit of black, on Sundays. Progress is measured by comparison; and to appreciate what pitmen are, one should listen to what the older men relate they *were*. Some fifty years since, the pitman of "canny Newcastle" was a very extraordinary personage, both in *costume* and customs. In these earlier and merrier days, as tradition makes them appear, the young pitman, when wishing to be gay, would wear his hair in curls over his temples, twining the hair round a thin piece of lead enclosed in paper; and these leads were only taken out at the end of the week. Tails of the longest hair, tied up with flowing ribbons, and differing in length and thickness, according to the fancy of the wearer, were at that period common to pitmen of all ages. But to return to the gay young pitman: he would next sport a very showy waistcoat, having striking flowery figures, and hence called his "posy vest." His nether man was clothed in breeches of either velveteen or plush, which were fastened at the knees with variously coloured ribbons, hanging down, or fluttering about in the wind. His stockings were ornamented with "clocks," and he was shod with stout shoes or laced boots. The head was covered with a round hat, which, on great occasions, had its flowing ribbons. Thus arrayed, the proud pitman would flaunt about, and boast himself of his physical powers, the might of which he was ready to prove in answer to any kind of challenge; and on "pay-day," once a fortnight, he was seldom content unless he had befooled himself with beer, and battered his foes with his fists. Such was the past; but all such displays have passed away, and pitmen are now known only as decent men in black.

With more orderly *costume*, more orderly manners are associated. Formerly donkey-races, and dog-fights, and cock-fights, were the amusements of Sunday in pit villages. Now you may discover in nearly every pit village a Methodist chapel and a Sunday-school. It is the general and very just opinion, that the Methodists have been the chief improvers of the condition, mentally and morally, of the pitmen. But after all their efforts, very much remains to be done. Sunday-schools are but half attended; and night schools for secular instruction are but poorly countenanced. Benevolent efforts made by owners and masters have not been heartily responded to by pitmen, and a rooted jealousy of the interference of the masters impedes progress. "Strikes" have been the bane of the men and the masters. The strike of 1844 occasioned a loss of £300,000 to the pitmen in wages, and, in addition to the loss to the men, that to the coal-owners was estimated by themselves to have amounted to £200,000: thus making a total loss of £500,000 by that protracted strike. Nor is the spirit of strike extinguished; for the masters know not when it may again grow strong, and break out into open rebellion. One remark only will

we add on the merits of strikes. It appears, from accurate inquiries, that, while the price of coals had been going down in the London market for twenty years by about 12s. *per* ton, the colliers' earnings *generally* were as high at the end of that period, as at the beginning of it.

We observed, at the commencement, that no public statements of the health and diseases of coal mines had been offered. Some recent inquiries, however, have been instituted by Mr. Mackworth, one of the Inspectors of Collieries, into this subject, which, in addition to our own, lead to the following conclusions. In the best ventilated collieries of the North, pitmen born and bred to the work do not feel much inconvenience, or suffer much illness; but inferior pits produce many physical evils. A large amount of disease is caused amongst miners by bad air, or "poor air," and by any serious deficiency of the vital element. Consumption is not common in the mines of the North, nor is asthma unusually prevalent. The coal-dust floating in the air of pits is often referred to as producing permanent injury; but more accurate observations have determined that *melanosis*, and other affections which may result from it, are also produced in other than coal mines, and are attributable rather to the carbon arising from the imperfect combustion of bad tallow or oil. This disease seldom, if ever, occurs amongst men working in coal-dust on the surface. It has not been thoroughly understood; but it prevents the free access of oxygen to act upon the blood, and, after a time, it appears as if carbon was actually formed in the lungs.

Oxygen being absorbed by the various chemical changes proceeding in mines, whether by breathing, combustion, or by the decomposition of vegetable and mineral matters, it is observed that a double deterioration is caused, increasing the proportion of nitrogen, in addition to that of carbonic acid, or other gases of a poisonous nature. The old workings of the pits are vast laboratories for the decomposition of minerals, timber, and animal remains. Their principal products are carbonic acid gas, sulphuretted hydrogen, and mineral salts. From these and similar causes, there can be no doubt that the pitman's health is slowly weakened, if it be not really destroyed.

With reference to the other coal fields of England, much more deterioration of health, as well as mutilation of limbs, may be expected than in the well ordered and disciplined pits of the Northern counties. The rudeness of the men and of the mines, the deficiency of ventilation, and the insufficiency of pit machinery, in several of the colliery districts, prepare us to find that a collier's life is a miserable one, and his occupation highly dangerous. These truths can only be adequately represented by accurate statistical observations, which are yet to be made. Little, and very little, has been effected in this direction in any

district; and in most, absolutely nothing. In one locality, a fair and careful comparison has been made between the annual rate of general and of mining mortality; and this has been effected in Merthyr Tydvil, where the mining population (working in coal and ironstone) numbers 10,690 in a population of 41,425 males and 35,379 females: the town and rural population being about equally divided. A table of mortality shows that the noxious influences operating on these miners are sufficient to treble the destruction of average life between the ages of ten and twenty-five. A second table shows that, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, one third of the deaths arise from diseases of the respiratory organs, and that more than one third of the miners meet with a violent death. A third table shows that the mean *after life-time* of a miner or collier aged twenty-five is, in Merthyr Tydvil, 27·86; while in England generally the mean *after life-time* of a man aged twenty-five, is 36·6.

Mr. Mackworth has given particulars from which it may be inferred that 117 agricultural labourers do as much work in their lives as 174 colliers, as 194 iron miners, as 168 lead miners, as 183 copper miners, as 179 tin miners, or as 137 labourers of the general class.

Thus have we afforded all the information we could comprise within our limits, on "Life and Death in Coal Mines;" adding as much of the scientific as might be generally interesting, and as much of the descriptive as might relieve the scientific and technical. As the result, we trust that, in future, our readers will feel an increased interest in the coal mines and coal miners of Britain.*

ART. III.—*Studies from History. Vol. I. Mohammed II., and the Fall of the Greek Empire.* By the REV. WILLIAM H. RULE. London: John Mason. 1854.

No department of historical study is more full of attraction and utility than that which is occupied with the contemplation of its great leading periods. It is a department which has absorbed very much of the historical talent and research of the age; and we think that to this may be mainly ascribed the place of commanding eminence which history assumes in modern literature. The tendency of modern times is to study it philosophically; to use the boundless materials which ages have stored up in the service of induction; to trace out and determine the great principles which have swayed and directed

* The new Coal Mines' Inspection Act has passed the Lords since the above was written. It is understood that a copy of Colliery Rules will be sent to and authoritatively enforced at all collieries.

the destinies of man ; and thus to extract from the past its profound lessons for the present and the future. And of course it is the natural result of such research, to bring into prominence the determining epochs of human history, whether in isolated races, or in mankind at large. For there is in the process of ages an ever-recurring *fulness of time*, to which converge, and from which issue, the lines of history. This is true of any particular nation ; but is more emphatically true of the world at large. The history of mankind necessarily resolves itself into a connected and sublime series of great eras, which mark the progress of human affairs, and illustrate the principles which guide it. The whole extant annals of our race, lodged in the memory, without reference to these epochs, would be a barren encumbrance ; but, with these well marked and defined, much of the multifarious and subordinate detail may be safely dispensed with.

But, to take much lower ground than this, there is a specific interest in the contemplation of any one of those leading epochs, those centres of historical confluence, those points which are resplendent with the concentrated lustre of many lines of light. There is a peculiar advantage and pleasure in taking our stand at any one of these points, and making it central to contemporaneous history ; in tracing the multitude of influences of which it is the issue, and of which it is the spring ; in disposing around it all its accessories ; and in making it the vantage-ground for a general survey of the past, the present, and the future. There is an altogether specific pleasure in marking out, into their due prominence, the genuine epochs of the chronology of human progress ; in contemplating their characteristics, their determining causes, and the men whose spirits controlled and directed them. There can be no purer delight than to dispose the lights and shades, and group the figures, and order the perspective, of such a study ; the general harmony of the whole being both the aim and the reward of the historical artist.

There are some periods of history which can only have any thing like justice done them in this way ; such, namely, as belong not to the annals of any one people distinctively, but derive all their significance from their relation to the general progress of events. They have no place but in universal history ; and even there they belong rather to its excursus than to its current narrative. They are insignificant, when they are regarded as in the line of any particular annals ; viewed locally, they scarcely rise above the ordinary monotony of events : it is only when they are singled out and sharply defined, when they are made the subject of express and comprehensive research, and are placed in relation to the whole circle of history, that they rise into their full grandeur of significance. It is not to be wondered at, that they are often neglected ; or, if not neglected,

that they so seldom receive the tribute due to their importance. The historian who shall redeem from obscurity some of these unnoted eras, will deserve well of his generation: for he will not only retrieve many lost links in the great chain, but help to localize and make real much historical knowledge which is at present vague, unsystematic, and useless.

Such an event in history was that which this little book makes its subject. In the year of our Lord 1453, Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Such is the brief theme. Viewed as in relation to the city itself, this event was a mere circumstance, the simple transfer from one people to another of a city which, saving the easily effaced violence of a month's siege, sustained little change in the transfer. Viewed in relation to the nominal Empire of which it was the nominal head, it was but the inevitable issue to which ages had tended, which had been long foreseen, and which only reduced to an avowed nothing what was but a disguised nothing before. It was but the dignified and graceful close of a history which had been languishing to dissolution for ages. Place it in the history of the Ottomans, and it was but the establishment of their dominion in a worthier capital than that which they occupied before, giving them a position which enabled them to defy all Europe with more pride and security. Viewed as an event of ecclesiastical history, it was only the infliction of another blow, severer than any before, upon the prejudices and the hopes of Western Christendom. Regarded as an event of the Middle Ages, occurring in the very fore-front of modern civilization, it was simply a circumstance which gave a mighty impetus to that diffusion of Greek literature and learned men which had been already progressing for half a century. Regarded as an incident in the great struggle between civilization and barbarism, it was but one in a series which had a century longer to run before it was determined. Thus, if we take the chronological epoch of 1453,—the capture of Constantinople by the Turks,—in the annals of any one of these isolated lines of history, it must be regarded as of limited, though still impressive, interest. But if we transfer that date into the annals of the world, and view that event as common to the Roman Empire, the Turks, the affairs of Christendom, the progress of civilization, and the foundation of modern history, it rises into a most imposing and critical relation to them all, and to the history of the world at large. Thus only ought it to be viewed. It must be a study, or it is nothing. It cannot be understood, unless all the lights from all these collateral histories be thrown upon it. But if this is done, and all the subordinate facts which it illustrates, or which are illustrated by it, are arranged with a skilful and discriminating hand around the central event, there are few eras which so amply repay a careful study.

But let us look a little more closely at our subject, and cast a preliminary glance over the whole assemblage of inquiries which cluster around it. The city of Constantinople in the middle of the fifteenth century falls as the representative of the ancient Empire of Rome; and the Emperor who dies heroically in the breach, claims to be the lineal successor of those Cæsars whose names shook the earth, and were the symbol of an ambition which attained almost universal dominion. But from the walls of this city the last Emperor of the Romans can see the circumscribed horizon of his dominions: the *whole world* which the first Augustus taxed at his will, has shrunk, in the hands of the last Augustus, to a narrow strip of contested territory round the walls of a city which, in that former time, was a distant colony. The inquiry naturally arises, What is the true relation of this city to the ancient Empire? and by what process of decay has it dwindled to this abject and shrunken decrepitude? The answer to this question is the history of a millennium of the most varied fates that history recounts,—the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; and this, however condensed and epitomized, is an essential element in the study of this era, the absence of which tends very much to impair the completeness of this volume. This is an omission which we the more regret, because of the exceeding ignorance which reigns in modern literature as to the real position of the Byzantine Empire in history.* Running parallel, for some centuries at least, with the waning fortunes of the Eastern Empire, is the waxing pride of the Turkish power, which under the Ottoman Dynasty turned its infidel countenance towards Europe, and made Constantinople, as the head of a European Empire, the goal of its unbridled ambition. This opens up a subject of profound interest, not only in itself, as penetrating the mysterious origin and tracing the marvellous destiny of one of the most remarkable actors in the drama of human history, but from its connexion with the sympathies of modern times.† There is something profoundly affecting in the pertinacious and unrelenting malignity with which the persecutor watched and haunted his victim, devouring earnest after earnest of his possessions, and only waiting upon fate for the final spring upon his all. But our subject widens now towards Western Europe; for it must be remembered that the Turkish aggressions upon the Eastern Empire were a perpetual defiance and insult to Christendom. Just as the Mohammedan power in the Peninsula—the western horn of the Crescent, as some one calls

* Or which has reigned till lately. The works of Mr. Finlay, however, have begun effectually to enlighten that ignorance, and to redeem these thousand years from much misconception. We hope shortly to pay our tribute to these most valuable works.

† The extraordinary number of books and treatises upon the Turks to which the present war has given birth, defies all enumeration, and is one of the most remarkable phenomena in literature. Von Hammer's ponderous volumes have been most amply compensated for their long neglect.

it—was about to be broken for ever, it was preparing to establish itself at the eastern gate of Europe, and that too by the desolation and destruction of its ancient and prescriptive Christian guardian. This gives rise to a new line of inquiry, and complicates our theme with the politics of Europe, as administered by Popes, and Emperors, and Republics. It becomes necessary to follow the phases of public opinion, as it trembled before this great horror of the East; the Crusades which were projected and defeated; the earnest, though impotent, appeals of the rulers of the Roman Church; the insane quarrels of Christian Princes, and still more insane uncharitableness of Christian Prelates, which rendered all European aid abortive. Then rises the vexed question of the schism between the East and the West, with all the pitiful details of the hollow endeavour to terminate that schism, and to preserve a united Christendom from the destroyer. The Pope and the Patriarch strive hard to adjust their respective claims, and end their differences under the pressure of danger: and Constantinople, which had been the greatest polemical centre of Christendom from the beginning, goes out of Christian history amid the strangest controversies the Church had ever known. The episodes of this Western attempt to save the capital of Eastern Christendom are of the most intense interest. Some of the most spirit-stirring among the lesser wars of history, and some of the most heroic and self-sacrificing achievements of patriots, defend her cause, and avert her ruin for many years. God interposes in an ever-memorable manner, and by Tamerlane humbles the Turk to the dust, that when he rises again, he may remember a Power greater than himself. But he does rise again; and, Europe being too full of war and controversy to afford any decisive help, the final hour of Constantinople comes. The interest is now concentrated upon the city itself; and, taken all together, no tragedy but one surpasses its fall in all that appeals to the reader's imagination, sympathy, and horror. And at this critical point in the wonderful history of a great city, undergoing a greater revolution than any other in ancient or modern times ever underwent, it seems no more than right to include in this study some memorial of the city herself. "Herself," we say; for it is impossible to contemplate the history of some of the great cities of the world, this one pre-eminently, without investing them with a certain personality. Here, also, we mourn over an omission on the part of our author, which we must endeavour to supply. Then, finally, comes the relation of this event to the state of the times and to the career of modern civilization. The fall of the city is the riches of the world. The terror of the Turk unlocked the secret treasures of long-hidden lore, and dispersed over Italy and Europe a host of scholars, who contributed largely to the revival of literature, and in fact laid its foundation: thus falling-in with

the onward tendencies of an age which was preparing for the Reformation and Modern Europe. But semi-barbarism and the Crescent are established in the ancient metropolis of Christianity and mother of Christian cities. The Turkish Empire is consolidated by the wisdom and political skill of the same Mohammed, whose indomitable valour gained the seat in Europe to which his predecessors had aspired in vain. The shock which this event administered to the nations of Western Europe, their continual oscillations between hope and fear for the remainder of the century, are immediately connected with our theme, and, indirectly so, all the subsequent chequered relations of Turkey to Christendom down to our own day, as well as the revival of the Greek name among the nations of Europe.

The reader of Mr. Rule's book will find this whole subject, or rather this congeries of subjects, amply and—abating the exceptions we have hinted at—exhaustively treated. The work has too much the appearance of being an extract from a larger work: there seems wanting the thread which a preparatory chapter would have given. But few treatises so unpretending lay such claims to the dignity of history derived from its original sources. The *Corpus Historiæ Byzantinæ* is not a fountain at second remove to Mr. Rule; nor does he put together his materials with the mechanical heartlessness with which modern compilers pillage their predecessors. His heart is in this work, and he carries his reader's feeling with him. His Christian philosophy also is in it, and he carries with him his reader's judgment. In short, they who diligently master this volume, will have made a happy accession to their knowledge of one of the most important eras of the world's history, and will heartily wish that a score of similar eras were similarly treated. For ourselves, we shall now take our own course with the subject, which we make our own, supplementing our author where we think his treatment of it faulty.

The Roman, the Eastern, the Lower, the Greek, the Byzantine Empire, are the high-sounding titles with which history dignifies the power which fell with the fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century. The succession of these names marks the wonderful and unparalleled vicissitudes through which the greatest Empire ever known in the world passed to its final dissolution. The little vestige of dominion which Mohammed trampled under his feet, was regarded by those who died in its defence as the representative of the ancient Empire of the Cæsars; and the last Constantine perished, not only covered with their magnificent titles, but asserting, with heroic dignity, a claim which cannot well be contested, to be their last descendant. More than a thousand years before, Constantinople had been made the capital of the Roman Empire, then scarcely beginning to show any outward marks of decline;

taking the place of Rome as the centre of that vast dominion, which aimed to impose upon the whole world the authority of one absolute will. The Roman Senate, Prefect, and other institutions, generally, were transferred to this *new Rome*, half purged of their Heathenism, and half Christianized. The old Rome had long ceased to have any special and distinctive relation to the Empire as such; nothing was wanting to complete the transfer, and constitute her Eastern rival the Christian metropolis. The days were gone by when the city of the Consuls, Dictators, and Cæsars was absolutely the fountain of authority to the greater part of the nations of the earth. A new order of things had arisen; a multitude of concurrent circumstances pointed to a seat of authority more in the centre of the world; and the Empire passed finally and fully to the East. Constantinople, though comparatively poor in the associations which placed Rome above all other cities, took from her all her pre-eminence, became the acknowledged city of the Cæsars when their power was almost at its height, and remained, for some generations at least, the sole mistress of the world. This was the Constantinople in which the last Constantine, a thousand years afterwards, beheld the whole of his shrunken Empire; and which had never given up the glorious tradition of a thousand years.

A formal division of the Empire took place before the first century of the sole supremacy of Constantinople had passed away. This was only the first open proclamation of its inherent radical weakness; the manifest beginning of that second millennium in the history of Roman dominion, which was gradually to undo the work of the first. This distribution of power did indeed subsist for a while; but events soon showed that it was not so much the establishment of two great Empires, as an enormous rent in the old one. The West was sundered from the East. The providence of God, who appointeth the bounds of the habitation of nations, had in reserve endless populations known only to Himself, which in His own time He purposed to let loose upon the older and corrupt world, as a second and living flood. Their first violence fell upon the West. Multitudinous and restless swarms of men who had never known Rome, came out of their solitudes to overturn an authority which they had never acknowledged. Urged by their ambition and the lust of rapine, they ravaged their way towards Rome; but they were only executing a higher commission, unknown to them, to invigorate and re-construct the society of Europe. A century had scarcely elapsed after Constantine had chosen the fairest site in the world for the seat of his universal monarchy, when the western part of that dominion was extinguished, and Rome, under a second Romulus, fell for ever as the seat of temporal authority. The Empire, however, continued, but shrank now to its possessions in Asia, Egypt, and Greece, with some of its northern

provinces. From this time it sinks to the humbler dignity of the *Eastern Roman*, or *Eastern*, or *Lower Empire*, but justly maintaining its right to the traditions of the ancient Roman power.

Nor was the Eastern Empire, at the beginning of its independent existence, altogether wanting in the ancient Roman vigour. It was menaced on all sides by enemies. Avars, Bulgarians, Sclavonians, and Huns, nations which old Rome had never known, sweeping the East with armies greater than the greatest she had ever sent forth, threatened Constantinople continually, and tested her resources to the uttermost. Those inveterate and never conquered foes of Rome, also, the Persians, kept up a harassing and unceasing warfare on the borders. But the first Emperors of the East nobly defended their territory, and not only preserved its limits inviolate, but in some directions enlarged them. Justinian and Heraclius reigned with a glory which emulated that of the best days of the Empire: the reign of the former, indeed, was one of great magnificence, and has scarcely ever had justice done to it. The exploits of Belisarius in Asia and Africa recalled the heroic age of Rome. Under his guidance the East made a successful effort to regain some of its lost dominions in the West. Italy and Rome itself were re-conquered from the Goth; and, for a time at least, the Exarchate at Rome bade fair to realize the lofty ambition of Justinian to retrieve all that had been lost, and to restore the Empire to something like its full glory under Constantine. But while military successes preserved the external limits of the Empire, the elements of sure decay were at work within. Luxury, effeminacy, and all the vices of Oriental despotisms, were undermining the strength of the State; theological contentions were distracting the minds of men, and neutralizing the regenerating power of Christianity; and when these great men passed away, the signs of decrepitude became every where more and more visible.

It was just at this time, when Constantinople was successfully repelling the hordes of barbarians which swept past her towards Europe, that the Mohammedan power arose. Mohammed himself never reached the neighbourhood of the imperial city, though one successful encounter in which he met the Greeks in Asia Minor was prophetic of what should happen long afterwards. His successors wrested Syria and Egypt from the Empire, and turned their eyes towards the capital. Twice they besieged it at the close of the eighth century; and, but for the valour of the besieged, aided by the invention of the Greek fire, would have anticipated by eight hundred years the subjection of the first Christian city to the religion of the False Prophet. This was the first severe check which the Saracens had met with, and was scarcely less important in its consequences than the victory of Charles Martel in the far West. It gave vigour to the languid

energies of the Eastern Christians, and encouraged them to prosecute for two or three centuries a warfare more or less successful against the Chaliphate.

The Dynasty of Leo the Isaurian dates from the beginning of the eighth century : and with it commenced the great Iconoclast controversy which involved the East and West for a century and a half in rancorous theological strife. Rome and Constantinople, as the heads of rival Churches as well as of rival Governments, were eternally alienated from each other. The Empire, vainly so called, was transferred by the Papal power to Charlemagne : in him a universal Christian Monarchy was to be established, which should perpetuate the Roman Empire, thus restored to its original seat in the West. But, in spite of this futile dream, it is to the East that we must look for all that remained of the ancient dominion of the Cæsars. From this time its title is the *Greek*, or, recalling the original name of Constantinople, the *Byzantine*, Empire. Its connexion with the West was only kept up by a few provinces on the northern coast of the Mediterranean. It renounced with insuperable scorn the dominion of the spiritual power of Rome, and gave the name of "Greek" to its own portion of the Christian Church. The essentially Greek character of the city and Empire now began to exhibit itself more distinctly : and for five centuries, notwithstanding all its corruptions, dissensions, and decay, it kept its place as the pre-eminent power of the world, holding fast the name of "Empire." But it was essentially a dying Empire : a fitful vigour was shown occasionally by some of the Princes of the three Dynasties which filled up these centuries, but the extent of their dominion was continually lessening. Internal revolts, city factions, frivolous disputation, barbarian invasions, occupy the annals of the Empire ; while its internal decay is miserably disguised by a luxurious and pompous mockery of grandeur. The Greek Empire exhibited all the vices of the Greek mind without any of its virtues. Its literature was sufficiently extensive, but within a limited range, and of the most contemptible dulness. In philology and history, indeed, works were produced in large abundance, which attest great erudition and perseverance, and which in some measure redeem this period from utter degradation. But in every department of science, literature, and art, there is nothing but the language to connect the Empire with Ancient Greece ; and hence the general preference of the name "Byzantine."

This Greek Empire, shrunken as it was, endured in its integrity barely two centuries. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries its final enemy, the Turk, came upon the scene, and stripped it of most of its Asiatic possessions. This, however, was but the anticipation of a blow which was to come from Christian hands. In the year 1205, Christian Crusaders turned

their forces against Constantinople, took possession of it, and established a Latin Empire in the East. This occupation lasted only seventy years: we scarcely know whether to term the interval a subversion or an eclipse of the Greek Empire. It certainly revived in semblance under the Palæologus family, but greatly changed even from its former abject self. This family reigned in pomp of title, and with all the semblance of imperial majesty, for two hundred years; but now the term "Empire" becomes, in a sense in which it had never been so before, a hollow mockery. The States which had been united by the bond of common allegiance, as well as of language and religion, before the Latin conquest, were never united under the Palæologi. The Empire was divided into fragments, each governed by its little Emperor, and dignified with all the symbols of sovereignty that could be found in words and ceremonies.

But the name of Constantinople gave a dignity to her territory and her Prince, which no humiliation or poverty could obscure. From that time it may be said that the imperial city represented the majesty of the ancient Roman Empire. Its possessions in Asia were all in the power of the Turks, save a few strips of territory, which were in the hands of other members of the Palæologus family. These enemies were also in Europe; and the second city of the little Empire, when the fourteenth century opened, had been sold to its Venetian allies. From the towers of St. Sophia might be seen the mosque which marked, on the opposite coast, the advance of the infidel destroyer. The great city alone remained; and the Empire was reduced to a little territory bounded by the horizon, of which its capital was the centre. The wavering line of its dominion, which for ages had never been at one stay, now widening, now collapsing, but gradually including less and less, was finally drawn close round the walls of Constantinople. Its end was near; the decline of a thousand years was now fast hastening to total extinction.

The Turks were those who had been most instrumental in the final dismemberment of the Greek Empire; and they were destined to set the seal upon its ruin. Having indicated the course of the events which compressed the universal dominion of Rome within the limits of this ancient city, and thus endeavoured to supplement our author, let us now turn to another line of inquiry, which might, especially at the present time, have been pursued by him with advantage. The Ottoman Turks, who begin now to throw their shadow upon Europe, had been long training, in their ancestors, for the part they have now to take. Few questions are of greater importance and interest, ethnologically and historically, than the origin of this people, and their relation to the numberless hordes which swept over

the earth with such resultless fury, before the dawn of modern civilization. It is vain, for any practical purpose, to trace them up to the ancient Scythians, under whose generic name history has included a multitude of tribes and nations, widely separated in their after-career. The Turks with whom we have now to do, are found, on strict investigation, to be but one branch of a great Mongol stem, planted in the heart of Asia. This inexhaustible race poured forth periodically its teeming multitudes, terrifying the world, and changing its face for a time; but none of them permanently established themselves, or took a settled place among the nations, excepting the Ottoman Turks. This exception was the result of a variety of influences which operated on their national character during a long probation,—a probation almost without a parallel in history. We can scarcely discern their Mongolian lineaments now; but the more accurately the inmost elements of their character are studied, the more plainly do we trace their identity with those wild tribes which, under a variety of uncouth names, overran the civilized earth, from China to the Iberian peninsula. But we must not enter upon the question of their affinity with those fierce nations which, under the names of Sacæ, Massagetæ, Alans, Avars, Bulgarians, and Huns, hovered round Constantinople, centuries before the time of Mohammed. The first definite and clear projection of the Turks, or Turcomans, upon the page of history, carries us back to the fifth century. They are then discovered around Mount Altai, in the very centre of Tartary. While the savage Huns were pouring desolation upon the Western Empire, the future destroyers of the Eastern Empire were bondsmen to a Tartar tribe, employed in working the rich ore of the mountains. Before a century passed, however, they had expanded into a Tartar dominion, which stretched from the Arctic Pole to the Caspian, over the broad heart of Asia. In the time of the Emperor Heraclius, and just at the period of the rise of Mohammed, one branch of this Turkish family settled near the Caspian, and, under the designation of Khazars, lent the Emperor aid against the Persians; thus, by a singular coincidence, making their first appearance in history as the allies of the Greek Empire. This branch, however, never advanced beyond their nomade Tartar original. They have retained all their essential characteristics through the intermediate ages, and still cling to their hereditary independence, while nominally subject to the Sultan; living upon the backs of their horses, and disdaining settlement any where. They maintain a loose adherence to Islam; but in all other respects these Turcomans are permanent types of an original character, from which a different culture has caused the Turk to deviate.

In the seventh century the Turks proper crossed the Jaxartes, and poured in upon the tract of country anciently called

Transoxiana and Bactria, now Bukharia and Khorasan, the fairest and most fruitful region of Asia. It was then the north-eastern frontier of the Saracen Empire. Soon after the death of Mohammed, the kingdom of Persia was extinguished by the Saracens, who then became engaged in a long and deadly warfare with the intruding Turks. The Turks apparently succumbed, and were pushed back upon Sogdiana; but they maintained a defensive contest for a long time. Unlike any other member of their fierce family, they gradually became mingled with the conquering population, threw off many of the features of their barbarism, and embraced the religion of the victors. As successive tribes of the original horde crossed the Jaxartes, they assumed Islamism, and with such fervent enthusiasm as to give a silent prophecy that they would become its greatest defenders. The conversion of these tribes, as they successively followed in the track, was slow, but sure. The influence of this new religion was instant, pervading, and permanent. It changed their Scythian wildness into a settled and stern fatalism. It gave them views of the other world, which only made them more terrible in this. It gave them a God without a Saviour; one whose stern attributes exerted over their deeds a fearful sway, altogether unrelieved by mercy and grace. In short, it moulded their character anew; gave them a fixed purpose; and urged them to its accomplishment by every argument which can make fanaticism terrible.

During the ninth and tenth centuries there was a constant movement of Turkish tribes from the inexhaustible north; all urged by the same impulse, and directed by the same Hand, adapting themselves to the new circumstances which their predecessors had prepared, and yielding to the same marvellous religious influences. Meanwhile the Chaliphate of Bagdad was crumbling to pieces. Saracen Mohammedanism had made an earnest, but impotent, grasp at Constantinople; but now it was to give place to another more successful vassal of the False Prophet. The Turks yearly filled the Empire of the Chaliph, pervading all the provinces, acquiring secretly, but surely, all power, retaining all their cruelty and rapacity, while they threw off the more inhuman features of their barbarity. They were taken into the service of the Chaliph at Bagdad, and became his body-guard. In that fatal position they rehearsed the abominations of their own future Janizaries, murdered their masters, made and unmade Chaliphs, and would have obtained supreme power, had they not provoked too soon the inhabitants of Bagdad by their sacrilegious violence. The Turks once more succumbed, and seemed, indeed, to retire into obscurity; but it was only to emerge again more mightily than ever. In the middle of the tenth century, a successful revolt against the Chaliph founded a brief Dynasty in the person of one of his

Viceroy. The Turks waited their time: it soon came; and Mahmood, the first Turk known in history, founded the Dynasty of the Ghaznevides. His incredible achievements, however, belong to the history of Hindostan, where the influence of his conquests was felt for ages. He called other Turkish tribes to his aid in his western territory, and these seized empire for themselves.

The Ghaznevide Dynasty was the first great Turkish power, and first assumed the name of "Sultan;" but it had nothing to do with Europe. The second was the Seljukian, founded by Togrul Beg, the grandson of Seljuk, after the son of Mahmood had been driven from his father's possessions. He laid the firm foundation of an immense Empire in Khorasan, and turned his thoughts and desires towards the West. This was just four hundred years after the first cognate tribes of his race had crossed the Jaxartes. These four hundred years of discipline and probation had silently prepared them for the high part they were to take in human affairs. Their first propagandist fury had been expended upon the superstitions of India in the East; but the second was to spend itself upon the effete Christianity of the Greek Empire.

The three great names of the Seljukian Dynasty of Turks are Togrul Beg, Alp Arslan, and Malec Shah. These were men terrible in their generation; members of one family, possessed of extraordinary talents, boundless in their ambition, and successful in all their schemes. Three such names in succession do not occur again in all history. We are obliged to take refuge in scepticism, when we read of their marvellous exploits, their enormous armies, and the myriads of human lives which were sacrificed to their lust of conquest. The first of them, Togrul Beg, commenced the Turkish attack upon Christendom. The second defeated Romanus, the Emperor of Constantinople; and, having wrested from the Empire its Asiatic province, erected it into the Seljukian Empire of Râm. The third, Malec Shah, whose character was a singular compound of magnanimity and ferocity, overran all Syria, took Jerusalem, and by this act sent a thrill of horror through the whole of Christendom. The Crusades were the consequence, the greater part of Europe being roused to a pitch of ungovernable excitement. The Holy City was first to be redeemed; and Constantinople, the bulwark of Christendom in the East, to be saved from the enemies who now threatened her as she had never been threatened before. Christian arms retook Nice, and broke up the Seljukian Empire of Râm; and Zinghis Khan, a new actor in this wild scene,—in comparison with whom Togrul Beg, Alp Arslan, and Malec Shah sink into tameness and insignificance,—came with his irresistible Moguls, and utterly subverted the Seljukian Dynasty.

This brings us to the close of the thirteenth century. Two Dynasties of Turks have spent their fury upon the outposts of Christendom in vain. The most daring aggressor, who had raised a rival sovereignty out of the spoils of the Christian Empire, immediately confronting Constantinople, had been destroyed,—East and West, the Crusaders and Zinghis Khan, conspiring together to extinguish him. But the inevitable day was only deferred. Fresh hordes of Turks were pouring in, to reinforce their discomfited predecessors; and while all Europe was wild with joy at the manifest intervention of Heaven, the foundation of a third Dynasty of Turks was being laid, destined to be permanent, and to surmount all opposition. Othman, its founder, was a petty Chief who had preserved his independence in the mountains when the Seljukian race sank under the ravages of the Moguls. He was inspired by the untamed ferocity of the Desert, combined with a stern spirit of fanaticism; and came down from his mountain retreat with a proclamation of exterminating war against Christendom. After a vain attempt upon the European coast, he or his son Orchan conquered Broussa in Bithynia, and fixed there the first temporary seat of the Ottoman Empire. This was about a century before the capture of Constantinople; and from this time forward every event which occurs points to that issue. Orchan, the second Ottoman Sultan, establishes Broussa as his capital; but only till his fates give him a better. This absorbing passion henceforward directed every movement. For this every scheme was calculated. This great object seemed to transform the entire character of the Turk. His savage fury took counsel of policy and calculation. The restless nomade became changed into the subtle founder of an Empire. Coins were struck, religious worship systematized, a standing army of infantry organized, the first time for ages, that miracle of policy, the Janizaries, instituted,—all for Constantinople and European Empire. For Orchan it was sufficient to plan these schemes in his deep soul, and transmit them to his son. That son carried them one step towards their accomplishment: Gallipoli was taken, the key of the Hellespont, and his bones lay in Europe as the earnest of future inheritance. Amurath I., faithful to the ruling idea of his house, lost no opportunity of making conquests around the devoted city. The time was not yet come; but he performed his part towards making preparation for it: he seized the whole territory from the Hellespont to the Balkan, and secured Adrianople as the European counterpart to Broussa. The whole of Rumelia (the district around Constantinople) being in their possession, the Turks now only waited for a leader who should be daring enough to grasp the prize. Such a leader seemed to be provided in the next Sultan, Bajazet, surnamed, from the fiery rapidity of his movements, Ilderin, or “the Lightning.” He at

first yielded to the instinct which had carried his predecessor's arms along the Danube into Hungary. There every thing gave way before his irresistible impetuosity; and he secretly cherished the determination which he afterwards openly vaunted, first to make Constantinople his own, and then to conquer his way through Germany and Italy, to Rome. He would first propitiate the Prophet by giving him St. Sophia, and then feed his horse with oats upon the altar of St. Peter's.

This brings us to the close of the fourteenth century, and the commencement of the last fifty years of Christian Constantinople. To all human appearance, the century which had witnessed her gradual and ever-deepening humiliations, her enemies compassing her about on every side, and stripping her with unrelenting hands of all the few remains of her ancient imperial dignity, would close with her final doom. But it was not to be so: a half century of the most wonderful conjunctures in the annals of the world was between her and her ruin. So long and diversified a history was not to close without some signal interventions of God and man. It was not by a wild and stealthy onslaught of the infidel that the mother of Christian cities should yield up her millennium of glorious traditions. Providence decreed that great lessons should be taught to the world over her final sacrifice.

Bajazet's lightning had flashed upon Western Europe, and aroused all Christian nations to a sense of their danger. They had been long reposing securely upon the memory of their former exploits. The Crusaders had delivered Europe before; the infidel had been rebuked; but he was now defying the Church more blasphemously than ever, and with far greater power. He was now fast approaching the very heart of Europe, and never was there so much need of the united enthusiasm of Christian nations. But though there was every reason for a new Crusade, the inspiration was wanting, or there was no commanding voice to excite it, or it was neutralized by other influences. The vehement impulse of the first Crusades had spent itself, and was followed by a reaction; it never could be revived. And the former Crusades had rendered any successors impossible, by the disgraceful scenes which estranged the East and West. The Greek Emperors who opened a highway to the first Crusaders, had treated them with ignominious treachery, aiming only to derive their own interest from the blood and sacrifice of the Christian heroes. That treachery had been bitterly avenged indeed upon Constantinople in the Fourth Crusade, so called, which subverted the Empire, and gave it into Frankish hands. But these reciprocal indignities had the effect of damping the sympathies of the Western Powers with Constantinople and her woes. If the danger had only threatened her, they would never have lent an ear to the abject suppli-

cations of her Emperors. Besides all this, they were deeply involved in wars with each other,—wars which the presence of a common foe, so much to be dreaded by all who held to the faith of Christ, almost invested with the character of civil and social wars. France and England, so chivalrously united in the twelfth century in the Holy Land, were now engaged in deadly conflict upon the French plains, and preparing for yet deadlier. Had they fought as allies at Nicopolis, instead of as foes at Agincourt, there would have been no Turkish Empire to demand their blood in the present day.

There was one power in the West, however, which honestly cared for Constantinople, as the citadel of Christianity in the East. To this power the Emperors were incessantly making their appeal, more or less humble, according to their varying exigencies; and the Popes had every reason to admit their appeal. But the Papal power was then a scandal to its warmest adherents; there was no Leo, no Gregory, to point out to Europe her interests, or drive her to her duty. We may judge of what might have been done by a Pope in his power, by what was done by a Pope in his impotence. Boniface IX. proclaimed a Crusade. One hundred thousand of the flower of Europe,—Germans, Frenchmen, and Burgundians,—flushed with enthusiasm, ready, as they declared, to hold up the canopy of the sky on the points of their lances, set out with the Pontiff's benediction towards the point where danger threatened. However cold their feelings towards Constantinople, they were full of crusading zeal against the Turk. The King of Hungary, sustained by this reinforcement, met his enemies in the deadly battle of Nicopolis. But the Infidel conquered, the Christian army was miserably routed; and Bajazet poured every indignity upon the chivalry of Europe. Multitudes were martyred upon the alternative of the Koran, or the sword: a few of the noblest he carried with him on his marches to grace his triumph. The pride of Bajazet was at its height; Constantinople only waited his summons to surrender; and, having secured his future capital, all Europe lay before him for his Empire.

But within a very short time Bajazet was himself in an iron cage, the scorn of all the world. Timour the Tartar came down upon Asia Minor with his terrific and fiendish hosts, and in a single battle brought down the Ottoman power to the brink of ruin. Before the world had time to realize the duel of these two destroyers, the conqueror was gone with his captive. Timour, having come, as it were, expressly to retrieve Nicopolis at Angora, and save Constantinople, turned again to the East, and plunged once more into the depths of Asia, leaving pyramids of human heads to mark his steps. This was the favourable conjuncture for another great effort of Europe. Those who watched the finger of Providence, might have inter-

puted this inscrutable intervention of the Tartar as a rebuke to the faithlessness of the Western Christians. As Zinghis Khan had been sent to humble the Seljukian Turks, so Tamerlane had been sent to humble the Ottomans. But the zeal of Europe had been too effectually damped, and the critical moment passed. The first Mohammed did much towards repairing his father's ruin, and re-uniting the fragments of his broken Empire. The Turks, with that amazing tenacity of power which had distinguished them from the beginning, were as strong and defiant over against Constantinople in a very few years, as they had ever been. Amurath, in 1422, laid the first Ottoman siege to the city; but once more the current of events delayed her doom; for a domestic revolt called the besieger into Asia, but not until he had had such experience of her strength, as to prevent his ever renewing the attempt. His path afterwards lay in the direction of the Danube; and it was while extending his dominion there, that he heard of the new combination which was projected in Europe against him.

This turns our attention to the unhappy Emperor John Palæologus, who was in the agony of despair. His only hope was in the West, and European aid could only be secured by the influence of the Papal Court. That influence could only be gained by a reconciliation between the two alienated Churches; and, after the settlement of many preliminaries, it was resolved that the Representatives of both should meet in Italy at a General Council. In November, 1437, the Emperor, having secured the tranquillity of his city by paying tribute, set sail from the Bosphorus, with his Patriarch and a retinue of Ecclesiastics. They reached Italy in safety; a Council was held at Ferrara, and afterwards at Florence, where disputed points were discussed, and left still in abeyance; concessions were made which amounted to nothing; and, under the appearance of reconciliation, the two Churches were more effectually sundered than before. The history of the strange proceedings in this Council, with all its dramatic detail, is well told by Mr. Rule in this little book, which, from this point onwards, conducts the history of the "Fall of the Greek Empire" with the utmost fulness and accuracy. Our observations will, on that account, be henceforward less diffuse, as we sincerely hope that all our readers will make themselves thoroughly acquainted with a work of such commanding interest.

The material fruit of this sanguine embassy was the mission of Cardinal Julian, with money and a miscellaneous host, to Hungary, there to combine with John Corvinus, better known as Hunniades, against the common foe. This brave man, one of the most illustrious of patriots, had rallied his dispirited countrymen, checked the progress of the Turkish arms, just when they were menacing Buda, and spread a gleam of hope

over the Christian cause by the brilliant victory of the Morava. The leading spirit of the Turks, however, was not there,—Amurath had retired to a monastery. Summoned by the emergency, he showed his versatile talent by cajoling the Christians into a truce; but as soon as a revolt in Caramania called him away, the treaty was violated, and a proclamation of war issued. God deserted the Christian host, and the battle of Varna extinguished for ever, as it was supposed, the hopes and efforts of Christendom. This occurred in 1444, and was a second Nicopolis,—indeed, a victory of still more critical moment; for it stayed the progress of events full of danger to the Turk, and of hope to Europe. Amurath was worn out, and Mohammed was an unripe youth. Hunniades was in the ascendant of fame; a Christian fleet was gathering in the Hellespont; the Sultan was apprehensive of more sympathy on the part of Italy than really existed. Another great hero, though double renegade, Scanderbeg, was in revolt in Albania. Ibrahim Bey was troubling the Sultan's peace in Caramania. A victory at Varna would have rekindled the ready enthusiasm of all Europe. But the slaughter of ten thousand Christians, with the Legate Julian at their head, paralysed the hearts of all men. The death of Julian was a fatal blow in itself; for it extinguished the warmest enemy the Turk had in Europe. Varna allowed no further hope: Scanderbeg and Hunniades put forth most heroic efforts afterwards; but they only won their own eternal fame as the defenders of Christendom. Amurath was from that day proud and secure.

In 1448, just five years before the end, Amurath returned to Adrianople from the last war which troubled his life. He had finally renounced all thought of taking Constantinople himself; but was strong in the prophetic instinct of confidence in his son. That son was Mohammed, then a young man of eighteen. He was born in Europe, near Adrianople; and educated amid those stirring scenes which were acquiring for his father's name a glory and a terror, only to be surpassed by his own. His education was, doubtless, a careful training for the future business of his life; and it is not surprising that historians on both sides have detailed so carefully the early discipline of a man who played so prominent a part upon the stage of human affairs, and was for nearly a generation the scourge of the whole civilized world. He was educated in the literature of several tongues, and made familiar with many sciences. He was trained to the expert use of the mysteries of astrology, the machinery of fatalism. His education raised him above every characteristic of the savage, save his cruelty. We may suppose that he was early taught to consider himself the great champion of Islam; the eternal conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity must have been his most familiar idea from his earliest boyhood. His father took care to

infuse his own ruling passion into the mind of his son. Twice he thrust the youth prematurely into empire, as if impatient to hurry him on his destiny. Certain it is, that when Amurath died, Mohammed instantly made Constantinople the object of every thought and every passion. He was then only nineteen, but a perfect embodiment of all that the Turkish character was capable of. In him, the original vigour of the desert was disciplined by culture, directed by stern Mohammedan fatalism, and stimulated by a passionate desire stronger than death.

To this youthful representative of a power urging its way upward to fulfil its destiny, is opposed the last of the line of Palæologi, the representative of a worn-out Empire and an expiring race. The last Constantine was personally a great man,—the only great man of his family, with the exception of Manuel its founder; but he was oppressed by the weight of centuries of decline and despair. When his ancestor restored the Greek Empire after the usurpation of the Latins, the Turks had begun a system of piecemeal spoliation which had never been checked. In none of his lineage had the vigour of the ancient Leos, and Michaels, and Basils appeared, to vindicate for a moment the Roman name, or stay the ruin of the Empire. They had spent their existence in empty devotion to effete art, or in puerile and worthless theological discussions. For a long century they had watched the slow disintegration of their heritage, sighing forth their complaints towards the West, but doing nothing to avenge themselves. They had not only suffered European Greece to remain separated from the Empire, but they had given up the Asiatic colonies, and were contented to let the destroyer pitch his seat under Mount Olympus, whose high top was visible from their palace. They had seen all the classic and beautiful region of Asia Minor, with its seven sacred cities, ravaged and ruined by the enemy. Thrace and Macedonia had been wrested from their weak hands: then the greater part of Epirus. By degrees they had paid tribute for, and given up, almost all that remained to girdle Constantinople; and when the last descendant of this ill-fated race passed from the Peloponnesus to ascend the throne, he inherited nothing from them but the shadow of an Empire. Matched against a young and determined enemy, the foremost spirit of the age, whose sole object was to wrest from him his all, he must have felt that he was approaching an altar, and not a throne. But he was a man of resolute soul; the city which was now his Empire had survived a multitude of sieges; the Italian States were sending succours, and Europe might even yet remember the City of Constantine. Between despair and hope, he resolved to do all that self-devotion could do; and, when he died in the breach, he left a memory which friends and foes alike have always treated with reverence and respect.

The city was doomed in the mind of Mohammed, from the first moment that he obtained absolute power. He possessed all the rest of the Empire: but his other cities had no charm for him; none of his mosques could give rest to his soul while St. Sophia echoed the name of Christ. The prize was too precious, however, to be precipitately grasped. He left nothing to contingency, but made all his preparations with consummate policy. He well knew the impregnability of the city, when competently defended; history told him of the Saracen failures some centuries before, and his father's bitter disappointment was fresh in his memory. He perceived that the intelligence of his preparations was already startling the neighbouring allies of Constantine; he saw the Greeks of the Peloponnesus, the Genoese sailors of the Archipelago, pouring into the Propontis; and the number of Frankish auxiliaries already within the walls was magnified to him by report. Besides all this, he feared the risings of compassion in Europe towards the ancient mother of Christianity. His impetuosity, therefore, was disciplined by the profoundest policy. He strove to lull the fears of the adjoining potentates by treaties of peace; secured the good-will of Adrianople by munificence; carefully suppressed every ember of revolt in Asia Minor; and, by a strong constraint upon his own spirit, submitted to conciliate his own proud Janizaries. While watching the course of events during the year 1452, he occupied his army in disposing of a few trifling possessions which still owned allegiance to the Emperor. With crafty daring he offered a preliminary outrage, by building, in the face of the amazed Greeks, a strong tower on the European side of the Straits, over against one which he had built on the Asiatic side. This was a work of great difficulty: it served the purpose of whetting the zeal of his own forces, while it humbled and dispirited his foes.

In the spring of 1453, having made every provision which policy and power could suggest, Mohammed commenced one of the most memorable sieges in history. He pitched his own standard before the gate of St. Romanus, and, with his whole army of between two and three hundred thousand men, and his fleet of more than three hundred galleys, he nearly invested the city by sea and land. His army was full of the fiercest ardour for the assault: fourteen batteries were raised on the land side, and cannon mounted on them, which had been constructed, and were directed, by the skill of a renegade Hungarian who was well acquainted with Constantinople. Some of these cannons were of incredible dimensions, and had been dragged from Adrianople at much expense of time and labour: the largest of them was twelve palms in the bore, and was constructed to carry a stone weighing six hundred pounds the distance of a mile. But though Mohammed fondly hoped that these monstrous specimens of the new artillery would open him a sufficient breach for

his furious Turks, he was too wise to abandon the ancient system of attack altogether. Consequently, the old battering-ram was ready to thunder against the walls in chorus with the cannon; enormous wooden towers, filled with soldiers and provided with every weapon of offence, confronted the ramparts in all directions; and this memorable siege united all the essentials of ancient and modern attack. The resources of defence were very slight: a few thousand Greeks, with an equal number of foreigners, were all the force that Constantine had to rely upon; and, for the organization of these, a foreigner, Justinian, was his main dependence. The ancient fortifications of the city, however stupendous, were in many places crumbling with age. Constantinople was now threatened with the most formidable siege she had ever known, and was never less prepared for it.

The city held out for nearly sixty days, during which both the besiegers and the besieged displayed the most unwearied fertility of invention, and the most desperate determination. The history of these days has been written with affecting minuteness by eye-witnesses who shared all their horrors, and who, in the calm despair of ruin, were under no temptation to disguise the truth. The work before us follows the fortunes of the siege with great fidelity, though it does not enter into the sad religious contentions which miserably distracted the minds of the besieged, and contributed so much to their ruin; nor does it display as much feeling as the calamity of such a city, and the transcendent heroism of its last self-sacrificing Emperor, should excite in the most impassive historian.

The former part of the siege was a bitter disappointment to Mohammed; the assault utterly failed; the heroic defenders put forth superhuman efforts day and night. Stones, liquid fire, and arrows greeted the assailants with terrific effect by day; and by night the entire Greek population repaired the breaches with noble perseverance. To add to the confusion and disappointment of the Sultan, he beheld with anguish his great fleet rendered useless, and almost destroyed, by three or four Genoese galleys bearing the Emperor's flag.

These successes might have shed a faint ray of hope upon his desperate cause, if Constantine could have relied upon his own garrison. But the heroism of a large proportion of his little band was not sustained by any patriotic feeling: while their martial instinct was fed with gold and excitement, they fought well; but soon they began to clamour, quarrel, and desert. This was a sore test of the Emperor's fortitude; but he bore it bravely. The adornments of the temples were stripped, as the last resource; and while the money thus obtained held out, he kept his few adherents together. Worse than this, however, awaited him. The bonds of patriotism themselves began to wear away

even among his own subjects; and this heroic man soon heard himself cursed in the streets, as the betrayer of his people, by Greeks who had sold themselves to the enemy. All these trials of his character served only to bring out its noblest elements: perhaps the entire annals of the Romish Empire furnish no grander instance of magnanimity in the midst of the direst misfortunes. One only human stay was left,—the Genoese Justinian, a man of consummate skill, who was the presiding spirit of the defence.

But if this conflict was to insure eternal renown to the last Emperor of Constantinople, it was also to prove an enduring monument to the genius of his opponent. Mohammed, himself now harassed by the seditious murmurs of his camp, which was filled with rumours of help coming from Hungary, matured a scheme which, for brilliancy of conception and boldness of accomplishment, has few parallels in this kind of warfare. He found, as besiegers have always found, that, without a complete investment of the city, it might defy him till his opportunity passed from his hands. The only inaccessible part of the defences was on the north-east side, opposite Galata; and Mohammed's inactive fleet was prevented access by a chain, guarded by galleys. To the inexpressible amazement of the Greeks, they beheld the Turkish flotilla, *biremes* and *triremes*, in their harbour, after having been transported ten miles over the land during a single night,—a feat which, though not immediately productive of all the results intended, materially influenced the duration of the siege.

Then came the time of futile negotiations,—the only consequence of which was to reveal to the Emperor the more plainly the iron resolution of his foe to crush him utterly. Nothing was now wanting to complete the final catastrophe; and to bring this about, required some new effort of Mohammed's genius. The new artillery had failed to make breaches large enough for any ordinary assaults. If the city was taken, it must be by the irresistible onset of his whole tremendous army, the foremost part of it making a way with their dead bodies for his choicest reserves. His genius resolved upon a mighty appeal to the fanaticism and superstition of his hosts. He fixed the day and the hour of assault,—the morning of the 29th of May, as the auspicious day revealed to him by the higher powers. On the evening of the 27th, he commanded the whole camp to be illuminated, and due ceremonies of prayer and ablution to be solemnly observed; while Dervishes went through the tents with all the exciting arguments which could inflame the mind to desire martyrdom; rewards and honours were assured to the most intrepid; and, above all, the city itself, with all its boundless treasures, was promised to the sack of the army for three days. Meanwhile, he was himself making every preparation for

the assault, disposing his offensive resources on the sea and land in the most available positions. On the eve of the memorable 29th, he made his own appeal to the army, confirmed all his assurances, and so effectually infused his own ardent enthusiasm into the entire host, that one tremendous and awful cry reverberated over the sea, and filled the devoted city with consternation: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

This fearful cry was well understood by the miserable Greeks. To all, even to Constantine himself, it was the death-knell of their hopes. They spent the last night of the Roman Empire like men waiting for their final sacrifice. All animosities were buried in oblivion; and the sleepless hours were spent in afflicting and eternal farewells, mutual encouragements, and appeals to the God of the Christians. The Emperor maintained the show of courage: he addressed his little band for the last time, commended the ancient city of Christ to their valour, and then headed the sad procession to St. Sophia. There, for the last time, they celebrated the Christian mysteries; the Emperor took a pathetic farewell of his household; and the last defenders of the Empire repaired to their posts on the walls, to watch the dawn of their day of doom.

At the second cock-crowing, began one of the most fearful scenes in the history of war. The Moslems, girding the city on every side, pressed onwards to the walls like fiends; but were every where met with furious resistance. Mohammed watched the issue in the midst of a chosen reserve, which was to finish the work, when the refuse of his army should have exhausted the strength of the besieged, and furnished with their corpses a bridge to the breach. The remainder of the night was passed in unparalleled confusion. In the morning, the gaping breach was seen. The Janizaries arose from their night of inaction irresistible. They decided at once the fate of the city. Justinian and Constantine, after superhuman exertions through the night, met their doom at the point of danger: the Genoese, pierced by an arrow, fled ignominiously, and died far from the scene of his former bravery; Constantine perished gloriously in the throng of his enemies.

Mohammed entered the new metropolis of the Turkish Empire in triumph; and his first act was solemnly to translate the great Christian temple of the East into a mosque. It had already been stripped of almost every vestige of Christian worship. He kept faith with his maddened soldiery; and three days passed amid all those inhuman orgies of mingled violence, lust, and rapine, which can only be witnessed in the sack of great cities. The destruction of the precious monuments of art and literature was boundless; and, in regard to manuscripts, irreparable. But when the allotted hours of rapine ended, the conqueror stayed the devastation instantly, and bent all his energies to save,

restore, and embellish his glorious prize. He published toleration for the Greek religion, and took into his own hands the investiture of the Patriarch. He strove to conciliate the Christian population, being desirous to add, if possible, all the lost dignity of the Cæsars to his own.

Constantinople thus enters upon a third cycle of her destiny. This revolution in her fate was perhaps the greatest and most remarkable to which any city had ever been subjected; yet it was only one in a long series of strange vicissitudes. From the earliest dawn of history, the tongue of land on which the imperial capital of two great Empires stood, had been coveted and contested by almost all the nations of the earth. It united in itself every imaginable advantage of position, as the seat of empire. It was the natural mediator between the East and West, commanding the two opposite shores of Europe and Asia. The little town or colony which occupied the extreme point of the triangle between the Propontis and the Golden Horn, began its existence about the same time as Rome, with whose destiny it was afterwards to be so closely linked. Byzantium spanned a period of a thousand years of most diversified and turbulent history. To say nothing of semi-fabulous and legendary times, we see it in authentic annals, century after century, a bone of contention to all kinds of people. Once it was taken by the Medes, but redeemed by Pausanias. We see the fiercest conflicts for its possession between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians. Xenophon saved it from the infuriate Ten Thousand; Philip of Macedon besieged it, and its rescue nerved the eloquence of Demosthenes. Its municipal independence was long maintained; but at last it fell into the all-engulfing Roman Empire. In the civil wars between Severus and Pescennius Niger, at the close of the second century, it was sacked and mercilessly treated; but the impolicy of laying low its massive defences was afterwards found out, and the true importance of Byzantium at the same time discovered, when the fleets of the Goths swept through the undefended channel. In the later wars between Constantine and Licinius, the latter retired thither after the fatal battle of Adrianople; but the city yielded after a vigorous siege. Constantine saw the inestimable advantages of its position, and determined to make it the metropolis of the world. There he would be central to all the enemies of the Empire,—for defence rather than aggression was the policy enforced upon the Cæsars,—and there he would lay the foundations of such a universal commerce as would repair its exhausted resources. Heathen Byzantium became, amid semi-pagan solemnities, Christian New Rome, or Constantinople. This was the beginning of about another millennium, marked by calamities and vicissitudes still greater than the preceding. The history of Christian Constantinople would of itself be a most instructive

chapter in the history of the world. Century after century, she was the point of confluence of all the art, learning, and magnificence of the world; the theatre of the most exciting struggles of the human mind; the one object upon which was lavished all that unbounded wealth, and gorgeous, though degenerate, art, could furnish for her adornment. But the hand of God had scarcely ever ceased to be heavily upon her in anger. Plague, pestilence, famine, fire, and successive earthquakes, combine with sedition, conspiracy, civil massacre, to fill up the internal history of generation after generation; while, with scarcely the intermission of a single reign, foreign enemies are either besieging, or threatening to besiege, her from without. Yet it is remarkable that Constantinople was never for a single day, until Mohammed II. entered St. Sophia, in any other than Christian hands. The Huns, the Saracens, the Sclavonians, the Bulgarians, the Russians once, the Turks, all laid actual siege to her impregnable walls in vain. More than once the city had changed masters by successful assault; and in the thirteenth century had been taken by the Latins, and re-taken after an interval of sixty years. But the infidel had never violated her until the long centuries of her probation were over. Nor had she ever been entered by a conqueror bent on destruction. This was the prerogative of her unrivalled beauty and dignity of situation, to make all her ravagers anxious for her preservation. When Mohammed II. converted the ancient mother of Christendom into the metropolis of the False Prophet, he resolved to raise her to a higher pitch of magnificence than she had ever known; and Constantinople, as far as strength and splendour are concerned, profited by the exchange of masters. But with the history and fates of the city in this third period of her existence, we have nothing now to do. The third millennium we dare not call it: for four hundred years has Constantinople or Stamboul been out of the pale of Christendom. What remains is one of the most interesting problems for the speculation of our age.

Having obtained a capital worthy of his Empire, the next question with Mohammed was, what that Empire should be. It is useless to inquire what was the scope of his early ambition, whether the dream of universal dominion ever haunted him, or whether his fanatical devotion to Islamism ever prompted him to a counter-crusade against Christendom. Suffice to say, that such was the interpretation which Europe put upon his actions, and that for thirty years he kept the Christian nations in continual terror. The first intelligence of the ruin of Constantinople, and the firm establishment of the Turk in the eastern stronghold of Europe, convulsed the neighbouring nations with a terror which vibrated even to the most distant north and west. Such was the first enthusiasm, that another and final Crusade was planned and preached in Rome. All motives conspired to

induce the Princes to unite in driving back the enemy of God and man, the terrible foe of civilization and religion. But the age of Crusades was gone for ever; and other and mightier agencies than arms were preparing to combat for the religion of Christ. Mohammed soon found that he had nothing to fear from the combination of Christian nations; and he girded himself to the task of meeting them in detail, and thus extending his dominion from the new Rome to the old. But his designs upon Hungary, which were the immemorial heritage of his race, were frustrated. The siege of Belgrade, the patriotic self-sacrificing heroism of Hunniades and Capistrano, which well represented the true spirit of Christianity, gave him an earnest of what would be the ultimate issue of the conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. His smaller expeditions were successful; he ravaged the eastern Mediterranean, swallowed up all the little relics of the Greek Empire, took the Island of Negropont, and even gained a transitory footing in Italy itself. But the defence of Rhodes was a glorious counterpoise to all this; and Mohammed died amid his vast projects of ambition, leaving little beyond the immortal city as the fruit of thirty years' incessant warfare upon Christendom. His successors have never repeated the shock which he administered to Europe. Just a century after his death, the sea-fight at Lepanto broke the aggressive power of Turkey for ever, and might have led to the re-capture of the imperial city. But Providence willed otherwise.

It is no part of our province, however, to pursue the history of the Turkish Empire, and its relations to the rest of Europe into which it had intruded itself; neither the horror and the fear which it inspired throughout the West for many generations; nor the spasmodic outbursts of enthusiasm which occasionally revived for a moment the memory of the old Crusades; nor the slow process of internal degradation by which the Turkish power, after having risen to its culminating point, and defied all external efforts to cripple it, sank down to the abject condition in which it is now found. Nor is this the place to dwell upon the strange revolution by which Turkey, retaining all its enmity to Christianity, has come, not only to be admitted into the family of Christian nations, but to be defended and supported as such by its own, formerly, most bitter enemies; its integrity being guarded now by Western Europe with far more earnestness and zeal than its first great aggression was opposed four hundred years ago.

The fall of Constantinople was an event which, though it paralysed Europe with terror, was fraught with inestimable good to the cause of social progress. It took place precisely at the period when modern civilization was about to commence its glorious development, and contributed to that development in no small degree. The reader of Mr. Rule's book will find, at

the close of the volume, an exceedingly able dissertation on this subject. The author gives us a survey of the intellectual and moral state of Europe in the fifteenth century, and shows us, in a perspicuous and philosophical manner, the coincidence of the final dispersion of the Greeks, with those mighty elements of regeneration which were then beginning to exert an influence, designed to mould the destinies of the world. But as an introduction to the subject, the author refers this event to the counsels of the Divine Providence watching over Europe, and mediating between the corruptions of the Eastern and Western Churches, which were robbing Christianity of its power to regenerate the world. These are his striking words:—

“It pleased God to renovate Christendom, not by the recovery for a few years of the Holy Sepulchre, not by crowning wars upon the Saracens with victory, not by dragooning the Heathens of Northern Europe, and cursing the Paganism of the East. But it did please God to renovate Christendom by a dire visitation of the sword. It pleased Him to quench the pride of the Byzantines, of Emperors, Patriarchs, and people; to defile the temples; to obliterate the last vestiges of nationality in Greece; to enslave, ruin, or destroy mass after mass of nominally Christian and civilized populations; to cut the nerves of all political strength; to frustrate scheme after scheme of self-defence; to pour shame on the city of the Cæsars, and spread terror and dismay through the court of the Pontiffs; to abandon the inland seas of Europe to the horrors of piracy, and to let loose the dread of THE TURK upon all the realms of elder civilization. These were the strange, yet most effectual, methods of social renovation.”

But the most direct advantage which Europe, and the interests of the human race, derived from the destruction of the Greek Empire, was the impetus given to Greek literature and learning in general, by the diffusion of the Greeks and their inestimable classical treasures throughout the West. These treasures had been for ages entombed in Constantinople and the other cities of the Empire. Classical studies had never been neglected in the worst ages of the Greek Empire, and, even in the degraded age of the Palæologi, encouragement had been given to the study of ancient Greek literature; but in the hands of their degenerate descendants these ancient rulers of the human mind were altogether inoperative, and their works, which had once directed the intellect of man in its highest aspirations, and were destined to do so again, were locked up as so much useless treasure. The Greeks of the Middle Ages were but the keepers of Grecian literature. Meanwhile, the more vigorous intellect of Western Europe was ripening; a spirit of inquiry was springing up, never to be benumbed again; printing was invented just in time to receive, and perpetuate, and scatter throughout the world, the boundless manuscripts which the East was to entomb no longer. But the opening

of these rich sepulchres was the work of the barbarian Ottomans. For, although some individual Greeks had in earlier times brought the light of their learning into the far West, it was not until the dread of the Turk drove the Greeks to seek hold in Italy, that any thing like a study of the Greek tongue was known in Western Europe.

"Throughout Europe, but most especially in Italy, where the knowledge of Greek was reported to have been lost for several hundred years, learning, properly so called, might also be said to be extinct. When a thirst for knowledge began to show itself in Italy, and a few learned men devoted themselves to the improvement of the current Latin by a study of the ancient classics, and began to reduce their own vernacular to writing, most of them aspired to know, at least, the elements of Greek; and some, as Petrarch for example, acquired proficiency enough to read Homer. And their teachers, be it remembered, were persons who came from Greece, generally to escape the troubles that befel their country in consequence of the invasion of the Turks.

"The establishment of Universities, which began so early as the age of Charlemagne, with frequent additions to their number, until the period now before us, created seats of learning, ready for more effective occupation in what, without irreverence, we may venture to designate the fulness of time, in relation to the religious history of Europe, when learning in general, but more especially Greek and Oriental literature, should be sanctified to its highest uses."

We must not be misled into supposing that this revival of Greek literature was at once sanctified to its highest uses. It certainly exerted an indirect influence on the interests of religion by stimulating the human mind to philosophical inquiry, and by awakening a keen study of the language which our Lord and His Apostle had made as sacred as the Hebrew. But the first direction of this new ardour was towards Pagan antiquity, as such. Italy became intoxicated with classical enthusiasm; the philosophy of Plato was studied with far more intensity than the Greek Testament; and it was only when the Reformation was at hand, that this Pagan enchantment passed away, and Greek learning poured its treasures of criticism upon the sacred page and upon Christian theology.

"It was, after all, Chrysoloras, an Ambassador from Constantinople, sent to solicit aid from the Western powers against the Turks, who laid the foundations of Grecian learning in Italy. He came thither in the year 1395, and, after discharging his mission, preferred the security of Italy to the perils of Byzantium, and became public teacher of Greek in Venice, Florence, and Rome. Among his pupils were Barberino, Poggio, Leonardo Aretino, Strozzi, Guarino, Vergerio, Uginio, Ambrosio Camaldolese, Manetti, and others whose names are inwrought into the history of that period, and who became the fathers of Italian literature, enriched with the lore and philosophy of Greece.

"The fall of Thessalonica in 1430, an event which we have narrated, gave some scholars to Italy, and among them Theodore Gaza, who rapidly acquired the Latin language, and became Rector of the University of Ferrara. Even the Council held at Ferrara and Florence, although the object for which it was convened could not be accomplished,—and the accomplishment of such an object as the union of two corrupt Churches could scarcely have contributed much to the welfare of the world,—was not altogether useless. While the more active politicians of the two Churches were prosecuting their negotiations or their debates, and while John Palæologus was hunting, and the humbler members of the imperial and patriarchal trains were wasting their hours in a restless indolence, a few men of superior genius occupied their leisure in pursuits or schemes of literary culture. The secession of Bessarion to the Church of Rome, while it added nothing to his own good fame, gave a powerful impulse to the revival of letters in the Western world; for Bessarion was a learned and energetic man, and a patron of literature."

Before the final sack of Constantinople, a very large portion of the manuscripts from which our modern classical literature derives its riches had been safely deposited in Italy; but in the city there were yet left an immense number in the various libraries. Mohammed himself was not a barbarian in his tastes, and would not have ruthlessly destroyed the Byzantine libraries; but, in the general lawlessness, numbers of them were lost for ever. One hundred and twenty thousand manuscripts are reported to have perished; and, after the fall of the city, volumes, now priceless, were sold for the smallest trifle. Enough of them, however, had been saved, and were already feeding the new printing-presses of Germany; many of the most distinguished Greeks, despairing of their city, had fled, carrying with them their treasures; and, after the city had fallen, the Mediterranean was crowded with ships bearing the disconsolate Greeks and their treasures to the West. Thus the decay and the ruin of the Greek Empire, while on the one hand it gave firm establishment to a barbarous power in the East, transferred, in compensation, to the West all that wealth of literature which the East had been unable to use.

We cannot but wish that the author had included in this Study a sketch of the relations which have subsisted during the last four hundred years between the Turks and the Greeks, especially as both have so remarkably re-appeared upon the scene in our own time. Both have engrossed much of the attention of our own century, and have been much mixed up with European politics. While men have been marking the decline of the Turkish Empire, and counting the days the "sick man" had yet to live, the Greeks, who have through all ages preserved something of their ineradicable spirit, have been erected into a nationality, and have entered upon a new probation. Four hundred years after their subjugation to the Turks, the Greeks have been

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emancipated, and the ruin of Constantinople in some faint degree avenged. Another power, the inheritor and the champion of that religion which Mohammed II. trampled in the dust, has taken up the quarrel for its own ends. Europe has in our own age saved the Greeks from the Turks, and is now saving Turkey from the Greeks. These complications are too distant from the scene of his history to be entered into by the author; but some lines of connexion between the Turks and the Greeks of the fifteenth, and the Turks and the Greeks of the nineteenth, century might have been traced, which would at least have given some new feature of interest to the present struggle. But our limits are exhausted, and we cannot supply the deficiency. In conclusion, we lay down this little work with great pleasure. The same industrious learning and discriminating judgment, applied to other such leading epochs in modern history, would present us with a set of works deserving a high place in the historical literature of our age. Whether the series which this volume commences will be completed, we do not know; but the intrinsic value of these first-fruits themselves, the credit of the press from which they issue, and the good of the large circle of readers to whom it would be more immediately directed, induce us heartily to wish that it may.

ART. IV.—*Kopernik et ses Travaux.* Par M. DE CZYNSKY.
Paris. 1854.

THE old fable tells us, that the daughters of Atlas and Pleione were, after death, transformed into the constellation which bears the name of the Pleiades. Six of the seven sisters had, in their mortal state, been wooed by the not very divine deities of the period, and the starry representatives of these ladies shone with a dazzling lustre in honour of their suitors. The seventh, unambitious Merope, had been content to become the consort of a King, Sisyphus of Corinth. On account of this *mésalliance*, the star of Merope was so obscure and dim as to be hardly visible to mortal eyes; and, consequently, while some denied it was in the heavens at all, others sought, as eagerly as men could look into the skies before the telescopic era, to detect the "lost Pleiad," and to give to the wanderer "a local habitation and a name."

The story is told with many variations; but in the above form it suits us best for an illustrative purpose. The wanderer, in fact,—allowing the fable to assume the form of fact for a moment,—had never moved from the station assigned to her. Men would not believe, for the exceedingly unsatisfactory reason that the evidence of sense was contrary to belief; and many

went worlds away to seek a truth which, had they only known it, lay in a straight line before them.

It has been exactly thus with questions of Astronomy. It would seem as if the truth had at one time been patent to all, had then become obscured, had subsequently disappeared, and had been for ever after, on the strength of some tradition, asserted, denied, sought after, and, now and then, established.

Amid the yet disputed questions is that of the planets being habitable. The arguments for and against the possibility have been so recently re-asserted, and have been so widely read, that we do not feel authorized to re-produce them. But we may notice that, as a disputed point, it is one which has been productive of much muddling of brains from the earliest times.

That "Christian Cicero," Lactantius, when treating of the absurdities of Paganism, alludes to the idea of the Stoics, that the moon, at least, was inhabited. Plutarch, like a ready-witted advocate, has much to say on either side of the question, and may be safely cited by respective adversaries engaged upon this knotty question. The face which appears in the moon's orb, seems to have been accepted by some as a sign, if not a proof, that the orb was an occupied dwelling-place. Some old nursery traditions have led to similar conclusions. Lucian deals with the matter wittily, and Nicholas of Cusa descants learnedly on the solar and lunar "peoples." Giordano Bruno not only pleaded in favour of "plurality," but he conjectured that there were inhabitants in the innermost recesses of the earth. Kepler admitted Lunarians; and Wilkins not only did the same, but maintained that we should one day be able to reach and dwell among them! Some of the greatest of modern philosophers have been content to *hint* merely on the subject; philosophic French wits, or witty French philosophers, have boldly discussed it; and the great question has been treated theologically in many a pulpit. Wesley was of the opinion, expressed by Huygens, in his "Conjectures on the Planetary World," that "neither the moon nor any of the secondary planets are inhabited;"* and the Rev. Baden Powell, after reviewing all that has been advanced on either side, remarks that "the whole of the question turns on the same tacit but monstrous assumption, that, because the privileges of redemption *are granted* to the inhabitants of the earth, they are therefore *not granted* to those of any other worlds, and that it is a part of Christianity to hold this exclusive view." The reader will probably think that the *assumption* at least, whether plausible or "monstrous," is altogether on the other side,—with those, namely, who gratuitously believe in the existence of races of which science gives no evidence whatever, and Scripture not the slightest intimation.

* "Journal of the Rev. John Wesley," under date of Sept. 17th, 1759.

It is one thing to have some faint perception of a great natural law, and quite another to establish and to utilize it. Yet the forerunner of discovery is entitled to our praise, especially if he explored with doubtful steps and imperfect means in the early twilight of philosophy.

Pythagoras, to whom (in spite of much folly, of which more is attributed to him than he merits blame for) be all honour, stands first on record, as having imagined, if not demonstrated, that the sun was the centre of our system, and that the earth and certain other planets revolved around it. This theory was entertained, if we may so speak, by Seleucus and Ecphantus, by Nicetas and Ponticus, by the Samian Clearchus, and by Plato. But, long before the time of all these inquiring men, dusky Egypt still retained a shred of the old truth, and held a theory that may be briefly but substantially described, as making the sun central to some of the planets, but not to others. That Prince and scholar, Archimedes, pride of Syracuse, accepted the hypothesis of the revolution of the earth round the sun; and he invented a sphere representing the motion of the stars. Aristarchus, too, thought the idea a good one; but, for even admitting only so much, Cleanthes of Assos denounced him as impious. Hipparchus of Bithynia, nevertheless, admitted the same hypothesis, in spite of the alleged impiety waiting on the supposition. In short, the idea floated painfully through many a philosophical and inquiring mind; but there was neither learning enough, nor helps to learning, to fix it; and for want of a better theory, Ptolemy of Alexandria, some seventeen hundred years ago, contrived to make the world accept one of his own. The well-intentioned old mathematician of Pelusium dogmatically fixed the earth in the centre of the entire universe, and made every thing move around it in twenty-four hours; the moon leading the way, then Mercury, Venus, and the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the fixed stars. Above all he placed the first and second crystalline heavens, and his stupendously unintelligible *primum mobile*.

This was trying to make systems agree with sense, and pronouncing that things *were* so, because they *seemed* so. The senses misled those who trusted to them accordingly; and, for something like fourteen hundred years, man submitted to be misled, or failed to struggle successfully against it. The remark of the puzzled Alphonso, King of Castile, to the effect that, had he been the Creator of the universe, he could have accomplished something more harmonious, was not intended to be profane. Such a remark sounded like profanity, however, in the ear of Copernicus. He, at once, came to one healthy conclusion,—that man, and not God, was wrong. All *was* perplexing, and unintelligible, and contradictory in the heavens, as men described them. The description, therefore, was erroneous; and *he* would

humbly, but with his whole soul, go in search of the truth. He had to think deeply of absolute, relative, and apparent motion, before even *he* began to see that the fixed stars were not contained in one concave sphere, and that the *primum mobile* was not beyond it, with the empyreal heavens, abode of the blessed, and cubic in form, in the distance, still more remote! So said the followers of the old Egyptians; but there was a pupil of the older Egyptians who had declared something far more consonant to his own ideas centuries before; and, to study this acquired wisdom of Pythagoras, Copernicus now devoted himself with prayerful zeal.

Before the character of Pythagoras can be properly appreciated, we must find a biographer who can decisively separate myth from reality. We do not pretend to do this. If we take both, indeed, there appears as much folly as wisdom in the character of this teacher,—and a touch of knavery to boot. But, even in this mixture, there is no leaven of impurity. Pythagoras, were he as absurd in some things as tradition has described him, was eminently pure, both by precept and example; and he inculcated the practice of purity, both in word and deed, at a time when Roman female society was so *impure*, that, because one wife was found who respected virtue more than life, she was raised to the rank of a canonized saint of history, and elevated for worship, as “the chaste Lucretia.”

An attempt has been made to show that Pythagoras was a Hindoo, and that his name was but the Hellenized version of Buddha Gooroos. He assuredly taught something of the Buddhist learning; but there is no reason to doubt his Samian birth, his noble descent, or his excellent training of body and mind. At eighteen he was one of the best wrestlers and most elegant scholars in Greece.

There is very much that is agreeable to us in the tradition, that in his early years he travelled,—we may fairly say, over the earth,—in search of divine knowledge. His noble spirit was restless under the unclean yoke of the theology of his days. From the Druids of Gaul to the altars of Egypt, and the temples of India, he is said to have wandered, learning all he could by the way, on the subject of the gods and the immortality of the soul. When he re-appeared among his countrymen, he was publicly hailed by them as the “Wise Man,” or “Sophist.” He modestly put aside the title, and adopted in its place that of “Lover of Wisdom;” and he was the first man who wore this appellation under its now familiar form of “Philosopher.”

The intellectual wanderer established himself in the dissolute city of Crotona. The gay inhabitants may have congratulated themselves at first, on possessing amongst them so admirable a musician. But, to use a vulgar illustration, they little knew to what tune the minstrel would make them dance. Amongst the

inhabitants, he must have found some weary of sin; and, commencing with these, he founded a sect which became, for a season, the wonder and envy of the world; and Crotona was less proud of Milo the athlete, than of Pythagoras his master. The whole city was converted by his preaching. The people had hitherto worshipped nothing but pleasure. Pythagoras taught them, as well as he was enabled, to turn their hearts to the Deity. His instruction, it is true, was imperfect. He himself prayed at the altars of the gods; but his doctrine of the immortality of the soul showed that he looked above and beyond them. His denunciation of vice, in man or woman, was so effective, that, in an incredibly short space of time, Crotona was celebrated as the dwelling-place of all the virtues. Allowing for some exaggeration, the effect was, no doubt, unexampled. The drunken became temperate; the avaricious, liberal; the hard-hearted, sympathizing; the men of violence, gentle; the women became worthy of their name and mission; and the missionary had good reason to be satisfied with his work. The sect spread rapidly; but not all its members were of the initiated. These, as is well known, had to observe a two years' silence ere they could belong to the council of "the Master." An infringement of the rule extended the term to five years; and a more excellent discipline could not have been devised to make a pupil familiar with new observances, while it forbade him to argue upon those he had promised to abandon. But of the rules of the order, of its extension, and of the political results connected with it, we are not called upon to speak. We may notice, indeed, that, by their clever application, the Samian was raised to the chief magistracy of the city. The intolerance of the sect, and its purely aristocratic spirit, caused its overthrow. But, even in the fall of the Pythagoreans, they effected some good. They were engaged with Crotona in a war against the Sybarites; the issue of which was, that the philosophical warriors, who could strike as hardly with battle-axe as with argument, defeated their opponents, and turned the river Crathis over the site of the destroyed city of Sybaris. There was one unclean city the less upon earth; but the Pythagoreans refused to share the spoil with the democratic party among the Crotonians; a revolution ensued, and, as a political power, the sect of Pythagoras ceased to exist. The founder himself died soon after at Metapontum.

Few men have suffered more at the hands of adversaries than this Samian. Even his doctrine of the metempsychosis seems to us a struggling after a proof of life in another condition than the present. The Druids, who, like Pythagoras, were not so absurd upon the questions either of astronomy or of a future state, as they have been popularly represented to be, fancied they could trace the soul of man from an insect with which they were too well acquainted, to a state touching which they spoke but

darkly. This, indeed, is absurd enough; but there is in it a trace of the persevering struggle with which reason itself strives to hold on to immortality. How far Pythagoras was guilty of similar or worse absurdities, as a teacher assuming to be divine, or as a moral philosopher, we cannot say; but we strongly suspect a great portion of what is alleged to be pure invention. He has been, probably, as much misrepresented with respect to his theologico-astronomical system; and yet, in simple terms, it seems greatly in advance of any other system of his times. He held that the universe had been created out of chaos, at the will of one powerful Being, who moved and inspired what He created, and of whose substance what he called the *souls* of mankind formed a portion. It is mere conjecture, indeed, that Pythagoras derived his philosophy from the Books of Moses, and that he conversed with Ezekiel and Daniel in Babylon; but there are signs, in his system, of his having derived it from a better source than was known to many of his contemporaries. It was his maxim, that wisdom was worth nothing, if it did not bring man nearer to the Creator; and that such result would be effected, if man made unreserved surrender of his vices. He believed in angels, condemned images and their worship, and was accounted, by his opponents, a mere impious dreamer. But this dreamer was the first who demonstrated the forty-seventh proposition of the First Book of Euclid's Elements,—the equality of the square of the *hypothemuse* of a right-angled triangle, to the squares of its *sides*; and it was he who first declared that the sun was a great centre, around which the planets moved in elliptical orbits,—which was laughed at by some who accepted the metempsychosis.

If it be true,—but chronology is in considerable confusion concerning the exact epoch of Pythagoras,—if it be true, however, that he was contemporary with the last Tarquin, a curious coincidence presents itself. In such case, the publication of the true system of the universe was followed by the downfall of the kingdom of Rome. Copernicus demonstrated the truth of the system, and that system was almost as fatal to the triple crown of the Eternal City. Tarquin probably knew nothing of Pythagoras; but Rome allowed two hundred years to pass, before she acknowledged Copernicus to have been wiser than herself, or forgave the great astronomer for innocently demonstrating the superiority of his wisdom.

"I thank thee, O Fortune!" exclaimed Zeno, "that thou hast compelled me to turn philosopher." *We* have to be grateful to a more certain Power, that inspired Copernicus with the profession of a more absolute wisdom. The space is wide that divides the Christian philosopher of Thorn, from the heathen philosopher of Samos.

At the latter end of the fourteenth century, the kingdom of Poland was, for once in its usually turbulent career, in such a condition of peace, as to be able to afford an asylum to those who could not find rest or liberty in their native homes. When Ladislaus Jagellon was King, in the year 1396, a stout Bohemian crossed his own frontier, and, making his way to Cracow, took up his citizenship, followed the vocation of a merchant, became easy in his circumstances, and had a son, born in Cracow, who pursued the humble, but useful, calling of a baker. This baker married a Bishop's sister, Barbe Wasselrode, sister of the Diocesan of Warmia, in 1464. Nine years subsequently, the most illustrious son of this union was born in the then Polish city of Thorn, when Casimir was King. He was the Nicholas Copernicus,—or Kopernik, as the name was more correctly given,—who has more lasting homage from the world than all the Jagellons and Piasts put together.

The only truly noble man is he who achieves his nobility. The biographers of Copernicus who sought to trace his descent from a noble source, would not have exalted him, as such, above the height at which all men regard him, even if they had succeeded. The best that can be said of his social position is, that he was the grandson of a merchant, and the nephew of a Bishop. But, above all, he was *COPERNICUS*, and no device of heraldry can add rank or splendour to his starry fame.

Nations themselves have contended for a share in this renown. Since political circumstances made of the natal place of the great astronomer a Prussian city, Germany has been meanly daring enough to describe him as a Prussian. But it has been well observed, that Germany has glory enough in Kepler and Leibnitz, and need not wish to rob Poland of her noblest son. Humboldt himself has declared, that the name of Copernicus is the possession of Poland solely; but his triumphs have added lustre to the universal world.

In his earliest school days, when he studied elementary principles at the school of St. John, he was a grave and thoughtful little scholar. He was as inquiring as he was thoughtful; and, as Leibnitz said of the first Hanoverian Electress and her daughter Sophia Charlotte, he was not content to know the reason for a result, but would also demand the ground for the reason.

It is doubtless to be reckoned as belonging to the eternal fitness of things, that young Kopernik was not above ten years of age when he lost his sire. A baker's son may become a famous sculptor, as in the case of Flaxman, but the chances are not so favourable for his becoming an astronomer. At all events, the young fatherless scholar seemed in his proper place when he became the ward of his uncle, and had the run of the library of the Bishop of Warmia. The good Prelate was a

faithful guardian; and, after keeping his nephew Nicholas at his hearth, and under his tuition, during eight years, he dispatched him to the University of Cracow, there to struggle for, and win, his first scholastic honours.

At the period in question, the University just named was one of the most famous in the world; and to it, as to the noblest and brightest shrine of learning, pilgrims resorted from the remotest nations. Its especial glory at this moment was in the person of the great Brudzewski, who occupied the professorial chair of Astronomy, and endeavoured, with what success he might, to explain and illustrate that time-honoured Ptolemaic system, which, nevertheless, gave the honest man so much perplexity.

The professed object of Copernicus was to become a proficient in philosophy and medicine; but he was more indefatigable as a student of Astronomy. Under Brudzewski he studied the higher mathematics, and learned, for the first time, and with much joy, the use of the astrolabe. His assiduity was equal to his immense power of application; but he had his hours of relaxation too, and these he passed in first studying, and then practising, the art of painting. He intended to travel; and ever looking far beyond the limits within which he stood, he designed to fix upon canvas all the scenes which gave most delight to the mind through the eye. He would probably have been a great painter, had he fallen short of his higher aspirations.

The four years of his University life at Cracow were years of huge, but happy, toil. At the close of them, he repaired to Thorn, to visit his widowed mother, and then, with her blessing, and his uncle's, he turned his face towards Italy, and never paused on his way, till he knocked at the gates of the University at Padua. "Learned Padua,"—the echo of the name is all its existing glory. It boasts of nothing now but the cenotaph of Livy, and the swarms of mendicants who piously beg in the name of St. Antony.

At Padua, Copernicus was like one of those Knights who were wont to leave their homes, and ride over adversaries in foreign lists. His three years' residence here was a term of uninterrupted intellectual glory, which may be said to have culminated when he was crowned for his proficiency in philosophy and medicine. But his especial love and his particular zeal were all for Astronomy, and the intensity of each was manifested by the ardour with which he listened to the teaching of Muller Regiomontanus. It was the period when there was that universal agitation of thought which is said to result in the discovery of truth. The mind's eye of Columbus had discerned the sphericity of the globe, and it had distinguished the western shores, long before these had risen to his actual sight. The eye of Columbus, the weaver's son, was fixed upon

the earth; that of Copernicus, the son of the baker, darted through the heavens. To the earth the great Admiral had (by discovery) added a fair portion; Copernicus would give a new position to the earth itself. He became possessed of the one absorbing idea; and, with a dream-like conviction that he was destined to give a new revelation to man, he proceeded to Bologna, where he sat at the feet of Dominic Maria of Ferrara. Pupil and master consorted like brothers, for their tastes assimilated, and their dwelling-place may almost be said to have been among the stars. There, at least, was the abiding-place of their thoughts. They were anxious seekers after truth; for the progress of thought had rendered some of the greatest astronomers irritable, if we may so speak, at having to propound a system in which they were beginning to lose faith. The great difficulty was in establishing a system which should take the place of that which had been so long enthroned, and had the protection of that authority which cannot err,—the infallible Church.

From the garden of Dominic the two sages nightly perused the glittering page spread above their heads; and, if many nights were passed without any great end being realized, not an hour was so spent without acquiring means to accomplish that end. Copernicus was enabled to confirm his subsequently made hypothesis of parallaxes, by the calculations which he had "heaped up" in the gardens of Dominic. The latter dismissed his friend with joy; for he sent him to Rome, where, by his recommendation, Copernicus occupied the professorial chair of Astronomy, and was listened to with an enthusiasm almost too ardent in pupils studying a science so profound.

Honest Copernicus! So he may well be called. His lectures must have been wonderful things to listen to; for, now totally ceasing to comprehend the time-honoured system, and too well-principled to propose to his hearers alleged facts which he did not believe, although they were supported by the authority of sages and divines, he endeavoured to turn his pupils' thoughts from contemplation to inquiry. This course probably excited some uneasiness, adding to that generally uncomfortable sensation of which the authorities at Rome were beginning to be conscious. Earth, heaven, and the firmament, seemed heaving at the impulses of a dangerous reforming spirit. We are not astonished, therefore, to find that Copernicus suddenly withdrew from Rome in the year 1502. Had he received a peremptory hint to withdraw? This has never been asserted, but it appears to us to be exceedingly probable. The "chair of St Peter" was then disgraced by the infamous Alexander VI.; and the Pontiff who had burned Savonarola was not likely to spare an audacious Pole, who was evidently disinclined to teach Astronomy in a way which had satisfied the world for so many centuries.

As yet, however, Copernicus himself could only suspect, or perhaps feel convinced of, error; but he taught nothing contrary to received facts. His fault, in the eyes of the orthodox, lay in his directing the minds of men towards inquiry.

It was because he felt that he could as yet do no more, that he declined the offer made to him, to occupy the now vacant chair of Brudzewski, at Cracow. That he would have occupied it worthily, and to his own renown, there can be no doubt. He equally declined the opportunity afforded him to become rich by practice as a physician. For philosophy and medicine he had as much respect as ever; but his whole heart, his entire love, his unreserved self, all was devoted to Astronomy. To him the wide heavens were a chaos of inextricable confusion, the music of the spheres fell on *his* ears "like sweet bells jangling harsh and out of tune;" but he knew that if beauty and harmony had ceased to be perceptible, it was not because they were non-existent, but because the ignorance of man had veiled the one, and, as far as ignorance *could* do so, had destroyed the other. And, accordingly, he declined all honours and active employments, while he prayerfully looked up to God, and besought Him that the darkness might be removed, which stood between him and his Creator's dwelling-place.

Under what condition could he more easily arrive at his desired object? Under none so easily, he thought, as the office of Priest. He did not consign himself to the cloister, where, for the sake of future benefit, he might be passingly useless. He desired to be beneficially employed, but in such a way as to afford ample opportunity for leisure enough to permit of his pursuing his inquiries uninterruptedly. He was ordained Priest by Konerski, Bishop of Cracow; and in 1510 the patronage of his uncle the Bishop procured for him a Canonry at Frauenburg, a little town on the Haff, between Dantzic and Königsberg. He was the most lively Canon that the Chapter had ever possessed, and he became the most popular man who had ever earned the good will of the community. He fulfilled a triple duty. He was indefatigable and exemplary as a Priest, was a charitable and efficient physician to the poor, and, when he could spare time from these avocations, he went into more private and close communing with God and His works; and became daily more convinced that the mist between *him* and his glorious object was clearing off, and that there was in store for him such a triumph as never yet had made ecstatic the feeble heart of man.

The uninterrupted peace, however, which he expected to enjoy at Frauenburg, was not his. There was a mighty body of rulers then in Germany, who went under the name of the Teutonic Order; and who seemed bent upon nothing so much as appropriating to their own use the property which belonged to others.

Their spirit of aggression reached the territory of Frauenburg, which they loved so well that they would fain have kept it. This spirit was stoutly resisted by Copernicus; and he, in his turn, was accused of every species of infamy by his opponents. His uncle, by protesting against such charges, procured for his nephew some degree of tranquillity; and, from 1502 to 1507, the baker's son pursued the train of thought which was to end by dethroning the earth, and giving to the sun the central place within our solar system.

The amazing task was accomplished only by painful gradation. Many a wide waste of thought had to be re-traversed, when the object pursued eluded the pursuer; many a weary calculation was re-constructed, in order to attain a desired result; many an epistolary conference with learned friends was held; and many an hour snatched from sleep, ere Copernicus was satisfied that the goal was in view; and that he, humble, mortal man, was to be honoured as the instrument of God, and permitted to reveal the harmony, unity, and beauty of the sidereal system to the world.

Let it be remembered, too, with what poor, and seemingly inefficient, means this great end was achieved. The Middleburg optician had not yet invented the telescope, bestowing a far-seeing eye, which enabled mortals to penetrate through spaces which the eye of Divinity alone had before traversed. The laws which regulate the pendulum were not then known. Copernicus stood gazing at the heavens, with nothing in his hand but a rude parallactic instrument, consisting of three pieces of wood, looking a mere child's toy, but to him the wand wherewith he made the whole universe to change in the astonished gaze of man. As he waved it, the earth descended from its usurped eminence; the sun assumed its rightful place. The former, ceasing to be inert, started upon its revolving race; the sun, checked in its career, ceased to pursue the circle round which it had been so long driven by the Ptolemaic astronomers, and became grandly still; while the planets, in newly recognised harmony, and in rare simplicity, revolved around the glowing common centre. But not yet, not suddenly, was all this triumph accomplished; nor was its accomplishment at last effected without some attendant error. But the miracle was, not that there was so great a truth revealed, but that it was presented with so little fault. As a Polish biographer says of him, "he planned the edifice, and left others to count the stones."

Convinced now of the position and motion of the earth, he scanned only the more eagerly, with eyes and mind, the opening heavens before him. By patient but uninterrupted degrees, he revolutionized the whole Ptolemaic system. Now, he was making observations on lunar eclipses; anon, marking the place and orbit of Mars. From these tasks, the work of years, he turned

to address himself to observations on the autumnal and vernal equinoxes. In 1520, he had fixed the places of Jupiter and Saturn; and, after two years more of thought and labour, he completed his great and imperishable treatise, the "*De Orbium Cælestium Revolutionibus*;" and, having finished this important work, he put it by, to re-consider all its truths.

For nearly a quarter of a century, he had been thus successfully engaged; but he was too cautious to undeceive the world at once. It was not that he doubted his own conclusions; but rather, that he feared the misconstruction of the world, perhaps the hostility of the Church; and it may be, that he had a modest doubt, not of the end which he had reached, but of some of the means by which he had arrived at it.

While his manuscript rested within his desk, the priestly author resumed, or continued, his activity of life. Although the greatest of philosophers, he was also one of the most practically useful of men; a union which is not always to be found in the same person. He was thoroughly a man of business. Had he been Archimedes, the enemy would not have found him at his books, when the town was burning, but working some military engine, which he had invented or improved. Nothing can be more erroneous, than the idea of Copernicus immured in his study, and permanently contemplating the heavens through a hole in the roof. He was selected by his Chapter to represent the College of Canons at the Diet of Grudziowz; and Bishops intrusted to him the administration of their diocesan revenues. He was the most acute-eyed of stewards; and detecting the Teutonic Order in an attempt, momentarily successful, to get unlawful possession of some Church-lands, he attacked them, through a process of law, with such vigour, that they were compelled to make restitution. He did not regret this victory, even when it was followed by such malicious persecution, that he was compelled to surrender his office of administrator.

He was indefatigable at the Diet, where, perhaps, his most useful labours were directed to a dry, but most important, question of currency, which he handled with the dexterity of a man whose whole life had been devoted solely to the study of matters of finance. Locke and Newton were once similarly engaged. In the case of Copernicus, his success was not equal to the credit he gained in the attempt to achieve it. Cities privileged to mint coin had inundated Germany and Poland with a base money. The philosopher's simple plan was, to withdraw such privileges, and to establish one or two mints, under jealous and efficient supervision. The holders of vested interests, of course, clamoured. The philosopher was silenced, and Prince and potentate, as before, passed their washed copper as pure silver coin.

The treatise in which Copernicus developed his project, is

now in the library at Königsberg ; and though it is *now* seldom, perhaps never, read, yet a tradition has come down to us from the editors who incorporated it in the Works of the great astronomer, whereby we learn that it gave a lucid history of money ; exhibited profound political, and wonderful general, knowledge ; was argumentative and philosophical, and was marked by a strongly suggested (rather than pronounced) feeling in favour of the people, who suffered not only from the baseness of the coin, but also from the arbitrary value affixed to it by the powerful coiners.

It is impossible to say, whether it was because of this especial service rendered in the matter of a monetary question, or because of the merit of Copernicus generally ; but the Polish King Sigismund was so ready to reward such service and merit, that, although he could not make of this priestly astronomer a Bishop, he ordered him to be placed in the list of four candidates, from which the highest ecclesiastical authority was to select a Prelate.

He had greater honour conferred on him by the learned. These, among whom his opinions were widely circulating, with conviction of their truth, spoke of him as the "New Ptolemy." Had the Pope thought of him as an improved Ptolemy, the astronomer would, probably, not have been invited by Rome to take part in the reformation of the Calendar. But who was more suited to such a task than he who had demonstrated the increase and decrease of the solar year ; and had proved that the length of the year was greater than it had been declared to be by Ptolemy, and less than it had been pronounced by Albategnius ? He accordingly sent his Tables to Rome, and the astronomers there liberally profited by these imparted results of his investigations.

Meanwhile, his "Revolutions" were still silent and motionless. Something like fear *must* have rested upon the author's mind. But the new prophet was encouraged by the accession of many a follower. Professors descended from their chairs to study in rapt humility at his feet ; and soon a whisper went from them and spread abroad over the world, implying that Copernicus was the divinely inspired interpreter of a new and glorious truth.

But he was modest withal ; and, in praise showered down upon *him*, he would allow no mixture of censure upon the great Ptolemy. The latter, he said, was the first of mathematicians ; and that in the age of Ptolemy it was impossible that the world should produce a greater. All that had since been effected, argued the liberal Nicholas, was but a step made upward by means of that already planted by Ptolemy ; an effect of the natural progress of human thought and knowledge, pursuing its way in spite of censure and obstacle. He himself was still aiding that

progress in one of its paths, while his manuscript, proving how miraculously he had illustrated it in another, was sleeping in his desk, or was timidly exhibited only to the initiated. His volume "*De Lateribus et Angulis Triangulorum*," published in 1552, is described as proving that spherical trigonometry owes to him its greatest and most valuable development.

Of the learned disciples of Copernicus, none was more celebrated, none acquired greater honour for himself, none was of more assistance to the renowned Pole, than George Joachim Rhæticus, the young Professor of Mathematics at Wirtemberg. He was among the first to be convinced that Copernicus had discovered a great truth; and, in doing the discoverer justice, he did not fail to render the same meed to similar searchers into the astronomical system of the Creator. Rhæticus, in comparing his master with Regiomontanus, accounted the latter as the less lucky of the two, simply, as he remarked, because he had not lived long enough to rear the lofty columns he had constructed. But it was God's good will, he said, to intrust the sceptre of Astronomy to Copernicus, deeming him alone worthy to restore, explain, and develope what Divinity had established.

"All things are artificial," says Sir Thomas Browne; "for nature is the art of God." The unveiling of the mysteries of any portion of this so-called art has never been the result of one man's labour. There are many workmen; and when one, after successful application, rests from his toil, it is given to another to achieve further triumphs in the already opened path. Nay, these triumphs have been built, some upon the errors, others upon the mere conjectures, of great minds. This result has been noticed by the elder Disraeli; and it has been rich in good fruits. The holes, or indents, on the face of ancient temples were long mistaken for hieroglyphics; but Peiresc, by drawing lines from one hole to another, really wrote the name of the god to whom the fane was dedicated. Arthur Browne, in Dublin, first discovered the real situation of Tempe; and a student in Glasgow first maintained, what travellers subsequently proved, that the Niger flowed into the Atlantic Ocean. Indian geographers have realized discoveries that were first conjectured by Gray, in his scholastic retirement. If Halley translated an Arabic manuscript, without knowing any thing of the language, it was simply because Dr. Bernard had commenced the work of translating, and upon that step Halley completed the task. So, Harvey would not, probably, have established the circulation of the blood, if he had not learned from Fabricius ab Aquapendente, that there were valves in the veins, which gave free passage towards the heart, "but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way." Franklin, indeed, realized, as well as conjectured, the identity of electricity and lightning; but if Leibnitz, when preparing his "Law of Continuity," had not imagined the dis-

covery of the polypus, it probably might not even yet have been realized: and, as Mr. Disraeli has pointed out, Hartley's "Physiological Theory of the Mind" was built upon a conjectural hint thrown out by Newton, at the close of his work on "Optics."

When Rhæticus spread abroad the discovery asserted by Copernicus, the world did not, however, pay the latter the compliment of allowing that he had worked out to perfection the conjectures and essays of other men. The wise few, indeed, waited ere they pronounced; but, generally, the people, appealing to what cannot be trusted, the evidence of the senses, loudly ridiculed the idea that the earth which they beheld and felt, firm and fixedly set, immovable, and the centre of the system, was really careering, at a rate which made them breathless to think of, round a stationary sun, which they every minute saw in motion. As for the monks, especially those attached to the Teutonic Order, they hired strolling actors and buffoons to be merry themselves, and to make men merry, at the profane suggestion of this wretched dunce, Copernicus. Good-natured friends imparted to Nicholas the sounds of the popular criticism; but he only calmly answered, "*Nunquam volui populo placere; nam quæ ego scio, non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio.*" It was the reply of a philosopher, conscious of his strength, and caring less for the popular criticism than he really did for the people.

This affection and sympathy were ever in activity. Lady Bountiful was never more useful in her village than he in his locality. Human suffering could draw him away at once from the remotest recesses of the starry heavens, to relieve the anguish of a brother upon earth. In medical practice he was, indeed, so successful, that the most eminent physicians consulted him on questions of delicacy and difficulty connected with their vocation.

But his aim was not merely to relieve effects, but to remove causes. One of the causes of the ill health prevailing at Frauenburg was itself the effect of a scarcity of water. The town is situated on a hill, and the inhabitants were obliged to procure the water they needed from the river Bauda, a mile and a half distant. Copernicus, by a simple contrivance, the construction of sluices, turned the water to the very foot of the hill, and, there procuring sufficient power to turn a mill, he made it, as it were, raise itself to the height of the very steeple in the town above. The grateful people engraved his name upon the machine by which this result was effected. If they saw little greatness in a man who affected to place and displace the stars at his will, they recognised a practical greatness in the public benefactor who saved them trouble by filling their cisterns.

To this water-work may be owing the grand display which

enchants the visitors at Versailles ; for the famous *machine de Marly* is said to have been constructed, by order of Louis XIV., from the hint conveyed by that built by Copernicus at Frauenburg. And thus—so strangely are men and things connected in this world—the innkeepers of Versailles are, at this day, indebted to Copernicus for half the guests who fill their gay saloons.

It was a wise counsel that suggested to the timid Copernicus the propriety of publishing his celebrated treatise. The author had been encouraged in his course of calculations by Gisius, Archbishop of Culm ; and now the Archbishop and the Cardinal of Capua, jointly and severally, urged upon him to deliver his work to the world. Other friends and patrons similarly urged him ; and they sought to move his reluctant spirit by intimating, that the more the idea of the motion of the earth *now* seemed absurd, the more the author of such an assertion would be admired, when he had proved the assertion to be unassailable, and had established the fact.

The philosopher was more encouraged by the remarks of men supposed to be skilled in holy writ, than by those of other admiring friends. He reverently placed his manuscript in the hands of the Archbishop, and therewith an introductory Epistle addressed to Pope Paul III., by way of apology, or authority, for having made such a work public. He could have been content, he says, to have gone on making only oral communications to the learned of what he had effected, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, who only imparted the mysteries of science to instructed adepts, and not to an unskilled multitude, unable to comprehend, and ever ready to misrepresent ; but, he adds, holy churchmen had been his advisers in this matter, and, therefore, his work was published, with the submission of the author to the wisdom, and his hope of the approval, of the Church.

The Archbishop of Culm transmitted the manuscript to Rhæticus, then in Saxony, with strict injunctions as to holding the deposit sacred, and looking to the correctness of the proofs. Rhæticus hastened with the inestimable treasure to Nuremberg, where resided the scholars Schoner and Osiander, who shared with him the office of editor, and revised the proofs. To this task the author himself was now unequal ; he lay, helpless, on a sick bed at Frauenburg, while his stronger friends watched the press in distant Nuremberg.

The spirit of timidity was not confined to Copernicus. Osiander was himself so alarmed at the conclusions in the volume, that he even apologized for them. His apology is too long for extract, but its purport was in this wise. He anticipated the astonishment of the wisest men, he said, at the results asserted by the author of the volume ; men who very properly thought that the well recognised basis of established sciences ought not to be shaken. Nevertheless, he deprecated censure

against Copernicus. The latter had only observed the stars, and noted down what he believed he had observed. He had seen circumstances there, for which he had sought the causes. He had imagined such hypothetical causes as had occurred to him. If he could not discover the true reasons, he might be permitted, perhaps, to suppose those which best fitted themselves to his calculations. There was so much the eye beheld, for which the mind could not account. Astronomical doctrine was itself, he insinuated, a mass of contradictory absurdities, and poor astronomers must do the best with them that they could.

Thus humbly, cap in hand as it were, was Copernicus made to stand, asking pardon, and apologizing for having first revealed to men the starry system as the Almighty had created it, and for having elicited unity and harmony, where before there were universal confusion and discord. When Phaëton strove to drive the horses of the sun, he miserably failed, as any charioteer might who should attempt to move what was divinely appointed to be stationary. But Copernicus drove through the same starry fields, yet in another chariot; and no confusion or disaster ensued, as in the previous case. *His* chariot, the earth, rolls on in its now well recognised path; and if the great artist appealed to the head of the Church to approve of what he had done, it was not because he himself harboured a doubt upon the matter, but that the world might take courage at the thought that Copernicus was not afraid to appeal to a judgment which he acknowledged to be infallible. The Church took half a century to weigh the matter, and then pronounced the work as being in direct antagonism against the word of God, and as wickedly misrepresenting the works of the Creator!

Copernicus was beyond the reach of such a sentence, when it was delivered; but its effect long continued injurious to his memory. A century later, Sir Thomas Browne, so credulous in many things unworthy to be believed, but doubtful on this, a truth which could not be controverted, politely remarked, that, "if any affirm the earth doth move, and will not believe with us it standeth still, because he hath seeming reason for it, and I no infallible sense nor reason against it, I will not quarrel with his assertion." But good Dean Wren went much further than this. His remarks on this passage are worth quoting. "In the book of God, from Moses unto Christ," says the Dean, "there are no less than eighty and odd express places, affirming, in plain and overt terms, the natural and perpetual motion of the sun and the moon; and that the stop or stay of that motion was one of the greatest miracles that ever the world beheld; others, the rising and setting of them; others, their diurnal course and vigorous activity upon this lowest world; others, their circulation on this world, or earth, not only daily, but annually, by a declination from the mid-line on both sides, north and south;

others, (as expressly,) the impossibility of any (other) motion in the earth than that terrible and penal motion of His shaking it that made it; others, that it cannot be moved totally in his place, nor be removed universal out of his place. So that, were it nothing else but the veneration and firm belief of that word of His, which the penmen thereof spake not of themselves, but by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they that profess Christianity should not dare, much less adventure, to call the letter thereof in question concerning things so plainly, frequently, constantly delivered; should tremble at that curse which is denounced against those that add any thing unto it, or diminish any tittle of it; should fear to raise such a hellish suspicion in vulgar minds, as the Romish Church, by undervaluing the majesty and authority thereof, has done; should be affrighted to follow that audacious and pernicious suggestion which Satan used, and thereby undid us all in our first parents, that God had a double meaning in His commands, in effect condemning God of amphibology. And all this boldness and overweening having no other ground but a seeming argument of some phenomena, forsooth, which, notwithstanding, we know the learned Tycho, *ὁ Ἀστρονομάρχων*, who lived (fifty-two) years since Copernicus, has, by admirable and matchless instruments, and many years' exact observations, proved to be not better than a dream."

Let us see in what the Copernican and Tychonic systems consisted. We shall thereby discover that the Dean was somewhat hasty in his declaration that the Dane had overcome the Pole.

According to the modestly called "hypothesis" of Copernicus, the Sun is placed very near the centre of gravity of the whole system, and in the focus common to all the planetary orbits. Mercury and Venus perform their revolutions the nearest to the Sun; and next to these succeeds the Earth, with her satellite, perfecting their joint course, and in their revolution measuring out the annual period. Mars is the first of the superior planets next the Earth, and Jupiter and Saturn are in the wide space beyond. The constituent parts of the solar system are made up of these and the comets. The discoveries of later times have only proved a greater magnitude of system, and confirmed the truth of the hypothesis. That it should be received as Copernicus gave it, was only a logical result. It was simple, and agreeable to nature. The double motion of the Earth at once resolved all the phenomena of the heavens, to explain which had plunged all previous astronomers into perplexity, and made a confused theory tenfold more confusing. The acceptors of the hypothesis argued truly, that it was more rational to believe that the Earth moved round the Sun, than that the stupendous whole—planets, Sun, and firmament of stars—revolved around the inconsiderable Earth once

in twenty-four hours. The supposition was harmonious, and the harmony confirmed the hypothesis; as, for instance, "that the motions of all the planets, both primary and secondary, are governed and regulated by one and the same law, which is, that the squares of the periodical times of the primary planets are to each other as the cubes of their distances from the Sun; and, likewise, the squares of the periodical distances of the secondaries of any primary, are to each other as the cubes of their distances from that primary." In the Copernican system, the Moon is a secondary of the Earth; in the older hypotheses it is a primary. In the latter case, the rule established by Copernicus could not be made to apply, because the periodical time, considered as that of a primary one, would not agree therewith.

Whiston's reason for accepting the Copernican proof of the motion of the Earth, is as simple as it is conclusive. He says, if the Earth does not move round the Sun, the Sun must move, with the Moon, round the Earth. "Now the distance of the Sun, to that of the Moon, being as 10,000 to 46, and the Moon's period being less than 28 days, the Sun's period would be found no less than 242 years, whereas, in fact, it is but one year."

It was seen that the Sun, as the great fountain of light and heat, *ought* to occupy the centre of a system; for, if the Earth were at that centre, and the Sun and planets revolving round it, the planets would then, like the comets, be scorched with heat when nearest the Sun, and frozen up in their aphelia. With the Sun in the centre, the law of gravity would account for his vast body attracting the planets, agreeably to the laws of circular motion and central forces. That such is the case, may not only be asserted, but demonstrated.

Mercury and Venus have two conjunctions with the Sun, but no opposition, proving that the orbits of these planets lie within that of the Earth. On the other hand, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn have their conjunctions and oppositions to the Sun alternate and successive; which could not be, unless their orbits were exterior to the orbit of the Earth. The ascertained greatest elongations of Mercury and Venus from the Sun answer exactly to the distance at which Copernicus set them down in his system. In *his* disposition of the planets, which placed the latter at varying distances from the Earth, a variation in splendour and apparent diameter would ensue, of which all who gaze are conscious. The telescope, moreover, has proved the correctness of what Copernicus only guessed at, especially with reference to Venus, which is now new, now horned, then dichotomized, subsequently gibbous, afterwards full,—in short, increasing and diminishing her light, like the Moon, as Copernicus asserted she did, before he ever beheld the phenomena.

It is by the Copernican theory alone that reason can be given for the sometimes apparently direct, sometimes retrograde, motion

of the planets, and for their appearing at other times stationary. The same hypothesis accounted for many other appearances, to recount which would, perhaps, only weary our readers; but we may mention, finally, what was asserted by the acceptors of the theory; namely, that the times in which the conjunctions, oppositions, stations, and retrogradations of the planets were observed to take place, "were not such as they would be, were the Earth at rest in its orbit; but precisely such as would happen, were the Earth to move, and all the planets, in the periods assigned them; and therefore," it was said, "this, and no other, can be the true system of the world."

But good Dean Wren insisted that Tycho Brahe had demonstrated the worthlessness of the Copernican theory. The Dean was over-hasty in such assertion. Tycho sought to establish an arrangement of the heavenly bodies, of an intermediate nature, between the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems. He took a little from each, rejected both, and failed in establishing his own. Tycho, it is true, could not reconcile himself to the motion of the Earth; but it is quite as true that he could not adopt the theory of Ptolemy. Tycho supposed the Earth to be fixed in the centre of a firmament of stars, and of the orbits of the Sun and Moon; but he imagined the Sun itself to be the central point of the planetary motions. This was rightly pronounced a monstrously absurd hypothesis; for it made the Sun, with all its planets, to revolve round the Earth once a year, thereby solving the phenomena arising from the annual motion; while those of the diurnal motion were accounted for by making the same bodies move round the Earth once also in twenty-four hours. Subsequently, the poor Earth was permitted to have a motion about its axis, in order to account for the diurnal phenomena; but this semi-Tychonic system was encumbered with such contradictions and mazes of conjecture, that it has been rejected alike by mathematicians and philosophers.

With regard to the Dean's allusion to Scripture, the reader may choose between Shuckford and Bishop Watson, for a satisfactory reply. The former remarks that Joshua recorded the miracle according to the knowledge then possessed by the people. The same writer adds, that if God had directed him to record the event in a manner more agreeable to true Astronomy, He must also have inspired the people with a true knowledge of the science. Bishop Watson, when commenting on the same event, more satisfactorily observes: "I think it idle, if not impious, to undertake to explain how the miracle was performed; but one who is not able to explain the mode of doing a thing, argues ill, if he thence infers that the thing was not done. The machine of the universe is in the hand of God: He can stop the motion of any part, or of the whole, with less trouble, and less

danger of injuring it, than any of us can stop a watch." This is a great truth delivered in very indifferent English.

The system has stood and will stand. It has survived the opposition of Descartes, and has been confirmed by the "*Principia*" of Newton,—a work of which the most accomplished philosophers among the Jesuits were accustomed to allow, that it was mathematically true, although it was ecclesiastically in error! Upon the system of Descartes it is hardly worth while to pause; and yet some mention of it may be necessary. Briefly, then, Descartes imagined that the heavenly bodies completed their motions in a confused variety of vortices or whirlpools; the whole being carried round the sun in a vortex of ethereal matter, and each planet having a vortex of its own, in which its satellites were whirled on to accomplish their revolution round their particular planet. It has been truly observed that the irregular motions of the planets cannot be accounted for by their vortices, and that the supposition of an ethereal matter to perform the operation is without any foundation or analogy in nature.

But though this system, advanced by Descartes, is opposed alike by philosophers and divines, yet there must be allowed for the founder what is claimed for him by his admirers, namely, that, "by introducing geometry into physics, and accounting for the natural phenomena by the laws of mechanics, he did infinite service to philosophy, in purging it from that venerable rust which, in a long succession of ages, it had contracted."

And now, let us hear what Copernicus had to say on his own account. We can only give the substance of his reasons for rejecting the ancient system, which are as follows:—The motions of the sun and moon, according to the hypothesis of the ancients, were indicated with so little precision, that it was impossible to settle the unvarying length of the year. On the other hand, they had recourse to different principles, in order to explain the revolutions of the celestial bodies. At one time, he says, they admit ex-centric circles; at others, epicycles, the application of which does not agree with the *ensemble* of the system. They have no fixed basis. The most important problem, the form of the world, and the symmetry of the celestial bodies, they could neither invent nor demonstrate. He compares their system to a monstrous shape made up of members belonging to different bodies. His soul, he says, was afflicted, that no one had yet established an explanatory theory, showing the certain motion and the interpretation of the sidereal mechanism,—a theory, in short, worthy of the Divine Author of the system. After touching upon the earth's motion and the immovability of the sun, he adds: "On observing the motion of the planets, in reference to that of the earth, not only do we meet a perfect analogy and concordance, but we find, in the totality of the celestial bodies, order and symmetry. The entire universe forms

a harmonious whole, the parts of which are so well united with each other, that no one can be displaced without disorder and confusion falling on the rest. I feel convinced that learned and profound mathematicians will applaud my researches, if, as becomes true philosophers, they examine thoroughly the proofs which I bring forward in this work. If shallow or ignorant men feel inclined to misapply some passages of Scripture, perverting the sense, I would not pause; I despise beforehand their rash attacks. Lactantius even was a celebrated man, though a weak mathematician; and did not he wish to cast ridicule on those who believed in the spherical form of the globe? It is not, therefore, astonishing, that I should be rendered subject to the same censure. Mathematical truths are addressed only to mathematicians. If my opinions do not deceive me, my labours will not be without their utility for the Church, the helm of which is now in the hands of your Holiness."

The Church, however, was affrighted at the wide liberty of thought in which men were now indulging; and it could no more patronize the sidereal reform of Copernicus, than it could sanction the ecclesiastical reform of Luther. The earth was the centre of the solar system, and upon it was reared the throne from which the Church claimed the obedience of the world. But here were two men, one of whom asserted that the Church had no such claim; and the other, that there was no earth there where Rome had built her throne. Between the two she was spiritually and materially annihilated, and she settled with the respective philosophers by cursing both.

When Copernicus received the printed copy of his book, he was stretched on a sick bed, worn down with years, labours, terrible anguish, and extreme infirmity. His mighty intellect had all but fled; his consciousness, however, remained. His eye fell upon the volume, and it seemed to burn with new fervour as it rested on the book. His hand touched the completed work, felt it all over, gently, caressingly, passed over it here and there; and then he put it aside, well satisfied with what he had done for man, to seek pardon for his shortcomings in the sight of God. He died calmly on the 25th of May, 1543, at the age of seventy-three. His death was unmarked by the world generally: a circle of friends and scholars, who recognised the majesty of his intellect, and loved him for his individual worth, alone honoured the memory of the man whose decease they deplored. The hour of his great fame, and the season for statues, had not yet arrived. A humble stone, over his grave among the Canons of Warmia, bore an inscription worthy of the unpretending man. "I ask not," it said, "for the grace accorded to Paul, nor demand that which was given to Peter. I only implore the pardon which Thou didst not refuse to the thief on the cross." Thirty years after, the then

Bishop of Warmia (Kromer) set aside this stone, and raised another, on which there was an inscription which said as much about Martin Kromer as about Nicholas Copernicus.

Early in the present century Czacki the historian, and Molski the poet, made a pilgrimage to Warmia. They found the dwelling-place of the astronomer occupied by a Lutheran Pastor. Some relics of the great man had only recently perished. A copy of verses, written with his own hand, and pasted by him over the chimney-piece, had but lately disappeared; and an oval opening above the door, which Copernicus had made use of as an astronomical gnomon, had been filled up. The neighbouring tower, which he had employed as an observatory, had been converted by the Prussian Government into a prison for criminals. The sepulchral stone which marked the resting-place of the philosopher, had nearly lost all trace of its original inscription. A few letters of the name, and of another word or two, were all that remained. The grave itself was not held sacred by these explorers. They had it opened, and, says the historian, "we discovered nothing but a few scattered and decayed bones. The Chapter retained a sixth part of the mortal remains of Copernicus, and we carried off the rest, with a certificate in due form, signed by the chief Prelates of the Chapter. We forwarded to the church of Pulawry (belonging to Prince Czartoryski) a third of these precious relics, and we kept two-thirds for the Society." These gentlemen, who fancied they honoured the illustrious dead by thus despoiling his tomb, were commissioned by the Society of the Friends of Science at Warsaw.

Around the font in the church of St. John at Thorn, where Copernicus was baptized, there is an inscription which, it is said, no one has been able to decipher. It would be singular if it should ever be found to bear some allusion to the philosopher and his work. It is described as a Gothic legend: these were sometimes oracular in their spirit; and as we need not despair of discovering any seeming difficulty after mastering even the Assyrian inscriptions, we may hope to read what is written about the baptismal font of the Polish astronomer. The first Emperor Napoleon visited the room in which Copernicus was born. The Emperor bowed at the shrine of the philosopher, and committed a robbery as he went away. His Imperial Majesty carried off with him a portrait, which had long been the most highly prized ornament on the humble walls. It was placed in the Louvre in 1807; but let us do Napoleon all justice,—he surrendered it, at the urgent prayer of the compatriots of the astronomer. Some carvings in wood, and some wood-engravings, were still preserved, as evidences of the handiwork and recreation of Nicholas: it was a recreation that did not obstruct thought. It is further said by travellers, that every successive occupant of the house in which the philosopher was born, has left his portrait on the walls,

proud of having been permitted to reside under a roof so ennobled. The late King of Prussia wished to purchase the building, but the proprietor would not consent. This, perhaps, is to be regretted; for the building would probably have been better preserved, and it must now be in the last stage of decay. It is to Napoleon that is owing the restoration of the fountain in front of the house, and of some of the various monuments which have been raised in memory of the astronomer. The inscription in front of the tomb at Frauenburg has, however, been nearly obliterated beneath the feet of those who pass over it.

The observatory tower of the philosopher is still an object of curiosity and veneration. The watching-point of the astronomer was a mere garret in a high brick building, shaken by every vehicle which moved near it. But as Colonel Szyrma observes, it is the oldest astronomical observatory in Europe. Here the first instrument was set on the meridian, there having previously "been no regular observatories in Europe: the next was erected at Cassel, in 1561." It was here that, with rude means, Copernicus overthrew all the systems that had been raised from Hipparchus to Ptolemy, and restored the respect that was due to the name and merits of Pythagoras.

The Poles did themselves honour when they resolved to erect a bronze statue to their great countryman, in 1830. The Russian authorities demanded a copy of the inaugural oration intended to be delivered on the occasion; but Niemcewicz, the poet-orator, dropped it into the fire, and then declared that he should speak, and not read, his oration. To an attentive audience he delivered a noble speech; and when the work of Thorwaldsen was uncovered, every head was bent for a moment, as if in humility before the gigantic mind that had established a gigantic truth. The sage is represented as seated; his right hand holds a compass, with which he is pointing to a sphere in his left hand. "A grateful Country to Nicholas Copernicus," is the simple, yet ample, inscription.

Tradition tells us, that Copernicus was taciturn in society, as most great thinkers are; but he was active in speech and deed, when duty required it. He was slow to make friendships, but sure in maintaining them; and his discoveries only rendered him the more humble in the presence of his fellow-men, as in that of God. He was quick in replying to objections, and his answers were sometimes prophetic in their application. "Your theory must be false," said some of these disputants to him on one occasion; "for the places of Venus and Mercury do not appear. If Venus and Mercury revolved in an orbit around the sun, and *we* revolved in a wider circle, we should see them sometimes full, sometimes increasing." "And that is precisely what happens," said Copernicus; "and so you will see,

whenever helps to sight are discovered for us." And, fifty years later, his words were confirmed by means of the then newly invented telescope. On being reproached for not having entered into some minute details, he remarked, that "the herdsman in Æsop, by running after some birds, not only did not catch them, but lost his cow into the bargain."

The famous astronomical clock, which was once the glory of Strasburg, may be said to be, if not the work of Copernicus, at least one achieved in honour of his name. Just after the Church had condemned his follower, Galileo, the Strasburghers set up this astronomical clock, showing the sidereal movements, as laid down by Copernicus. The University of Strasburg did itself great credit by this exercise of honest daring.

Rome herself, so forward to condemn the astronomer, and so eager to repeat the condemnation,—denouncing him, his theory, and his books, as in antagonism against Heaven and Scripture,—has rescinded her own sentence. The advocates of Rome assert, indeed, that the condemnation of Copernicus by the "Congregation" was never authorized, as the sentence was never signed, by a Pope. But this is mere special pleading. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, is here especially applicable. And besides, if a Pope had never fulminated a sentence against Copernicus, why was his justification considered necessary? There assuredly was a Papal excommunication of the astronomer, the alleged ground of which was the publication of his system of the heavens. The proof of this is, that the excommunication was quietly revoked in the year 1820; and though Italian scientific magazines do not go so far as to declare that Copernicus was right, they do not venture to assert that he was wrong; and now, even Rome condescends to permit the world to believe that the earth *has* a revolution round the sun! Thus, too, is Galileo made to triumph,—punished as he was for his assertion, "*E pur si muove!*" So may Truth ever have her triumph!

- ART. V.—1. *The Religious Question between the East and the West. A Word from Catholic Orthodoxy to Roman Catholicism.* (*Question religieuse d'Orient et d'Occident. Parole de l'Orthodoxie Catholique au Catholicisme Romain.*) Translated from the Russian by ALEXANDER POPOVITSKI. Paris: Franck. 1853.
2. *A Few Words by an Orthodox Christian upon the Western Communions.* (*Quelques Mots par un Chrétien Orthodoxe sur les Communions Occidentales.*) Paris: Meyrueis et Cie. 1853.

THE late Czar was loudly accused of hypocrisy, when he and his Ministers put forward religious interests as an excuse for the aggression upon Turkey; and certainly the attempt to persuade the Western Powers that it was only meant to secure the privileges and the religious liberty of oppressed Christian populations, without any purpose of dismembering the Turkish Empire, was a piece of most egregious hypocrisy. Yet the insincerity of the Russian diplomatists did not consist in the invention of fictitious religious interests, but much rather in the concealment of the depth and extent of those interests, and of the results to which they were necessarily tending. The few travellers who know Russia, and the fewer students who are acquainted with Russian literature, agree in telling us, what a review of the history of the last hundred and fifty years abundantly confirms, that Russians of all classes look upon the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the subjugation even of Asia Minor, as the national calling, and upon their future amalgamation with the Slavonic races of the South as the completion of their national unity. The following ode of Kamakoff's, which we only know through the medium of a French translation, is said to express faithfully the aspirations of the forty-four millions of genuine native Russians:—

"Thou hast set thy nest on high, eagle of the Slavonians; from the North thou hast spread abroad thy wings, thou hast flown aloft in the heavens! Soar, but let it be in the blue ocean of light, where thy mighty breast is warmed by the breath of liberty. Forget not thy younger brethren; look down upon the plains of the South and of the distant West. There are many of them there where the Danube rolls, there where the clouds have crowned the Alps, in the sides of the rocks, on the dark Carpathians, in the deserts and the forests of the Balkan, under Teutonic rule, and in the chains of the Tartars. They await thee, thy captive brothers. When shall they hear thy call? When shall the day come that thy protecting wings shall stretch over their wearied heads? O! remember them, eagle of the North; let them hear thy loud scream from afar, and in the night of their slavery cheer them with the glow of thy liberty and thy felicity. Feed them with the food of the soul, with the hope of

better days, and warm with thine ardent love the heart of thy brethren. That day shall come; their wings shall be lifted up; their claws shall grow; they too shall scream, and with iron beak break the chains of violence."

The screaming of the Slavonian eagle is natural enough; our soldiers call it, more prosaically, "the Inkermann screech;" but the last thing an Englishman would have expected from the royal bird, would be such boasting of his liberty. On the lips of Kamakoff and his countrymen, it means that they have broken the yoke of the Tartar, the stranger, and the infidel. We know that poetical utterances of this sort are not always to be depended on as expressions of national feeling. A whole literature of factitious enthusiasm can be got up, without being really rooted in the mind of the people whose character it personates: witness the voluminous speeches and countless pamphlets of young Ireland some years ago. If there is so much mere tinsel on the surface of Russian society, it may be asked, why should not a certain amount of sentimentality about national and religious sympathies be affected, along with all the rest? A certain amount, probably. The patriotism of conquest has long been in fashion at St. Petersburg, in the enjoyment of Court favour and of substantial rewards. But it is impossible, from what we know of human nature, not to feel that the whole past history of Russia tends to make hostility to the Crescent the one real and absorbing passion of the nation; and it is equally impossible not to recognise that the native religious instincts of the Russian people are in their way almost more lively than those of any other. Travellers are unanimous in speaking with astonishment of the interest taken by the peasantry in their annual religious discussions in the great square of the Kremlin. The very existence of some millions of dissenters, even though their dissent is caused by an extreme of traditionalism, a blind zeal for the preservation of old rites, is a proof of the hold which religious questions have upon their mind. It would be practising illusion upon ourselves, to pretend that the struggle we are engaged in is like ordinary wars: there is more than the ambition of a Cabinet, or the self-love of a people; we have to do with the strong instinct of a race impelling them to profit by the weakness of an hereditary foe, and to realize the long-desired union with millions of kinsmen and co-religionists. Nor is this all: the old Byzantine eagle holds the globe in its left claw; the possession of the Dardanelles, and provinces on both sides as large as France, ay, and the easy conquest of that better half of Austria which is inhabited by seventeen millions of Slavonians and Roumans, would be to Russian ambition but the means to a higher end,—the giving the law to Europe and to the entire old world from the standpoint of its civil and religious despotism. It believes itself called to crush and bring to

nothing every principle of resistance to the religion of authority in this double shape, to impose a system of increasing restriction upon every other country, to make all the States of Europe its satellites, and to exert upon the Churches of the West a sort of pressure like that under which Lutherans and Roman Catholics upon the Russian territories now groan. Let Kamakoff tell us once more what he thinks of his country's mission; and be it remembered, the following little poem, like the preceding, was published before the war, and before the negotiations which issued in the war. It is not the language of a moment of excitement, but an expression of Russian feeling in its settled and permanent state.

"Land with the crown upon thy brow, land of unbending steel! thy flatterers tell thee to be proud; for with thy sword thou hast conquered half the world. There are no bounds to thy dominion; and Fortune, like a slave of thy will, hastens to obey thy supreme behests. Lovely are the ornaments of thy steppes; the summits of thy mountains rise to heaven, and thy lakes are like seas. Believe them not; heed them not; be not proud! What though the deep waters of thy rivers are like the blue waters of the sea, the sides of thy mountains full of precious stones, and the soil of thy steppes fertile in harvests? what though before thy sovereign grandeur the nations lower their eyes with fear, and thy seas with eternal roar chant thee a hymn of glory? what though thy thunders have scattered all around a storm of blood? Be not proud of all this power, of all this glory, of all this nothingness. Rome, the great Queen of the Seven Hills, was yet more formidable than thou art; Rome, that realized chimera of iron might and savage will. And that was all-powerful, too, the sword that glittered in the hands of the Tartar; and the Queen of the Western Seas was once buried in heaps of gold: and now where is Rome? where are the Mongols? And Albion, trembling over the abyss open before her, forges impotent snares, smothering in her bosom the cry, forerunner of her death. Every spirit of presumption is unfruitful; gold is not sure; steel is brittle; there is nothing strong in the world but holy ideas; there is nothing powerful but the hand lifted in prayer; and thy peculiar heritage, thy mission, the lot determined for thee by the hand of God, is to preserve for the world the wealth of great sacrifices and pure works; to preserve the holy brotherhood of nations, the life-giving urn of love, the treasures of ardent faith, truth, and bloodless justice. All that sanctifies the spirit is thine; all that makes the voice of Heaven be heard, and every thing that hides in itself the germ of the future. O, remember thy high calling; awaken the past within thine heart, and interrogate in it the spirit of life which is mysteriously hidden there. Incline thine ear to that voice, and, infolding all nations in an embrace of love, tell them the mystery of liberty, and shed abroad upon them the rays of faith. It is then that, clothed with wondrous glory, thou shalt lift thee above the sons of earth, as rises the azure vault of heaven, the transparent dwelling of the Most High."

If those words really meant what they say, and if they were true, God forbid that the armies of England should be any longer marshalled against the eagle of Russia. But we know that the aggression against Turkey is no generous unselfish crusade, bringing with it the boon of liberty, prosperity, and moral elevation to degraded populations: it would first condemn those populations to hopeless slavery, and then use them as instruments to enslave others. The very word "slave" is a corruption of "Sclavonian," a remembrance of the time when our Saxon ancestors in their native forests made captives of the neighbouring race, to serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water; and now, though the etymology were forgotten and the practice reversed, a Sclavonized world would still be synonymous with a world enslaved. The glowing language of the poet, and the fair pretensions of the diplomatist, translated into realities, mean the setting up the throne of paternal government over the world, and the putting it in the power of one of the lowest, most mechanical forms of sacramental religion, to paralyse and stifle its worthier rivals,—at least, as far as political supremacy would enable it to do so; and the Russian believes political supremacy to be every thing in religion. If the Western Powers were to be driven out of the East, or were to consume their strength in useless efforts, until they were obliged to yield Turkey to the spoiler, doubtless the result would not yet be the sending Grand Dukes to reign in Paris and in London; but it would be the reducing us to the condition of subserviency in which Sweden and Denmark are now. Doubtless, the head of the Orthodox Church would issue no ukase commanding the Roman Catholics of France, or the Protestants of England, to become members of the Oriental communion; but he would send home their Missionaries, arrest all proselytism in distant lands, bring into existence in both countries, by all possible means, a party sympathizing with the peculiarities of the Greek system, and make that party paramount in Church and State. We are not merely fighting for Turkey. We are not merely fighting for India; though assuredly India would follow Turkey. We are fighting for our dearest liberties at home, and for all the results of the long providential education of our fathers, the blessings of Protestant Anglo-Saxon civilization.

In our modern world, the house of Austria was the first to cherish a purpose of universal dominion; Louis XIV. came next, then Napoleon, and lastly the late Emperor of Russia. England, except for a moment of hesitation on the part of Henry VIII., and an interval of treason under Charles II., has always belonged to the party of resistance. Now, it is a fact, the significance of which ought not to be overlooked, that in this fourth and present attempt alone the aggressive people are, to a full extent, the accomplices of their Sovereign.

Charles V., Louis XIV., and Napoleon were, indeed, sustained by the high spirit of the Spanish and French nations, by their soldierly feeling of military honour, and by the enthusiasm which their persons excited; Philip II. and Louis XIV. found no inconsiderable auxiliary in religious bigotry: but none of those Princes were really representatives of a national cause, which would have existed altogether independently of their personal ambition. None of them could claim to be the exclusive organ of a great religious interest. We do not mean to deny the intense and natural rivalry which existed between England and Spain in the sixteenth century, between England and France at the close of the seventeenth; but, to make one of the cases parallel, in addition to the contest between England and Spain for the empire of the seas, we should have to suppose the Moors still in the south of Spain, English armies coming to the assistance of Cordova and Granada; and not only so, but Spain should be the only Catholic power, and its Prince the head of the Catholic Church. It is evident that had such circumstances as these existed, Philip II. would have been supported by his people much more strenuously than he really was. We think it may be said without fear of contradiction, that the ambition of the House of Romanoff (since this name is given by courtesy to the family of Holstein-Gottorp) is sustained by the national feelings, the long-cherished passions, the religious sympathies, and the blood-relationships of a great people, in a way in which the ambition of no other would-be conqueror ever was sustained, and that people the most numerous that ever spoke the same language, at least within the pale of Christian civilization. Those Scythians, of whom Thucydides said, that if they were ever united under one Chief, and of the same mind, no power of either Europe or Asia could resist them,—the far greater part of them are united under one Chief; and they are of the same mind, that mind antagonistic to every thing that characterizes Englishmen; and they have staked their all upon a mighty struggle for supremacy. Would that the whole import of the struggle were understood in every one of our English homes, and in every soldier's tent! The Government has been bitterly reproached with its slowness at first to believe that war was certain, and its slowness ever since to understand the magnitude of the obstacles opposed to its undertakings; but we fear that the charge of levity and improvidence can be urged against the people as well as the Government, and that neither the greatness of the danger, nor the vital importance of the interests at stake, are sufficiently understood amongst us. Those who have felt that the war was unavoidable are but imperfectly alive to our national responsibilities; and how many have yet to learn that it was unavoidable!

Russia has grown up comparatively unknown among the nations. The last few generations have been conscious of her increasing power, but never studied her character; and so her towering ambition and dangerous fanaticism have taken us by surprise. We can hardly believe in the existence of feelings to which our eyes were shut but yesterday, though they are the growth of centuries, and though they concern us so deeply. In much the same way the friends of Cæsar's childhood, or Napoleon's, were astonished at the presumptuous purposes of their late companion. Now we have amongst us, both in and out of the House of Commons, good easy men, sleek and satisfied, whose ambition is as moderate as their religion, and who have so little themselves of the spirit of either Cæsar or Peter the Hermit, that they cannot understand what we have to fear from conqueror or crusader. And we have others who have trifled with the very principles that animate Russia, materialists in politics and in religion, worshippers of authority in every sphere, who have trained themselves into a morbid appetite for practices such as those which make the religion of the Russian. In this great crisis England cannot expect such men to do their duty. They are not worthy to lift her banner, and to fight for the liberties of future ages. Not that they consciously sympathize with Russia; there is too much patriotism in every English bosom for that; but theirs is the patriotism of instinct, not that of principle. They would sympathize with Russia, if any other country than their own were engaged in the quarrel. The tone of the ultra-Churchmen in Germany would be that of the same party in England, if they were not held back by a generous prejudice in favour of the cause of their native land.

There exists throughout all nature a tendency to equilibrium. Carnivorous animals are placed in such conditions as hinder the total destruction of the species on which they live: processes, the excess of which would be injurious, are corrected by their own effects; thus heat is disengaged by freezing substances, and absorbed by thawing. We are persuaded that the devout student of the ways of God can trace similar arrangements in the relations of Empires; and, when some Colossus threatens the repose and safety of other nations, it will be found to have clay mingled with its iron, elements of weakness inseparable from and counteracting the forces which it is tempted to abuse. Happily for the world, this is, to a prodigious extent, the case with Russia. Weighed down by the despotism of ages, its energies and spirit of enterprise remain feeble; and, while it has the advantage of combining for its aggressive purposes conditions which rarely meet,—the most absolute centralization of power, and a very decided hereditary bent of the national mind,—the former of those conditions has paralysed the latter; the

rough rider has rendered the steed unable to bear him ; neither the resources nor the public spirit of the nation can be tasked like those of a free people. Again, religion has lent its sanctions, and aroused what is generally the most formidable of all influences, to sustain the ambition of both Prince and people ; but then the religion is so external to the man, such a system of mere puerile practices and gestures, that it seems incapable of engendering so vigorous a fanaticism as might be feared. We have quoted the number of dissenters, and the discussions of the Kremlin, as proofs of the interest the *mujik* takes in religious subjects ; but it must not be forgotten that one of the chief matters in dispute is, whether the Priest's benediction should be bestowed with two fingers, or with three. If the Greek Church had sufficient hold of the passions and imagination to produce the extreme fiery zeal which has sometimes been exhibited by other communities, it certainly would have been more of a persecuting Church ; for there is nothing in its principles to the contrary. Yet, except some cruelties perpetrated upon the Jews at the close of the fifteenth century, under the direction of an Archbishop of Novogorod, there is no example of fervid proselytism emanating from either the Clergy or the people ; every thing of this kind, down to the present oppressive restrictions on Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, is to be exclusively attributed to the Government ; the active bigotry of the Orthodox Church is concentrated in the secular arm. Of course Russians generally believe their Church to be the only faithful one, approve the intolerant measures and ambitious policy of the Czar, and are ready to support them with stubborn courage ; but the impulse of the predestined conqueror is wanting ; there is nothing of the mighty wind that breaks the rocks, and rends the mountains. The present attempt upon the liberties of Europe is formidable beyond the conceptions of the unthinking, but it is not irresistible.

At a moment when a new theocracy undertakes to establish its universal supremacy by the sword, it is interesting to see what both its advocates and its adversaries have to say, when they have recourse to the milder weapons of persuasion. A long-dormant controversy, and one which was never very active on the side of the Greek Church, has been awakened by the present state of things. A German Jesuit, Jaeger, has recently published a history of the Patriarch Photius, and of the Greek Schism, from the Roman Catholic point of view. Our readers may see an English account of Russo-Greek image-worship, in a late reprint of Calvin's admirable Treatise upon Relics. The two French tracts, the titles of which we have transcribed, are pleas addressed by earnest Russians, one to Roman Catholics, the other to members of the Western communions in general. The first, translated by Popovitski from the anonymous original,

is the production of a mind belonging to the ordinary type of Greek Christianity, a vulgar superstitious ritualism. The second, signed "*Ignotus*," is a work of a higher order: the author, who evidently needed no translator, is a man of refined feelings and real spirituality, clouded over with a sort of mysticism; he is acquainted with our religious literature, admires Vinet, and unwillingly sympathizes with Protestants rather than Roman Catholics. We have thus the advantage of being able to compare apologies for the Greek Church, written from the different levels of the real and the ideal. Let us call them, for distinction's sake, "Catholic Orthodoxy," and "the Orthodox Christian."

In the eyes of "Catholic Orthodoxy," the separation between the Eastern and Western Churches only became definite upon the Latin conquest of Constantinople in 1204, because that was to the Eastern world a final revelation of the Pope's inexorable determination to reign over all Christendom, and to sacrifice the lives and liberties of his brethren in the interest of his supremacy. Our author at first takes up ground common to him and Protestant controversialists. He asserts, with Augustine, that Peter, in that memorable interview with his Lord, represented the whole Church; and that it was not one man, but the whole unity of the Church, that received the keys. He dwells upon the principal historical proofs of the limited authority of the Bishops of Rome even in the fourth and following centuries; such as the œcumenical character of the First Council of Constantinople, (A.D. 381,) though convoked without the Bishop of Rome's consent, and presided over by St. Meletius, whose right to the see of Antioch was contested by Rome. There were no Western Bishops present at this Council, and yet its decisions were universally recognised. The Second Council of Constantinople (A.D. 553) was convoked by Justinian, against the will of Pope Vigilius, whose doctrines were condemned there, and he afterwards retracted them. The Third Council of Constantinople (A.D. 680) prohibited some Roman customs, under pain of excommunication, and condemned Pope Honorius for having adopted the Monothelite heresy. Recent authors have asserted that the Pope was unjustly accused; but without entering upon that question, it remains an undisputed fact, that the Council considered itself entitled to censure a Pope. He quotes with glee the well-known passage of Gregory the Great, in which he says the claim to be the universal Bishop makes a man like Lucifer, and a forerunner of Antichrist. The brilliant theory of the universal spiritual monarchy of Rome is, he says, essentially founded on the famous Decretal Epistles now owned on all hands to be forgeries; that is to say, it is founded upon a lie. A right of honorary precedence over the other patriarchal chairs, which

Councils had given to the See of Rome as a tribute of respect to the ancient capital of the world, has been gradually changed into a real sovereignty,—a usurpation which the East has never recognised, and never will.

For the universal monarchy of the Pope, the author of "Catholic Orthodoxy" would substitute the oligarchy of the fifth or sixth century. He would allow the Pope to be the head of the Western Church, and recognise him as the successor of Peter and Paul; but claims equal rank and power for the four Patriarchs of the East,—Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem,—in their respective Churches; and believes, with the Emperor Basil the Macedonian, that the five patriarchal chairs, aided if necessary by General Councils, cannot err from the truth, that they remain for ever the fountains of justice and faith, and that their determinations are obligatory on all the faithful. This canonical unity of the patriarchal chairs is to be in no wise affected by the disparity between the numbers submitted to their several sceptres. The Patriarch of Alexandria, with his two Bishops and ten thousand believers, is, in principle, the equal of the Patriarch of Constantinople, though commanding more than two hundred Bishops and ten millions of believers. There is a difference of mere honorary precedence; Constantinople, by the formal decree of a Council, taking the lead of Alexandria, and Alexandria of Antioch. In short, real Catholic unity does not consist in the subordination of the members to one earthly head, but in primitive brotherly equality. It is based upon the strict observance of the old œcumenical canons, and upon an entire conformity of doctrines and rites. So scrupulous are Eastern Christians about the hierarchical order established by the Councils, that, as our author tells us with pride and admiration, the little island of Cyprus, with its Archbishop and three Bishops, still remains independent of the See of Antioch, as it was settled by the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431). The concurrence of all the orthodox Patriarchs being necessary to the validity of a General Council, the Greek Church, on account of the schism of Rome, does not pretend to give her own Councils or Provincial Synods the title of "œcumenical;" but when they are assembled, "which is frequently the case in matters of gravity, one is struck by their perfect resemblance to the old Councils: it is the same discipline, the same hierarchy, the same tongue, the same sacerdotal habits. Is not such a spectacle consoling for the orthodox?"

As for those branches of the Eastern Church which are not under the direct government of its primitive heads, all four Patriarchs concurred, after the fall of Constantinople, in establishing a new and independent patriarchal chair at Moscow, as if to replace that of Rome, and remained in communion with it. Afterwards, at the *solicitation* (the italics are ours) of Peter

the Great, they consented to the substitution of a permanent Council, or governing Synod, for the patriarchate. Russia sends subsidies to the dioceses and convents of the East; the Patriarchs of Antioch and Jerusalem have palaces at Moscow; the sometime independent Church of Georgia is under the control of the Russian Synod; the *Vladika* of Montenegro, consecrated by the same body, enters by this means into organic union with the rest of the hierarchy; and the spiritual heads of Greece Proper, and Servia, and of the Austrian Servians, though independent, are not isolated.

In addition to the usurped supremacy of Rome, our author complains of the refusal of the cup to the laity, of the forcible imposition of celibacy upon the Clergy without exception, and, above all, of the addition of the much-contested word *Filioque* to the Nicene Creed by the Latin Church in the ninth century; so that the Church of Rome is wanting in orthodoxy as well as in charity. He says that the Spanish Bishops, in their disputes with the Gothic Arians, confounded the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost with His emission in time by the gift of Jesus, and adopted the *formula*, "proceeding from the Father and the Son," instead of the simple *formula*, "proceeding from the Father," which was that of the Councils of Nice, Constantinople, and Ephesus, and which ought to have been protected from all change or addition, by the express and stringent canons of those Councils. The innovation soon spread into France, and became universal there. Italy was slow to receive it; and when the Emperor Charlemagne, perceiving there was a difference between the Creed chanted in his chapel and that of Rome, asked Leo III. to adopt the Spanish version, the Pope refused; nay, more, he had the genuine Nicene Creed, in Greek and Latin, engraved on silver tables, and set up over the tomb of St. Peter. However, the version patronized by the Carolingian Dynasty gradually made its way; and at the time of the Council held at Constantinople to re-establish Photius in his See, (A.D. 879,) Pope John VIII. found himself at once unable to suppress and unwilling to adopt it, as is shown by the strong language of his letter to the Patriarch:—

"Touching this article, which has caused scandal to the Churches, we declare not only that we do not so express ourselves, but that those who have had the insolence to do so first, we hold them for transgressors of the word of God, and corrupters of the doctrine of Jesus Christ, of the Apostles and Fathers who have given us the Creed; and we rank them with Judas, as rending the limbs of Jesus Christ, and devoting them along with themselves to eternal death. But I believe that you are too wise to be ignorant that there is no small difficulty in bringing the rest of our Bishops to this mind, and in changing speedily a custom of such importance, and established for so many years back. Therefore we do not believe that we ought

to constrain any body to give up the addition made to the Creed, but rather use gentleness and mildness, exhorting others little by little to renounce this blasphemy."

Of course the most serious charge of "Catholic Orthodoxy" against the Latin Church, is that of tampering with the Creed; but the chapter which compares the two rituals is the most characteristic, that which best enables us to understand the sort of religion which the Greek Church teaches her members, and the foundation of their hopes for eternity. Indeed, the author himself tells us its purpose is to examine in which of the two systems there are to be found most conditions of internal peace and of salvation. He begins by observing, "The Latins themselves confess the Eastern Church has maintained, in its rites and ceremonies, the physiognomy it exhibited in the fifth century." He asserts that the old Slavonic Liturgy is sufficiently understood by the people to make them intelligent worshippers; they need no bell to direct their genuflections. The fact that Roman Catholic churches are always open, has been urged as a proof of superior piety; but he says, that comes from the people not having the habit of attending regular divine service at a given hour, as the Greeks do; the Greek vigils last four hours, and the mass two. He regrets at times the organ, whose solemn peals thrill through the sanctuary of the West; but reproaches Romanists with their theatrical music at the moment the Priest is celebrating the most awful mysteries. And then the pious love with which the Eastern Catholics surround their dead,—

"Reciting many prayers, constantly reading psalms, and celebrating the touching mass of the departed. In our commemorative services of the ninth and the fortieth day, is there not more solicitude for the memory of the dead than in the cold practices of the West? And this touching custom, preserved by the faithful of the East, of bringing to the altar the bread of the oblation, in order that the Priest may separate from it upon the offertory fragments for the living and for the dead, and plunge them in the blood of Christ, praying the Lord to purify from their sins the persons so commemorated. Thus the people have really a share in the offering, since they bring their gift to the altar, according to the ancient custom, long since abandoned in the West. It is true, that in the latter Church there are also masses bespoken beforehand in memory of the dead; but there every body does not take part daily in prayer for the dead, as is practised with us. On which side, then, is there most of the spirit of Christian charity?"

Our author might have added, the Greek Priest is so considerate, that he puts a paper passport to heaven in the hand of the dead; just as, in the time of the Incas, the Peruvians thought the departed would not be well received in the other world without a cocoa leaf in his mouth; or as the Persians

keep a dog beside the couch of the dying, to guide the spirit in its flight over the dreaded bridge called "*Zchinevad*." The only members of the Western Church who can, to our knowledge, compete with the faith of the orthodox in this respect, are the Irish of certain districts, who used to put brogues upon the feet of their dead relatives, that they might the more easily traverse the flames of purgatory; and even this pious usage has, it is to be feared, almost grown obsolete.

Passing from minor ceremonies to the highest of all, the author of "*Catholic Orthodoxy*" complains that the preparation for communion is insufficient in the Church of Rome, where any layman may approach the sacrament without any other condition than that of having previously confessed himself; while the Greek Church, as a general rule, requires from three to six days' preparation; and the confession is made right in front of the Priest, without any screen to spare the penitent's shame. On which side, he asks with triumph, is there most security for a worthy communion, especially for a Christian without instruction? "Consequently on which side are the essential conditions of salvation to be found in greatest number?" But not only is the preparation for communion abridged in the Church of Rome, half of the sacrament itself is withheld from the laity. Our author complains with reason, that it is the extreme of inconsistency to dwell upon the letter of such passages as, "*This is My body*," "*Feed My sheep*," &c., while shutting one's ears to such a formal command as, "*Drink ye all of it*." The Greek Church, indeed, administers the communion in one kind to the sick, and in a certain service, called the "*Liturgy of the blessed Offerings*;" but in both cases "*the bread has been dipped beforehand in the divine blood at the moment of its consecration*." He concludes with the following appeal:—

"This arbitrary withdrawal of the precious blood which has redeemed him, is no light thing for the salvation of the believer; the responsibility falls on those who have brought it about. What will you put in place of the cup of the New Testament, which the Lord has instituted as an indispensable condition of eternal life? In this matter, as in so many others, the Orthodox Church has an immense advantage over that of Rome; for she has retained unimpaired the commandment, '*Drink ye all of it*.' Such a fact alone is enough to prove that in the bosom of the Orthodox Church of the East there are more means of salvation than in the Church of the West, since the latter, though making communion with her Patriarch an indispensable condition of salvation, has not been afraid to deprive the faithful of half their communion with God. One shudders when one thinks to what a single error may lead, and the mind recurs involuntarily to those words of Gregory the Great: '*When he who calls himself the Universal Bishop goes astray, there no longer remains a single Bishop in the truth*.'"

Other failings and offences of the Church of Rome are, her confining extreme unction to the dying, while the Eastern Church administers that sacrament as a first means of cure at once bodily and spiritual; her allowing confirmation to be administered by the Bishop only, while the Orthodox Church, in her wisdom, allows any Priest to communicate the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and that even to new-born infants; (the holy oil having been consecrated by the Bishop, the Priest only acts as his substitute;) lastly, her depriving infants and young children of the communion, under pretence that they do not understand it. Are adults, our author asks,—

“More worthy of the communion, than those children whose angels, according to the Lord’s own words, contemplate unceasingly the face of the Father in Heaven? Thus the Orthodox Church shows herself full of solicitude for the faithful, since she admits the youngest children to the participation of the divine mystery.....Once more, on which side are there most means of salvation?”

The names of sundry erudite Russian Prelates, and the titles of their writings, have been adroitly introduced into the pages of “Catholic Orthodoxy,” looking like the painted villages which Potemkin showed his mistress in the distant woods, so as to convey the idea that the Greek Church can boast of a religious literature. Nay, the translator assures us he is credibly informed, that the “Orthodox Theology” of Monseigneur Macadre, Bishop of Vinnitza, is on the point of being translated into French. He takes occasion to add, that this “imposing work” consists of no less than five volumes! It is suspicious that, notwithstanding all this indigenous erudition, the author of “Catholic Orthodoxy” seems to have borrowed most of his historical argumentation against the Church of Rome from Mr. Allix’s “Justification of the Church of England;” it is, moreover, unfortunate that Mr. Allix himself has since become a Roman Catholic. That event is explained in a note which will make the English reader smile:—

“The Primate of the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Archbishop of York, had just declared that the question, *whether baptism washes out original sin*, might be resolved affirmatively or negatively at will. So strange a declaration induced Mr. Allix, and many other learned Englishmen, to enter the Church of Rome, which, notwithstanding its errors, is still a Church; while the Anglican Church, putting in doubt a sacrament that constitutes the very foundation of Christianity, has naturally ceased to be one.”

In consistency with this summary judgment upon all Churches who do not hold sacramental grace, our interpreter of “Catholic Orthodoxy” confesses his admiration for the fine spectacle of Romish missions in China, Australia, and America, while he ignores altogether the labours of Protestants throughout the world. He confesses that Russia has no Missionaries out of her own territories, but boasts of the apostolic efforts of Innocent,

Archbishop of Kamtschatka, who travels incessantly by land and sea over his vast diocese, in order to baptize Pagans, and has translated the Gospel into the language of the Aleutian Isles. The four patriarchates which are under the power of the Turks, have martyrs instead of missions: the Patriarch of Constantinople and his whole Synod, the Archbishop of Cyprus, with all the superior Clergy of the island, perished in 1821. The simple fact that the Bulgarians and vast multitudes of Slavonian race have received the light of Christianity from Constantinople since the breach with Rome, is a refutation of the prejudice, that the missionary labours of a Church not in communion with Rome must necessarily be sterile. We could help this writer to the discovery of a Greek mission out of Russia: it is that of the convent at Pekin, but it is in the same street as the Russian Embassy, and is doubtless supported by the same funds.

Let us now turn to the second tract in defence of the Greek Church, which we have characterized as a work of a much higher order. *Ignotus* takes up his pen in answer to an article of a M. Laurentié in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." He first repudiates vigorously the imputation that the Czar is either the temporal or spiritual head of his Church, which, he says, recognises no head but Christ. Russia is but a diocese in the œcumenical Church, and therefore whatever power her Monarch may exercise is but diocesan. In the second place, even within the limits of the Empire, the Czar has no authority in questions of doctrine, claims no infallibility, and exercises no right of exclusive decision in cases of general discipline. It is true, the expression, "Head of the local Church," has been employed in the legislation of the Empire; it means that the Czar now wields all the powers that were once vested in the people, but it means no more. When the nation unanimously chose Michael Romanoff for its hereditary Sovereign, he became its representative in ecclesiastical affairs, as well as in those of civil government. The people had from the first a voice in the election of their Bishops, like all the other populations forming the Orthodox Church; it was their right, or rather their duty, to watch over the execution of the decisions of their Pastors and Councils; it was their right to defend their Creed against all hostile attacks: all those rights and duties were transferred to the Czar; but neither people nor Prince have assumed any authority in cases of conscience, in questions of doctrine, or of ecclesiastical government. There has been a Patriarch deposed; it was not done by the decision of the Czar, but by that of the Eastern Patriarchs and the Bishops of the country. A Synod has been put in place of the Patriarch; the change was effected by the same ecclesiastical authorities who had, with the consent of the civil power, established the patriarchate in Russia. The imperial signature on all

the decrees of the Holy Synod is no claim to legislative power, but it is to be interpreted as the sign of the Emperor's exclusive right to publish and to execute the laws of the Synod.

"The Orthodox Christian" next defends his co-religionists from the charge of having Protestant tendencies. It is significant, he says, that Protestantism, after ravishing from the Papacy the half of its adherents, came to spend itself and die away on the frontiers of the orthodox world. Why did it never cross those frontiers? Why did the Patriarchal Church never produce a Protestantism of its own? It is, indeed, afflicted with a few obscure and ignorant sects which may be compared to some of the Western sects of the Middle Ages; but it has produced nothing like the Reformers, or their learned precursors, a Wycliffe and a Huss, men with all the science of their times, and who died like the early Christians, with words of holy and tender benevolence upon their lips; consequently men who sought not their aims in either ignorance or fanaticism. The answer to this question he finds in an essential antagonism between the nature of Protestantism and the innermost enduring instincts of the Orthodox Church. What is Protestantism? It is not free examination; for that is in one shape or another the foundation of all faith. Rome professes to condemn free examination, yet she produces her justifying reasons, and does not condemn as Protestants those who receive them. All intelligent faith must set out from examination; and even in those exceptional cases in which the voice of God Himself has come to seek out and raise up a fallen soul, that prostrate and adoring soul began by recognising the divine voice. Christian communions in reality only differ as to the extent to which they will admit of examination, the point where it is to cease.

Ignotus answers his question by defining Protestantism to be in its essence the denial of living tradition, the negation of the Church. Its doctrines have been arbitrarily elaborated by a few divines, accepted by the apathetic credulity of a few millions of ignorant laymen, and it is only kept alive by the necessity of resistance to the attacks of Rome. He divides Protestants into two parts: the smaller and consistent division consists of Quakers, Anabaptists, and a few other sects, who have broken off from the stream of tradition because their founders set up for a new inspiration of their own: the larger and inconsistent division consists of those Lutheran and Reformed Churches which deny the principle of tradition, and yet unconsciously set up a new tradition of their own, without pretending to the inspiration which would authorize it. *Ignotus* once travelled on the Rhine with a serious and enlightened Lutheran Clergyman. He asked his fellow-traveller why he preferred Luther to Calvin, and the Clergyman gave him weighty and intelligible reasons for so doing. He asked him, again, why his (the Clergyman's)

Lutheran servant preferred Luther to Calvin. The question proved an embarrassing one; and the worthy Pastor was obliged to own that after all there was a sort of tradition in his Church, though its legitimacy was disputed.

Ignotus goes farther. He undertakes to show that Protestantism could only become possible in the Western Church; that it was the necessary consequence of the attitude taken by Rome on doctrinal questions, a development,—however Father Newman may be startled by the assertion,—a natural development of the Romish schism! Romanism substituted the independence of diocesan opinion for the unity in the faith of the universal Church: Protestantism continued and extended this movement towards an heretical independence. He supposes a traveller from the East visits France or Italy in the beginning of the ninth century: he enters a church during the performance of divine service, and is thunderstruck by hearing an addition to the Creed which he had repeated from infancy; he begs for an explanation, and is told by his Latin acquaintance, that the addition is a mere trifle. "If it be a trifle, why have you added it?" "It is but an abstract question." "Then why are you sure that you understand it?" "It is our local tradition." "Then how has your local tradition found room in the œcumenical Creed, all changes of which were expressly prohibited by Ecumenical Councils? Is the intelligence of divine truth no longer the attribute of the universal Church? How did we deserve to be excluded? You not only did not think of consulting us, but you did not even take the trouble of giving us notice. Are we then so completely fallen? Yet it is but a century since the East produced that greatest of Christian poets, and, perhaps, most illustrious of divines, Damascene." The expostulation is in vain: "*the Roman world had implicitly declared that the Eastern was but a world of helots in faith and doctrine; ecclesiastical life had ceased for half the Church.*" Here, says *Ignotus*, was the first exercise of free examination distinct from the living tradition of unity based upon brotherly love: so that Romanism was Protestant from its origin. The transfer of the right of determining doctrinal questions from the universal to a local Church appeared less monstrous than it really was, because the favoured Church was the most ancient of the West, and the most venerated of the whole world; but it was not the less a monopoly of the prerogatives of inspiration by a single See, the substitution of a mere external authority for moral and living principle. A terrestrial State took the place of the Church of Christ; rationalism could give itself free scope in authoritative decisions; inventing purgatory in order to explain prayer for the dead; establishing between man and God a balance-sheet of duties and merits; measuring sins and prayers, faults and acts of expiation; sanctioning exchanges of meritorious acts, and

introducing into the sanctuary of faith the mechanism of a bank. The inspired Church became a something external to the Christian, a mere oracular and material authority, making man her slave, and by that very means preparing him to be her judge. The usurpation of the Church of Rome was the more inconsistent and inexcusable, because she did not, at the time it was accomplished, lay claim to exclusive inspiration. Pope Nicholas I. acknowledges in his letter to Photius, that, in matters of faith, the least and lowest of Christians has a voice equal to that of the first of Bishops.

The conception of the Church as authority, continues the "Orthodox Christian," is the inlet to all nationalism, because it makes the knowledge of religious truth independent of religious life. "Neither God, nor Christ, nor His Church are authority, which is an external thing. They are truth; they are the life of the Christian, his inward life; more living in him than the heart which beats in his breast, or the blood which flows in his veins. But they are his life, only so far as he himself lives by that universal life of love and unity which is ecclesiastical life." The Spirit of God, who speaks in the Holy Scriptures, and teaches in the Church, cannot be understood by isolated logical reason, but by the fulness of the whole being under the inspiration of grace: as Gregory Thaumaturgus says, "It takes a prophet to understand a prophet." The Holy Church, universal and eternal, not that part which is on earth only, but also that which is in heaven, the living tabernacle of the spirit, bearing Christ her Saviour in her bosom, and united to Him by ties which human tongue cannot utter, nor human mind conceive,—the Church alone has the power and the right to contemplate the Heavenly Majesty, and penetrate His mysteries. There is no room for Protestantism here; for it is a first principle with the orthodox, that ignorance and sin belong to the individual, while intelligence and perfect holiness belong to the collective unity of all the members of the Church. It is to the Church, as a whole, that we owe the truth. Scripture is written tradition, tradition is living Scripture; and those two manifestations of the same Spirit are but one. In the consciousness of the unity of the spiritual world, this Church prays for the dead, though rejecting the rationalist fable of purgatory, and demands the intercession of the saints, without attributing to them the merits which the utilitarian tendency has invented, or feeling an absolute necessity of any other intercession than that of the Divine Mediator. She cannot even understand the question of salvation by faith or works; for in her eyes life and truth are one, and works are but the manifestation of a faith which without them had been but an intellectual acquaintance. The faith of the devout members of the Church is not an act of reason merely, but an act of all the capacities of the mind, seized and subdued in their

depths by the power of the truth: it is neither thought nor feeling, but both together. It is taught by Scripture, by preaching, by symbols, by theological studies, by acts of charity; while Protestants have committed the absurdity of denying tradition, and Romanists the blasphemy of withdrawing the Bible. Our author thanks Protestants with all his heart for the multiplication of copies of the Bible; but the sources of his faith are not limited to the Bible. He will not, with the Protestant, trust in his own wisdom and good intentions; individuals are sinners, and must err: nor will he, with the Romanist, satisfy himself with an implicit faith: "The Pope knows the truth for me." He sets out with the confession of his weakness and proneness to error; he tries humbly to appropriate all the truth that the Church has clearly defined; and treats all his other opinions as merely personal and provisional, until the Church has spoken.

It seems, the Eastern Church considers herself as maintaining the universal Christian priesthood, in a way unknown to her Western sister, through the respect she pays to the *vox populi*. The Eastern Patriarchs, united in council with their Bishops, declared, in their answers to Pius the Ninth's encyclical letter, "that infallibility resided solely in the universality of the Church, united by mutual love; and that the unchangeableness of doctrine, as well as the purity of rites, was not confided to the keeping of any hierarchy whatever, but to that of the whole ecclesiastical people, which is the body of Christ." Teaching may be the special function of the Clergy, but there is no teaching Church recognised distinct from the totality of the Church itself. There have been heretical Councils, says "the Orthodox Christian,"—among others, those that composed the semi-Arian Creed,—where the signing Bishops were twice as numerous as those of Nice, where Emperors accepted heresy, Patriarchs proclaimed it, and Popes submitted to it. How comes it then, he asks, that those Councils have no authority, though presenting no apparent difference from the œcumenical ones? The answer is, because they have never been recognised by the ecclesiastical people; "that people among whom, in questions of faith, there is no difference between learned and ignorant, ecclesiastic and layman, man and woman, Sovereign and subject, master and slave; among whom, when necessary according to the will of God, the adolescent receives the gift of visions, and the child the word of wisdom, and the illiterate shepherd unmasks and refutes the heresy of the learned Bishop, that all may be one in the free unity of that living faith which is the manifestation of the Spirit of God." The idea of the exercise of the universal priesthood throughout the whole life of the Christian man, inspires *Ignotus* with a page really eloquent, because it is true. "Every word dictated by a feeling of really Christian love, of living faith or hope, is so much teaching; every act with the impress of the

Spirit of God is a lesson; every Christian life is an example. The martyr dying for the truth, the Judge rendering justice, not as for men, but as for God Himself, the husbandman whose humble labour is accompanied by a constant elevation of his thoughts to his Creator,—all die or live to give their brethren the highest teaching; and, when needed, the Divine Spirit will put upon their lips words of wisdom, such as the theologian does not find." "The Bishop is at once the master and the disciple of his flock," says Bishop Innocent, the contemporaneous Apostle of the Alentian Isles. "Every man, however high-placed he may be in the hierarchical scale, or however hidden in the obscurity of the humblest situation, alternately instructs and receives instruction; for God distributes the gifts of His wisdom as it pleases Him, without respect of functions or of persons. It is not the lips only which teach, but the entire life. To admit no other teaching than that of logical language, is a rationalism which is still more apparent in Romanism than in the Reform."

Our author is persuaded that God has fixed an hour for the reconciliation of all Christians, on the ground which the Orthodox Church has continued to occupy alone. Meantime she can have with her rivals no other intercourse than that of the charity which pities error, and hopes for conversion. She recognises rationalism without a veil in the Reform, rationalism under the mask of governmental despotism in Rome. The Church is incomprehensible to both; but "Romish ignorance is full of animosity, and constantly armed with calumny; Protestant ignorance is full of indifference, and armed with disdain." The two systems are engaged in a controversy which can never be settled, because they are both in the wrong. Meantime they are both strong in their attacks upon each other, and weak in their defence. Protestantism is distinguished by its earnest criticism, its vast erudition, its unwearied analysis, a moral severity worthy of the earliest ages of the Church, ardent aspirations, but which seem to confess that they have not found, and will never find, satisfaction, and mark it as a religion in desire rather than actuality. It has the love of the truth without the power to understand it, constantly cramped by a narrow individualism, arbitrary in the few positive elements that it has retained, unable to offer certainty to the soul, or even a fixed and self-consistent system to the reason: it is, in a word, but a *spiritualizing rationalism*. Romanism exhibits more brilliant eloquence, but passionate and theatrical; larger views, with false pretensions; a fallacious appearance of unity, and great respect for external order, without love for truth, which is internal order. Unable to prove her titles, Rome trusts to ignorance, avoids investigation with horror, or, when driven to it, employs the arts of sophism, evasion of real difficulties, pretended ignorance, and falsification of texts. Examples of all this are to be found in the works of "that arch-

sophist, De Maistre," and in J. H. Newman; the more remarkable in the latter, since he was a writer of good faith so long as he continued a Protestant; but lying is inevitable with the apologists of Rome, because there is so much to hide. Hers is a *materializing rationalism*.

A panic, he continues, has seized upon the sects of the West, at the aspect of the increasing unbelief of the masses: hence propositions of temporary alliance, which betray their weakness, augment the reign of doubt, and increase the danger. Such men as M. de Radowitz among the Roman Catholics, and M. Guizot among Protestants, call on the members of the two communions to unite their efforts in resisting impiety and unbelief. Such a proposition would not have been made a century ago; it breathes despair, and absence of true faith: were it addressed to the Orthodox Church, it would meet with no success, nor even attract attention.

"As members of the Church, carrying within us all her greatness and her dignity, we are sole depositaries of the truth of Christ in a world of error. If we keep silence when we ought to make the voice of God be heard, we are cowardly and unprofitable servants of Him who suffered humiliation and death in the service of the human race: but we should be worse than cowards, we should be traitors, did we call error to our help in the preaching of the truth, did we cease to reckon upon the divine might of the Church, and ask for the assistance of weakness and falsehood. However high placed a man may be in the social scale, were he our superior or our master, if he be not of the Church, we can only admit him as our disciple, never as our equal or fellow-labourer in the preaching of the faith. He can in this case render us no service but one,—his own conversion."

"The times are serious: not because the foundations of the nations tremble; for history has seen, and probably will see again, the fall of many powerful and glorious nations: not because the complication and conflict of interests agitate the world; for this agitation, in one shape or other, has always constituted the apparent life of humanity. The times are serious, because reflection and analysis have sapped the foundations upon which the pride, the apathy, or the ignorance of men have rested for ages. Their 'pride,' I say: for rationalist philosophy, with that severe induction which is the glory of Germany, has succeeded, in Hegel's hands, in demonstrating that mere logical reason, which only knows the relations of things, arrives at vacancy and *néant*, when it tries to do without faith, which is the knowledge of the things themselves. Their 'apathy and ignorance,' I say: for the human mind, no longer receiving the faith as an inheritance bequeathed to it, and a blind habit, has asked for proofs, for the internal and living harmony of the positions assumed; and it has found the titles of both the Papacy and the Reform to be false."

It is time to make atonement for that great heresy against the universality of the Church,—that *moral fratricide*,—the schism of the West. *Ignotus* concludes by exhorting the reader whom he may have convinced, not merely to recognise the

wrong that has been done, but to repair it as far as in him lies, to break from the grasp of rationalism by a moral act, to condemn the exclusion pronounced against his Eastern brethren, receive them on a footing of equality, and thus redintegrate, within his own bosom, the unity of the Church.

Our readers have, doubtless, felt more interest in hearing two Russians plead for their Church, than they are likely to find in any remarks we may make upon this unwonted controversy. Our criticism shall therefore be as brief as the importance of the subject, and its varied bearings, admit of. Many English readers may perhaps be surprised at the amount of stress laid by *both* our authors on the *Filioque* of the Western version of the Nicene Creed. It is only on reflection, that they will come to understand *some* of the reasons why the fire kindled so many centuries ago, and burned out on our side of the hearth, continues to smoulder on the other side. The Eastern branch of the Church had a decided pre-eminence over the Western in the earliest ages: the light had gone forth from it to the West; its language was that of the New Testament; its writers were more numerous and more influential, at least during the first four centuries. The first eight General Councils were held in the East: in one or two cases, those Councils were composed exclusively of Bishops of the Oriental Churches; in all, they formed the immense majority. The presence of the Emperors, indeed, determined the seat of the Councils; and, from the time of Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, the Latin half of the old Christian world stood morally higher than the Greek. The increasing independence of the Western Clergy, the increasing degeneracy of the Eastern, made the superiority of the former more marked as ages rolled on. They had probably more Christian life; they were certainly men of more action, and more commanding influence. The Christians of the West were able to assimilate to themselves their barbarian conquerors; their Eastern brethren sank under the sword of the Moslem, without exerting any attractive power over them, without any compensation for their sufferings, and the desolation of their hearths and homes. The Empire of Charlemagne completed this long process, and finally turned the scale. Rome refused to discard the word from her version of the Creed. Hence the deep and lasting irritation of the Eastern Church: it was, as it were, the formal verification of her humiliation by a former inferior, become a rival and a successor,—Hagar mocking the barrenness of Sarah. That this bitter feeling should survive through so many centuries, like that of an hereditary feud, and surprise us on the pages of the tracts before us, is partly owing to the fact, that slights are best remembered by those who have received them; but it comes essentially from the difference

between the way in which the Eastern and Western Churches have passed the intervening period. It has been a busy life with us, a time of many conflicts, and earnest controversies, and varying interests, and all-important experience. What bloody persecutions, what wonderful discoveries, what onward progress, have marked the history of the West during the last ten centuries! We have had other things to do than to brood over the bickerings of Pope Nicholas and Photius! The East, on the contrary, has remained in comparative immobility; no intervening discussions have effaced the memory of the great schism; the material revolutions in its history have exercised little influence in the sphere of thought: it has only sometimes turned upon the bed in uneasy sleep; and now, upon awakening, the feeling of the old wrong, as they understand the matter, is as fresh as ever. It is as if some doughty champion of the Red or White Roses should rise up from the field of Tewkesbury, and astonish Queen Victoria's lieges by the expression of long-antiquated animosities.

Both "Catholic Orthodoxy" and "the Orthodox Christian" are very much mistaken in supposing, as they seem to do, that there would have been no rupture between the two great branches of Christendom, but for this much abused *Filioque*. It must be evident to impartial observers of ordinary sagacity, that there existed between both parties national jealousies and susceptibilities, rival interests, antagonistic instincts, which would inevitably have brought about a separation, sooner or later; and that the addition to the Creed was only the *pretext*, or at best the *occasion*, but not the real *cause*, of the quarrel. Our friends, brought up from childhood amid protestations against the *moral fratricide* perpetrated by the West, naturally overrate the intrinsic merits of the controverted point; and they forget that Constantinople appeared quite as ready to watch for the provocation and fasten upon it, as was Rome to offer it; both sides made each other offenders for a word. We are even inclined to think that Rome was in this immediate instance less ready to give offence than Constantinople to take it; for we have seen John VIII. humbly apologizing to Photius for the innovation. That the principal grievance complained of by the Greeks should be a point of abstract speculative divinity, is in accordance with the general turn of the Greek mind, and with the part it had taken in the development of Christian doctrine. We owe to the Greek theologians of the third and fourth centuries the scientific determination of nearly all that is revealed in Scripture about the being and attributes of God, the divinity of Christ, His nature and His person, the personality and deity of the Holy Spirit,—in short, *theology* in the restricted sense of the word; just as the Latin fathers in a second period busied themselves with *anthropology*, and the fathers of our blessed Reformation with *soteriology*. This

province of lofty, though pious, speculation had its dangers for the searching intellects to whom it was confided, and still more for their successors, who exaggerated their calling, substituted endless disputations for Christian life, and supposed safety for eternity to be secured by mere intellectual adherence to right conception,—a fatal error, suggested by the very etymology of the word “orthodoxy.” Hence the jealousy with which they watched over every syllable of those formularies which were the work of their fathers, and their indignation at the supposed intrusion of Rome into this their own peculiar sphere.

The real condemnation of the Greek Church, in the eyes of evangelical Protestants, is its Pharisaic ritualism; external services and creature agents made necessary to our access to God, until they take the place of God; the symbol supplanting the reality; religion made to consist in practices altogether independent of the state of the heart; salvation professedly secured without bringing the soul into living contact with the Saviour; a whole population trained up in the deadly delusion that they are Christians, because they have undergone sundry processes, have been born within reach of holy oil, and repeat the Creed after a certain fashion; the mere sign of the cross, without its power, an opiate for the conscience; in short, a materialized Christianity keeping its victims from the feeling of sin and the discovery of redemption, a barrier against the knowledge of their own hearts and the knowledge of God, and the corruptions of which are more fatal to the everlasting weal of millions than any one degrading or demoralizing influence at work throughout the vast Empire of all the Russias; ay, more fatal than all such influences together. To confirm this judgment, our readers need go no further than the first of the two treatises we have examined; the “Orthodox Church” may be convicted out of the mouth of her own apologist. When one has understood that “God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself,” and that Jesus “ever lives to make intercession for those that come to God by Him,” with what grief and disgust does one hear a degenerate form of Christianity boast of the amount of her means of salvation, her infant communions, her ever ready confirmations, baptism by immersion, &c.,—saving appliances, some to be taken internally, and others administered by friction! Yet why not? When material agents are used as such, *quantity* becomes a most important consideration. On the sacramental scheme, it would be but consistent for Rome, Moscow, and Oxford, to bring together weights and measures, bushels and shovels; and ascertain, once for all, which of the three has most magical graces in her gift. Let no man tax this language with irreverence for things really holy; we have the highest of authorities for speaking of this very sort of error in the only language that suits the kind of contempt that should be felt for

it,—a language bordering upon coarseness. St. Paul once calls that which in its right place had been the ordinance of God, "*the concision*," (Phil. iii. 2,) that is to say, a mere mutilation,—about the most energetic term of contempt that he could use. Our blessed Lord spoke more mildly to His disciples, because He had not the deceivers in view, yet quite as decidedly: "Are ye so without understanding also? Do ye not perceive, that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him?" (Mark vii. 18.) The immediate question in this case was the very opposite of grace from without; but the principle to which the Lord appeals, and which He calls it folly not to recognise, is, that no mere material appliance can act upon the spiritual being, whether for good or evil. "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel," exclaimed the Apostle, as if with a prophetic feeling of coming error. We presume the Greek Church, like the Roman Catholic, insists upon spiritual dispositions for the sacraments; but this is superfluous, since there is a special virtue in the sacramental act. The two elements can be placed in juxtaposition, but cannot agree; and the multitude will always put their faith in the external and arbitrary condition, the material specific, manipulations, Latin or Slavonian formulas. Not only is religious life here below materialized, but heaven itself must open to whoever brings the proper certificate.

Ignotus is an idealist, not taking the word as a designation of opinion,—the philosophical negation of matter; but taking it as a designation of character. He belongs to that class of minds whose imagination is always at the service of their instincts. Let it be necessary for the well-being of some fondly cherished opinion, that a corrupt system should be clothed with every excellency, such imaginations perform the feat with the best grace, and with entire good faith. The mind dwells on those features of the system with which it sympathizes; it turns away from other elements, or succeeds in disguising them to itself; and it imagines the existence of all those virtues which ought on theory to follow from the principle it idolizes. *Ignotus's* mysticism is not indigenous; what is hollow and unsound in it comes from St. Martin, or his adepts; what is real Christian spirituality savours unmistakeably of the school of Vinet: yet he attributes his own impressions and feelings to the mass of his countrymen, and supposes the Church looks upon her services as he does. The picture he draws of the entire harmony of reason, and faith, and practice, the entire satisfaction of all the powers of our being, as if it existed in the Greek Church, is not to be set aside as altogether false: the original does exist, but it is in heaven. The individual Christian attains to some faint understanding of it, in proportion as he learns to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven; but this is a life which comes

from the Father of mercies, and is inherent in no institutions. What a humiliating contrast between this vision of unity, perpetuity, holiness, charity, and the real state of a Church in which the parishioners sometimes lock up their Priest on Saturday night, that they may be sure of having him sober for Sunday morning! Our author's idealism stands confessed, when he frankly and repeatedly tells us, that individual members of the Church are weak and erring sinners, but that perfect holiness and infallibility belong to the totality of the universal Church, "which is a manifestation of the Divine Spirit in humanity." As if any number of sinful parts could make a sinless whole; as if a white flock could consist of black sheep! His beautiful description of the exercise of the Christian priesthood, in all the relations of life, might be interpreted into a downright satire upon his country, though he did not mean it so. Thus, "The Judge rendering justice as for God Himself." Why, in what country in the world is justice more notoriously venal than in Russia? Again, "Men of all ranks, brothers, teaching each other." Well, whipping used to be closely connected with teaching; and, in that sense, the schoolmaster is indeed at home in Russia. A Church, consisting essentially of nobles and serfs, appealing to her charity as a proof that she alone is orthodox! Charity! The state of society in Russia is such, that the sufferings of the serf are the theme of the native novelist, just as those of the slave are a subject for the American pen. The serf must marry whom his master pleases. In Grigorowitch's romance, "The Village," the heroine is married to a brutal, drunken husband, in order to satisfy the vengeance of the *Starosta*, or village superintendent. *Antone Goremyka* is a peasant who is driven to despair by the tyranny of the same functionary, and becomes a robber. Charity! When Peter the Great ordered the first regular conscription, thirty thousand peasants fled to join the Cossacks of the Don; and the bye-ways they took through the forest and the wild are to this day called "the paths of the orphans." It is true that, for the last half-century, there has been a slow movement towards a better state of things, and the serf can no longer be sold without his land; but how far do these tardy ameliorations fall short even of restoring to the peasant the rights which had been gradually wrested from him, through previous centuries of increasing despotism, from Ivan Vassilivitch to Catherine the Second! Our author exhibits in his own person, at least, the charity which believeth all things. There is a part of the Greek mass at which the officiating Priest is understood to pray with tears; but as he is at that moment discreetly screened off from the communicants, they cannot see what passes. We make no doubt *Ignotus* is firmly persuaded that the emotion commanded by the rubric never fails.

The conclusion of the "Orthodox Christian's" analysis of

Protestantism is, that it is the negation of tradition. This definition appears to us to put a secondary in place of the primary and essential element of the thing defined. Protestantism is justification by faith; it is the religion of spiritual life, of personal living contact with the Saviour; in contrast with the religions of dead works, and of substitutes for the Saviour. For that very reason, however, and as a necessary consequence, it maintains the sole authority of the written word of God, in which it finds the Saviour; and it repudiates the principle of tradition, which would take away the Saviour, and put in His place a religious corporation on the Romish system, an ecclesiastical people on the Greek system. The so-called joint recognition of Scripture and tradition is a delusion and a snare; for it is evident that where there are two nominal authorities, one of them being the official spokesman and interpreter of both, the latter is the real and final authority. *Ignotus* thinks he has convicted us of inconsistency, by showing that there is such a thing as Protestant tradition; but really the Lutheran Clergyman on the Rhine allowed himself to be too easily embarrassed. It is perfectly true that evangelical Christians are not isolated units. We inherit the experience of ages; we profit by the faith and by the labour of our predecessors; we travel in groups, and are influenced by our contemporaries. There is human instrumentality, as well as divine agency, in the transmission of the faith from one generation to another; there is a world-long process of development in the apprehension of Christian truth, into which the individual enters at a higher or lower level, according to the age in which he lives, the writers with whom he is conversant, the friends with whom he communes, the denomination to which he belongs. We have no objection to use the term "tradition" for the very real and vast sum of what, under God, we owe to contact with our fellows; but this tradition is a servant, not a master. However extensively operating, it is not in our convictions and feelings the dominant authority. The written word is the Protestant's tribunal of last appeal in determining his faith and practice. Whatever his convictions to-day, he reserves the right and the duty of giving them up to-morrow, if they do not continue to justify themselves on comparison with the final authority. In short, he controls the Church by the Bible, instead of interpreting the Bible by the Church. Many pious Protestants are ignorant of the nature and extent of the influences under which they have grown up, and entertain a superficial notion that, had they lived fifteen centuries ago, they would have understood the Bible exactly as they understand it now. Such men are bad psychologists; and they need to be taught how God has made the members of the body of Christ dependent on each other, and the mysterious law by

which the history and experiences of the individual are adjusted into their place in the history of the whole body. They have to learn that such a thing as tradition exists; but God forbid that they should learn to look upon it as authoritative and infallible. The Greek and Roman systems only allow the individual soul a mediate relation to Jesus Christ. The great Master and Divine Teacher is absent. He who said, "We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him," has given His place to the hierarchy upon one theory, to the Christian community upon the other. On both systems, the New Testament becomes the mere record of the earliest labours and earliest decisions of an infallible authority which still subsists; whereas, after the life of Christ, it contains the labours and revelations of men whose authority was to expire with themselves, whose ministry was one of *creation*. A living agency, indeed, appropriates and disseminates the truth throughout all ages; but it must ever look to the primitive model on the holy mount; it must be tried by the standard of the *creative period*.

Evangelical Protestants believe the Church of any age to consist of the whole number of real believers in Jesus Christ throughout the world in that age; and yet hold the Church subject to error. Ritualists believe the Church to consist of the mixed multitude who have undergone certain ceremonies, and belong to a certain external organization; that is to say, they lower infinitely the conception of the Church; and yet they hold it infallible. The paradox is easy to be accounted for. An *authority* must be a something to which one can point with the finger, visible, and recognisable. Moreover, from the very nature of things, the conception of Christianity itself rises or falls with that of the Church. Those who conceive the Church to consist of penitent believers, represent the call of the Gospel to be repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ: those who conceive the Church as a body of persons baptized under certain conditions, and repeating by rote a certain creed, must represent the Gospel as a call to submit to that baptism, and learn that creed.

The author of "Catholic Orthodoxy" reminds Roman Catholics of the apostasy of the Ten Tribes of Israel, while two were faithful to the religion of their fathers, in order to show that number is not decisive in religious questions. He is quite right; but then what becomes of the whole theory of the ecclesiastical people? Is it not the consent of the majority, according to his fellow-helper *Ignotus*, that determines the validity of Councils? Does he not tell us himself, that it was the importance of the several patriarchal Sees, not the dignity of their founders, which determined the order of their precedence; so that number was a decisive element in the arrangement of the organs of infallibility? He can reckon on his side four out of the five patriarchal

chairs: but on the Greek system it is not the hierarchy, it is the people whose voice is decisive; and these are more than a hundred and fifty millions of Roman Catholics, more than eighty millions of Protestants, and more than five millions of minor Oriental Churches, against sixty millions of Greeks. The *Orthodox Church* is but the fifth of Christendom. Let the Greeks assume the high tone of the Romanists, unchurch all other communities, and pronounce their members incapable of salvation; then they will have the equivocal merit of consistency: but this they have never done. Ecclesiastical materialism necessarily tends toward religious pride, bigotry, and exclusiveness; it leads men to regard themselves, on the ground of their external relations, as the special favourites of Heaven: and this tendency is abundantly manifested in the last pages of the "*Orthodox Christian*," where he speaks as if *they* were the unity of the Church, and the sole depositaries of the truth. But, in this respect, as in every other, the Greek Church has stopped half-way in the antichristian course. Taken on its own official showing, it is but an ill-used portion of the universal Church. Now, the theory will not admit of the existence of such a case: the universal Church must be in the right, rather than any discontented portion. Where are we to find it then? Where there is the largest mass of professed Christians, the loftiest pretensions, the body which bears the greatest appearance of a grand visible unity pervading all people and languages, speaking by a recognised organ, and standing out as a power peculiar and alone upon the earth? If the unity of the Church consists in an outward and visible organization, *Ignotus* and his co-religionists must hasten to Rome. They are not safe for one day out of her communion; for no conceivable *quantity* of sacramental operations can redeem their *quality*. An uneasy feeling of insecurity should haunt the Greek in all his religious services; for his own and his brethren's judgment is but that of a minority, and he dares not refuse salvation to the Romanist, while the Romanist refuses it to him. That it is really so, more or less, appears from the fact that Greeks, like Tractarian Anglicans, generally assume a merely defensive attitude, and are only solicitous to show that salvation is possible within the pale of their Church.

However, our Oriental friends may re-assure themselves. The real conclusion to be drawn from this controversy is, not that they must follow their theory to Rome, but rather that their theory is wrong; that it has stood the test of history as little as it can stand that of Scripture. External Christendom began its decomposition by splitting into two sections, one of which contained most of the people, and the other most of the primitive hierarchy; and, to make the confusion greater, the community which is strong in Patriarchs professes to put faith in the people, and the community which is strong in its numbers professes

to put faith in the hierarchy. At present, the largest and most exclusive sect in Christendom includes just half the professed Christians in the world, unchurches the other half, and maintains a nominal unity of its own members, only at the price of keeping them in ignorance, poverty, superstition, demoralization, and a perpetual alternation between practical Paganism and scepticism. The ecclesiastical theory of visible unity supposes not only a uniform system of government throughout all the provincial Churches, but a state of active communion and mutual recognition: instead of that, they hurl anathemas at each other. The five patriarchal chairs were supposed incapable of error, and they are at daggers' drawing! If this be the sort of Church founded by Jesus Christ, it is a signal failure; the gates of hell have prevailed against it. Thank God, when we understand the word as Jesus Himself did, we are no longer shut up to this blasphemy.

The ritualist constantly speaks as if he was the advocate of the poor and unlearned; yet, on his system, the claims of the Church are to be proved by historical investigation, just as one proves a title to an estate; and the salvation of the unlearned depends upon a question which he is altogether incompetent to decide,—the apostolical succession of his Priest. His guide is to be tradition, *quod semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*,—a research somewhat too great for any human intellect or industry. He is told of the advantages of the living authority over the Book; yet this living authority, if a General Council, holds its sittings at some centuries' interval, never practically can be held again, and was always such as no simple believer could submit his questions to. If the Pope, nobody can tell where the man's private character ends, and the public begins; that is to say, no one can tell when the Pope is really Pope. It is evident that all tradition and authority must be summed up, for the poor and unlearned ritualist, in the person of his own parish Priest; and he comes to believe in the infallibility of his Priest, not by study of the word of God, not by any process which involves contact with moral evidence and becomes a test of character, but in the same way of blind routine which, if he lived on the banks of the Ganges, would throw him into the hands of the Priests of Siva. Properly speaking, he is left with but one article of faith, that is, faith in the infallibility of the Church: all the rest he believes by proxy. True unity is the communion of souls, supposing life, liberty, and individuality; but on those systems, the link is not faith; it is rather the absence of faith, the willingness to eschew all personal, self-conscious convictions. Such systems lay themselves out for the poor, in the same way that the usurer does,—to profit by their poverty, and never let them rise above it. How far are they from the spirit of Him who set before John's messengers, as His highest title, "Unto the poor

the Gospel is preached!" What worse oppression or outrage upon the poor and illiterate can be imagined, than the treating them as if they were not moral beings, the keeping them in a state of degrading infancy, by that very order of influences which was ordained of God to raise them up and set them with Princes?

Augustine once wrote, "Let us hold it as a thing unshaken and firm, that no good men can divide themselves from the Church." There is a sense in which this *dictum* is true: no man who is one with Christ can be separate from the body of Christ. Hence, if we see good men in various communions, the legitimate conclusion is, that no one external society has a right to call itself exclusively "the Church." But if, instead of reaching the Church through Christ, we suppose union with Christ to be attained through fellowship with the external Church, then the aphorism is reversed: it means that a given community must include all good men, and therefore all who separate from it are bad men; there can be no fruits of the Spirit, no repentance, faith, or holy living, outside its membership. It is a retributive judgment upon the ritualist, that he is unable to sympathize with good wherever he sees it, that he is compelled by a logical necessity to deny its existence, except within certain circles, nay, to take good for evil; like the Pharisees, who refused to admit that God was with One who was none of theirs, and so attributed to Beelzebub what was the work of the Holy Ghost. Hence the positive incapacity of Romanists to do justice to Protestants, and of Tractarians to do justice to Dissenters, even in their inmost thoughts. The real spirituality of *Ignotus* raises him in this respect many degrees above the vulgar ritualist. He has generous sympathies for much that he sees among men who follow not with him; but the chilling and darkening influence of the system is all the more manifest from its effects upon a noble mind so little disposed to narrow prejudices. *Ignotus* has a very different idea of Protestants from the Prelates who are sent to Odessa and Sebastopol to fanaticize the soldiery; yet, even he never expresses disapprobation of the restrictions under which the non-orthodox communities suffer in Russia: and how far is he from recognising the greater intelligence and piety, the moral superiority of our Protestant populations; and that precisely in the ratio of their emancipation from sacramental religion!

It is, indeed, highly significant, that the movement of the Reformation died away on the frontiers of Russia, as if there was some invisible but invincible obstacle to its progress in that direction. We will even allow, with *Ignotus*, that it is probable Protestantism could never have sprung up on the ground of the Oriental Church; but we cannot express the reason in so flattering a shape as he does. It is simply because that Church has been

in a state of stagnation and immobility for upwards of twelve centuries. Fossils can undergo no organic transformation. Whatever religious life or mental activity can be detected in the Church during those dark and dreary Middle Ages, belongs to its Western section. It was in the West that the work of regeneration was prepared; hence it was only in the West that it could take place. It is here that Providence has placed the scene of spiritual conflict. *Ignotus* boasts that there is no infidelity in Russia. He should have said, among the peasantry. But this universal acquiescence in the hereditary religion is just owing to the absence of intellectual activity; the battle, with its noise and its dangers, is elsewhere; the enemy is not to be found on the Sclavonian soil, because the citadel of the truth is not there. While every thing has been in motion throughout the rest of Christendom, while Rome herself has undergone a prodigious *development*, as some of her advocates now recognise, the Greek Church retains the physiognomy of the age of Photius, and earlier ages still, as nearly as human nature can without the absolute rigidity of death. This immobility can be illustrated, as it is symbolized, by the unchangeable character of ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Byzantine art, wherever it is to be found,—in Russia, Greece, Asia Minor, Mount Sinai,—and whatever its date, has invariable forms; no difference, except that wrought by the finger of time, can be detected in paintings made at intervals of many centuries. There are the same saints, in the same order, the same attitudes, and the same proportions, on the screens of all the churches. Greek peculiarities are, as yet, very little known in England. Mouravieff's History, translated by Blackmore in 1842, is little read. The most important English publication is Mr. Palmer's "Dissertation on Subjects relating to the Orthodox or Eastern Catholic Communion." (1853.) But, if once forced into notice, the Greek Church ought, at least, in all consistency, to exercise the strongest attraction upon the Oxford School. It is just that to which in theory the Anglo-Catholic aspires,—a Church such as the Fathers of the first six or seven Councils left the Churches, a specimen of ancient Christianity. It exhibits the incipient or the intermediate stages of all the evils and abuses by which Christendom has been kept away from God, but not their final stages. It has but one order of monks, that of Basil: it has the celibacy of monks and of the higher Clergy, without extending it to the parish Priest: it has pictures and embossed images, without statues: it worships the Virgin, and calls her "all holy," without dogmatizing on the Immaculate Conception: it prays for the dead, without positively and officially teaching the existence of purgatory: it holds the theory of a visible Church divided into national sections, but does not acknowledge any one See as the visible centre of that unity, nor employ communion with one See as a prac-

tical test for determining the catholicity of individual Churches : it calls Rome "the chair of Peter," but, with Gregory the Great, gives the same title to Antioch and Alexandria ; and never suspects that Peter, like other people, might end by finding it more convenient to sit upon one chair than three : it practises confession without the confessional : its laity know little of the Scriptures, but they are not prohibited. In short, it exhibits a ritualistic Catholicism, without the Pope. We do not mean that the Greek Church has taken no steps whatever towards consistency in this downward path. It has, since the Reformation, set its seal upon the Apocrypha ; it has adopted both the name and the idea of transubstantiation ; but, on the whole, it remains the sort of illogical, unfinished apostasy, which ought to commend itself to the brotherly sympathies of all Anglo-Catholics.

While *Ignotus* reproaches Romanism with being easily satisfied in religious attainments, because it aspires to so little, he gives Protestantism credit for ardent aspirations, calling it "the desire of religion, rather than its attainment." There is something real and important in the observation, though spoiled by a false interpretation ; and we must help him to the right one. Protestantism is full of desire and hope, because its career has only begun, and its work is before it. During the Middle Ages that low and imperfect form of Christianity now exhibited by the Roman Catholic and the Oriental Churches was universal ; it had penetrated every thing with its spirit, arts, institutions, usages ; the whole civil and social framework was moulded by it. All Europe was animated by one faith, and, in religious matters, five-sixths of Europe used one language. That is to say, ritualistic Christianity reigned supreme and unresisted. It had full scope to bring about the kind of unity that it could effect in Christendom. Long ages were given it, and a wide field ; and whatever it could do, for good or evil, had been accomplished before the sixteenth century. Now Evangelical Protestantism is a higher form of Christianity, more in accordance with the Scriptures, and one in which the religion of redemption exhibits itself, for the first time since the apostolic age, divested of its Jewish and Pagan elements. But it has not yet reigned ; it has not yet shown what, through the Divine Grace, it has in store for mankind ; it has not yet assimilated to itself minds and institutions, even in professedly Protestant countries, to the same extent as ritualism did in its day. Protestantism has the world and its own work before it : hence its hopes and aspirations. It is easy to see, on the other hand, that nowhere is there less desire and instinct of a future mission than in the Greek Church ; or else the religious mission is confounded with a political one. All the other degenerate Churches of the East—Nestorians, Jacobites, Armenians—are remarkably more open to the Gospel than are

the Greeks, because they have no hopes of political greatness to turn them away from it; just as, in the days of our Lord and His Apostles, the Samaritans were more accessible than the Jews, because they could entertain no dreams of national glory and supremacy.

Roman Catholics are fond of asserting that all non-Romanist communities necessarily and irremediably fall under the absolute control of the State. It cannot be denied, however, that vital Protestantism is gradually emancipating itself from all despotism of the civil power; and it is equally evident that, in the East, the ecclesiastical character is becoming more and more merged in the civil. Even the Turks have felt the instinct of Church control common to all Governments. One of the first things Mohammed II. did, after the conquest of Constantinople, was to bestow the patriarchate on Gennadios Scholarios, because he was a fanatical adversary of the Latins, to load him with honours, and give him extensive civil powers. Ever since, the Porte gives only a nominal *cong   d'  lire* to the Prelates who choose the Patriarch, and displaces him at will. The author of "Catholic Orthodoxy" comforts himself with the remembrance that it is still the Metropolitan of Heraclia, who always, as of old, presents the pastoral staff to the newly-elected Patriarch; but this consideration cannot be expected to make much impression upon us rationalists of the West. Turning from those dioceses of the Eastern Church where she is oppressed by the Crescent, to the vast regions where she is mistress, and may breathe freely, we meet "the reforms of Peter the Great;" that is to say, we meet a revolution which made the Czar a Chaliph. The arguments with which *Ignotus* tries to satisfy his readers on this subject, are unworthy of him. It is true the Czar defines no doctrines, and claims no infallibility; but what matters that, in a Church where doctrines are never defined, and infallibility is asleep? The peculiar immobility of the Greek Church makes the executive in it to be every thing. There is no abstract legislation; and as for those minor enactments which are intended to be executed at once, the Holy Synod is practically no more than any other consultative Council in the Empire. To say that Michael Romanoff (Room-enough?) became the representative of all the rights of the people, is just to express, in a smooth way, the very thing which is so monstrous,—that one man should be made *the Church*; and it requires no sagacity to see that an absolute Prince, playing the *summus Episcopus*, will be much more vigilant, energetic, and encroaching, than the people would be in his place. Our own Tudors and Stuarts had similar pretensions, and they were no dead letter *once*: but arbitrary power necessarily disappeared from the religious sphere,

when it became impossible in the civil. In Russia, on the contrary, the two forms of despotism have grown up together, like grim twin giants keeping pace with each other. *Ignotus* pretends that Russia is but one great ecclesiastical province: are we, then, to believe that the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, with their Russian pensions and their palaces at Moscow, are really independent? They are retained as useful and obedient instruments, while the Patriarch of Moscow, who might have been a rival, has been taken out of the way.

The "Orthodox Christian's" protestations against the intervention of religion in political questions, come with bad grace from the subject of a power which professes to wage a holy war, and which is ready, on theocratic principles, to assist any of the Sovereigns of Europe against their people. There cannot be a more odious intermixture of religion and politics, than that which would justify the selfish aggressions of the only great European nation which still cherishes the lust of conquest over other civilized communities. Never did any other pretender to universal dominion move towards its object so stealthily, and with so little loss to itself hitherto. When the Turks were really dangerous, it was not the Muscovite who protected Europe: the Venetians spent their treasures, the Poles, the Hungarians, and the Germans, their blood, to repel the foe; and then, in the hour of Turkey's weakness, Russia stepped in to profit by the toils and victories of others. Never did any nation so speculate upon the passions of its neighbours, and the blindness of its rivals, timing its every movement, avoiding unprofitable wars, and then leaping forward with feline vigour and address, when the prey was within reach, incapable of resistance or escape. Her own son and historian, Karamsin, thus characterizes her policy: "Russia never makes war; she conquers. Always on the defensive, she never trusts those whose interests do not agree with her own; and, without violating treaties, she loses no occasion of injuring her enemies." Assuredly the ambitious purposes of such a nation as this are doomed: but war is a solemn thing; it is, in principle, a sort of execution upon an immense scale, and at the peril of the executioner; it is not to be undertaken with levity, and with a presumptuous confidence in our own resources. There is a lesson in the experiences of the tribes of Israel before Gibeah, which should commend itself to the prayerful consideration of every one who lifts up his heart to God in his country's righteous cause. (Judges xx. 26.) They suffered and failed once and again, until they undertook the war in the chastened spirit with which they should have begun it.

Amid the public and private calamities of a struggle which arms against each other one seventh of the human race, and one half of Christendom, there is one comfort: never was war

undertaken so unwillingly by all the parties engaged. Russia would not, for any thing, have committed herself as she did, had she not reckoned on the forbearance of the Western Powers. Never was war accompanied by a greater desire, on all sides, to secure public opinion. And, lastly, notwithstanding some disastrous exceptions, never was war carried on with greater respect for the persons and properties of non-combatants. We are not afraid to say, that the circumstances attending even this great and sanguinary conflict, mark some faint progress—a progress perceptible to the eye of faith—toward the time when the nations shall learn war no more. O that it were, what we dare not hope, the last chastisement of the last great national aggression!

ART. VI.—*First Report of the Postmaster-General, on the Post-Office. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1855.

UPWARDS of twenty-three centuries ago, a series of mounted couriers might be seen hastening at full speed along the road which led from the Grecian Hellespont to the royal town of Susa. For each day of the journey a fresh messenger was ready, who, having received the King's commands, started off, despite of heat by day and darkness by night, through all weathers, until the capital was reached. The last of their number found the citizens exulting over the anticipated capture of Athens, and the city decked with joyful garlands and sacrifices; but his message changed the scene into one of mourning for their countrymen, and anxiety for their Monarch. He told of the complete discomfiture of the Persian Expedition, and the total rout of Xerxes at the battle of Salamis. Such was the event to which we are indebted for the first historic mention of "the Post," which occurs in the romantic chapters of the "Father of History." Strange it seems to ourselves, who are so accustomed to its conveniences, and would suffer so keenly from their interruption, that the Republics of neither Greece nor Rome appointed any such means of communication at home or abroad. No established post, arriving at stated intervals, acquainted Atticus with the news of Rome, or with his friend Cicero's views on existing politics; and the letters of the great orator to his intimate friends, which schoolboys suppose to have descended for their peculiar annoyance, were either carried by the hand of an especial messenger, or, more generally, "favoured" by a friend. Despotism called "the Post" again into existence; and we find it mentioned in the Code of Theodosius;

whilst the vast extent of Charlemagne's Empire required, and is said to have enjoyed, its aid.

So short is the ancient history of a service of which the benefits are now so universally experienced. Even when it existed at all, it was rather a public horse-post for messages than a conveyance for letters; so that, in our acceptance of the term, the Post-Office is a modern invention. As no department of the public service brings its advantages more immediately before all classes of society, we propose, with the aid of the small Blue-Book before us, to give a rapid sketch of its past history, and an account of its present condition and working.

The first public conveyers of letters in England were the common carriers, who began to ply regularly with pack-horses about the time of the Wars of the Roses. So early, indeed, as the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, we find "*Haste, Poste, Haste,*" on the backs of private letters; and in 1548 the charge for post-horses was fixed by statute at a penny a mile. The first establishment of a Letter Post by Government was in the reign of James I., who set on foot a Post-Office for letters to foreign countries, "*for the benefit of the English merchants.*" It would seem that foreigners resident in this country had been in the habit of appointing their own Postmaster; and the English accused them of detaining their letters, and so getting an unfair advantage of the markets.

The age of the Stuarts was rich in monopolies, and the sale of offices; and we accordingly find Charles I. assigning the office of Postmaster of Foreign Posts in reversion, and strictly enjoining "*that none but his then Foreign Postmasters do hereafter presume to exercise any part of that office.*" The route between London and Paris was fixed in 1636, by convention between Charles I. and Louis XIII., by way of Dover and Calais, and thence through Boulogne, Abbeville, and Amiens. In the same reign, the first post for inland letters was established.

"The King issued a Proclamation, in which he recites that up to that time there had been no certain communication between England and Scotland: wherefore he now commands his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinborough and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road."

It is at the same time ordered, that bye-posts shall be connected with many places on the main line, to bring in and carry out the letters to and from Lincoln, Hull, and other towns. A similar post to Chester and Holyhead, and another to Exeter

and Plymouth, are to be established; and it is promised that, as soon as possible, the like conveyance shall be organized for the Oxford and Bristol road, and also for that leading through Colchester to Norwich. The rates of postage are fixed at twopence the single letter for any distance under eighty miles; fourpence up to a hundred and forty miles; sixpence for any longer distance in England; and eightpence to any place in Scotland. By a subsequent Proclamation of 1637, it is ordered that no other messengers, nor foot-posts, shall carry any letters, but those alone which shall be employed by the King's Postmaster-General, unless to places to which the King's Posts do not go, and with the exception of common known carriers, or messengers particularly sent on purpose, or persons carrying a letter for a friend. (Pp. 9, 10.)

From this time, the Post-Office may be considered to have become one of the settled institutions of the country.

Of course the patriots loudly condemned the exclusive privilege of carrying letters assigned to the Post-Office; and we may, without much lack of charity, believe that its establishment was as much due to the expectation of a profitable revenue, as to any keen regard for the public accommodation.

Under the Commonwealth, however, men and master had changed places, and its former opponents not only confirmed the postal monopoly, when subject to the Commons, but promptly put a stop to all attempts at its infringement. Cromwell keenly appreciated the advantages of being made acquainted with what was going on in all parts of the kingdom, and assigned as a motive for a more general system of Posts, "that they will be the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." At the Restoration this enlargement was confirmed; and the statute, 12 Car. II., c. 35, being the first strictly legal authority for the establishment of the Post-Office, has been called its "Charter." Great was the opposition and loud the clamour against William Dockwra, who set up a Penny Post for the conveyance of letters and small parcels about London and its suburbs in 1683. It was alleged that the scheme had been planned by the Jesuits, and that the bags were filled with Popish plots. Despite this calumny, Dockwra persevered, until his success excited the envy of the Government. This was the commencement of the London District Post, of which Dockwra was subsequently appointed Comptroller, and which, until last year, (1854,) existed as a separate department of the General Post-Office. No wonder that constant complaints were made against the monopoly enjoyed by the Post-Office, and that, despite all the royal proclamations in its favour, its violation was of constant occurrence, when we learn the way in which the service was performed:—

"The riders who carried the mails on horseback from place to place, were wont to carry letters and bring answers for a hire, which assuredly never profited either the farmers (of the revenue) or the Crown. The Surveyor, who made a journey yearly to every Postmaster in England, says on this head: 'At Salisbury found the post-boys to have carried on vile practices in taking the bye-letters, delivering them in this city, and take back the answers, especially the Andover riders. Between the 14th and 15th instant, found on Richard Kent, one of the Andover riders, five bye-letters, all for this city. Upon examination of the fellow, he confessed that he had made it a practice, and persisted to continue in it, saying he had no wages from his master. I took the fellow before the Magistrate, proved the facts, and, as the fellow could not get bail, [he] was committed: but pleading to have no friends nor money, desired [as] a punishment to be whipped, and accordingly he was to the purpose. Wrote the case to Andover, and ordered that the fellow should be discharged, but no regard was had thereto: but the next day the same rider came post, run about the city for letters, and was insolent. The second time the said Richard Kent came post with two gentlemen, made it his business to take up letters; the fellow, instead of returning to Andover, gets two idle fellows, and rides away with three horses, which was a return for his master's not obeying instructions, as he ought not to have been suffered to ride after the said facts was proved against him.'

"There is a spice of malice in our Surveyor, but his book is throughout both amusing and instructive. He complains bitterly that the 'gentry doe give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get into liquor, which stopes the males.' That it did not take much to 'stope the males,' we may gather from the fact, that when Mr. Harley (Lord Oxford) complained that an express to him had been delayed, the Postmasters-General replied, that it 'had travelled 136 miles in 36 hours, which is the usual rate of expresses.'"

Even the Crown couriers were with difficulty prevented from delaying on the road; and it was customary for each Postmaster to endorse on the dispatch the hour of its arrival at his post-house, to have some check upon the bearer's loitering propensities. Nor were the foreign letters better cared for. Whilst French privateers scoured the seas, the packets from Dover, Harwich, and Falmouth, were badly built, and ill-suited to the service. The art of misbuilding ships with the public money is not, it would appear, confined to our own times; for the Postmasters-General—

"Resolve to build swift packet-boats that shall escape the enemy; but build them so low in the water, that shortly afterwards 'we doe find that in blowing weather they take in so much water, that the men are constantly wet all through, and can noe ways goe below to change themselves, being obliged to keep the hatches shut to save the vessels from sinking; which is such a discouragement of the sailors, that it will be of the greatest difficulty to get any to endure such hardships in the winter weather.'"—Page 57.

In some other respects, however, a better provision was made for these unfortunate sailors. Each packet carried a surgeon on board; and the Rev. Hippolite Luzany, Minister at Harwich, was paid a salary for attending to them when on shore, and for "doing their offices of birth, marriage, and burial;" whilst a code, drawn up with the nicest discrimination, assigned smart-money for injuries received in the service.

The following list, selected by Mr. Jendamaer, the Chief Examiner, from the Agent's Letter-Book, will give some idea of the consignments with which the Postmasters were troubled during the war, and for whose safe delivery they were held responsible:—

"*Imprimis*.—Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass.

"*Item*.—Some parcels of cloth for the clothing Colonels in my Lord North's and my Lord Grey's regiments.

"*Item*.—Two maid-servants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.

"*Item*.—Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessities.

"*Item*.—Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal.

"*Item*.—A box, containing three pounds of tea, sent as a present by my Lady Arlington to the Queen Dowager of England at Lisbon.

"*Item*.—Eleven couple of hounds for Major-General Hompesch.

"*Item*.—A case of knives and forks for Mr. Stepney, Her Majesty's Envoy to the King of Holland.

"*Item*.—One little parcel of lace, to be made use of in cloathing Duke Schomberg's regiment.

"*Item*.—Two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador of the Crown of Portugal.

"*Item*.—A box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal.

"*Item*.—A deal case, with four fitches of bacon, for Mr. Tennington, of Rotterdam."

"Really, with all these cares upon them, and what with scolding an agent once, because 'he had not provided a sufficiency of pork and beef for the Prince;' again, because 'he had bought powder at Falmouth, that would have been so much cheaper in London;' again, because 'he had stirred up a mutiny between a Captain and his men, which was unhandsome conduct in him;' again, because he has not ordered the 'Dolphin' to sail, though the wind is marked westerly in the wind journals, whereat the Postmasters-General 'admire;' what with bringing Captain Clies to trial, 'for that he had spoken words reflecting on the Royal Family, which the Postmasters-General took particular unkind of him;' and reprimanding another for 'breaking open the portmanteau of Mons. Raoul, (a gentleman passenger,) and spoiling him of a parcel of snuff;' what with 'purchasing new vessels, stores, and provisions, and ordering the old ones to be sold by *inch of candle*;'—with all these cares, one sees that our Postmasters-General had enough to do."—*Blue Book*, pp. 58, 59.

With such a system we are prepared to find that the Post-Office yielded but a small profit. The different branches into which the service was divided, of foreign, inland, cross, and district posts, the revenues of which were to be paid to different quarters, tended greatly to the confusion of the accounts. The Deputies, or local Postmasters, were wont, in doubtful cases, to escheat the postage to their own use, "as being fearful of injuring either party, by giving it to one or the other." So that, whilst the total income for 1687 was upwards of £94,644, what is now called the "net produce" was only £76,192,—a sum not equal to that now derived in one year from the commission on money-orders, or to the present net produce of the single town of Liverpool:—

"One little bit of detail of the Inland Expenditure of this (the year before the Revolution which placed William of Orange on the throne,) is vouchsafed to us:—

"Paid to Edward Lock, of Hounslow, for a man to deliver letters at the camp, £4."

"When we consider for what purpose the camp lay at Hounslow, how many plotters it contained, how great an issue hung on the loyalty of its inmates, and how deeply interested these inmates were in the result of the struggles going on around them, we may feel sure that a man has seldom carried for £4 *per annum* a load of letters so interesting as those which fell to the charge of Edward Lock's agent."—Page 54.

Two other principal reforms may be noticed before the introduction of the penny rate of postage. The first was the adoption of a better system of cross posts, by Ralph Allen, in 1720. He obtained a lease of them from the Government, with a view to their extension, and, in consequence of his alterations, realized an annual profit of £12,000; which he lived to enjoy for forty-four years, and which he spent in hospitality, and in works of charity. The other, and still more important, reform was effected by Mr. Palmer, in 1784. Observing that when the tradesmen of Bath (where he resided) were particularly anxious about the speed and safety of a letter, they were in the habit of sending it by the coach, he proposed that the mails generally should be carried by the passenger coaches, that they should be under the protection of trusty guards, and that they should be so timed as to arrive in London, as nearly as possible, at the same hour. After considerable opposition, his plans were carried out, and an immediate increase of speed, from three and a half to six miles an hour, was the result. This rate was further accelerated, when Macadam's mode of road-making became general, until the mail-coaches of this country, travelling at the average rate of ten miles an hour, including stoppages, became the boast of our countrymen and the admiration of foreigners.

It is time we began to speak of the existing state of things,

which may be considered to date from the year 1840, when the penny rate was first carried into effect. The immediate increase in the number of chargeable letters was prodigious; rising from 76,000,000 in 1839, to nearly 169,000,000 in 1840; and this last amount is but little more than a third part of the number to which they have now attained. This enormous stream of circulation is kept in motion by means of "railways, mail-coaches, stage-coaches, steam-boats, omnibuses, mail-carts, and mounted and foot messengers," by whose aid packets are dispatched and received daily in almost every part of the country, and in the most important towns twice a day, or oftener.

We proceed to describe the work done by the Post-Office in 1854. The number of chargeable letters delivered in that year in England, Ireland, and Scotland, was 443,000,000; the proportion belonging to each country being exhibited in the following table.

	Number in 1854.	Increase per cent. on number in 1853.	Proportion of Letters to Population.
England ...	358,000,000	About 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	About 19 to each person.
Ireland	41,000,000	" 2	" 7 "
Scotland ...	44,000,000	" 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 15 "
United Kingdom }	443,000,000	" 8	" 16 "

This is an increase of more than 23,500,000 over the total number of chargeable letters in 1853. Added to this, 53,000,000 newspapers passed through the London Office alone; besides those which were transmitted through the post in other parts of the United Kingdom, and which may at a moderate computation be taken at 12,000,000 more; whilst of book packages no less than 375,000 passed through the London Office.

It is estimated that the average weight of inland letters is about a third of an ounce each; that of a newspaper, three ounces and a half; and the book parcels are reckoned to have weighed each ten ounces. The Post-Office must therefore have conveyed no less than 23,645,440lbs.' weight of letters, newspapers, and books in the course of the past year. Exclusive of conveyance by steam-vessels and boats, and not counting the walks of letter-carriers and rural messengers, the whole distance over which the mails are now carried within the United Kingdom is nearly 57,000 miles per day, or upwards of 20,000,000 of miles in a year.

As the inland letters, including official correspondence, averaged a third of an ounce, they may fairly be reckoned, including the envelopes, at a full-sized sheet of letter paper each. If these sheets were spread out side by side, they would cover 8,898 acres, or 111 square miles; and if arranged in a line 12 yards wide,

they would stretch for 8,898 miles; so that they would extend from Cape Horn to the Isthmus of Panama, would cross all Central America, from south-east to north-west, to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and then, rising through the United States and Canada to the boundary of North America, would thus traverse the whole of the Western hemisphere, and still have a trail of 500 miles left to cross the island of Newfoundland. If, instead of being thus arranged in a line, our letters were laid one upon another, although they were no thicker than an ordinary sheet of paper once folded, they would form upwards of 3,500 columns as high as the Monument.

But, vast as these numbers appear, far greater results may reasonably be expected. The proportion of letters to the population of England, in 1854, was about nineteen to each person. But this is much below the proportion in the metropolis, where the greatest facilities are already existing; and as extensions and improvements are made in the rural districts, there will doubtless be a great addition to the total number. We shall speak presently of the extensions made last year; but, in support of these remarks, we may observe that about 103,000,000, or nearly one quarter of the letters delivered in the United Kingdom, were delivered in London and its suburbs; so that the average for the London district, taking the population at 2,500,000, rises from about nineteen to forty each person.

The business done in the Money-Order Office exhibits a like increase on the amounts of former years. This branch originated in 1792; but, in consequence of the high rates of commission, it was comparatively little used, and even in 1841, the year after the reduction of the commission to 3*d.* and 6*d.* for sums not exceeding £2 and £5 respectively, the total amount of the money-orders issued in the United Kingdom was less than £961,000. The following table shows the number of money-orders issued in 1854, with other particulars:—

	Number of Money-Orders issued.	Amount.	Profit, after deducting Expenses.	Proportion of Money-Orders issued to Population.
		£. s. d.	£.	
England & Wales }	4,621,296	8,957,135 16 1	16,658	1 to about 4 persons.
Ireland ...	409,625	690,809 4 7	loss 790 1	" 15 "
Scotland ...	435,323	814,466 15 8	670 1	" 7 "
United Kingdom }	5,466,244	10,462,411 16 4	16,538 1	" 5 "

In comparing the amount for which money-orders were issued, with the sum which is returned as having been paid, we find

that nearly ten thousand pounds remained unclaimed at the end of the year. It seems extraordinary that so large an amount should be wanting owners; but the following quotation from Mr. Dickens's "Household Words" will show that even this small sum gives very little idea of the carelessness of the public:—

"Upon an average three hundred letters *per* day pass through the General Post-Office totally unfastened, chiefly in consequence of the use of what stationers are pleased to call 'adhesive envelopes.' Many are virgin ones, without either seal or direction; and not a few contain money. In Sir F. Freeling's time the sum of £5,000 in bank-notes was found in a 'blank.' It was not till after some trouble that the sender was traced, and the cash restored to him. Not long since, an humble Postmistress of an obscure Welsh town, unable to decipher the address on a letter, perceived, on examining it, the folds of several bank-notes protruding from a torn edge of the envelope. She securely enclosed it to the Secretary of the Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, who found the contents to be £1,500, and the superscription too much even for the hieroglyphic powers of the 'blind clerk.' Eventually the enclosures found their true destination.

"It is estimated that there lies, from time to time, in the Dead-Letter Office, undergoing the process of finding owners, some £11,000, annually, in cash alone. In July, 1847, for instance, only a two-months' accumulation, the post-haste of 4,658 letters, all containing property, was arrested by the bad superscriptions of the writers. There were bank-notes in them of the value of £1,010, and money-orders for £407. 12s. But most of these ill-directed letters contained coin in small sums, amounting to £310. 9s. 7d. On the 17th of July, 1847, there were lying in the Dead-Letter Office bills of exchange for the immense sum of £40,410. 5s. 7d."—Vol. i., p. 10.

The Money-Order Office is now one of the most profitable departments of the Post-Office, as the actual profit resulting from it rises very rapidly with an increase of the sums which are paid into it. For whilst, in 1850, the profit upon £8,494,498. 10s. 7d. was only £3,236, the profit, in 1854, upon £10,462,411. 16s. 4d. was as much as £16,538; so that, although the increase in the amount of money-orders from 1850 to 1854 was but 21½ *per cent.*, the increase of profit derived in 1854 was 500 *per cent.* over that obtained in 1850.

We pass from the Income of this branch to some account of the General Revenue and Expenditure, as given in the Report. We must remark that the statements under this head do not profess to be strictly accurate, as the receipts are partly the result of estimate, "although it is believed that any error which may exist is so slight as to be scarcely appreciable." Under the head of "Expenditure," it is still more difficult to ascertain the exact cost of our postal system, inasmuch as the packet service is mainly under the superintendence of the Admiralty; and as the contracts are framed with a view to the

performance of duties for that Board, the payments which they make are not included. Against this must be placed the charge for transmission of newspapers, which is paid into the treasury of the Stamp-Office. In 1854, the Gross Revenue was as follows :—

	£.
Letters, Book Packets, &c.	2,597,700
Commission on Money-Orders	91,300
Total	£2,689,000

being an increase of nearly £98,000, or about 4 *per cent.*, on the gross receipts of 1853.

EXPENDITURE.

	£.
Salaries, Pensions, &c.	730,000
Buildings	23,000
Conveyance of Mails :—	
By Railways	364,000
" Coaches, Carts, &c.	162,000
" Packets	17,000
Miscellaneous	117,000
Total	£1,413,000

being an increase of about £39,000, or nearly 3 *per cent.*, on the expenditure of 1853.

The Total Net Revenue, therefore, was £1,276,000; which is an increase of about £58,000, or nearly 5 *per cent.*, on the net revenue of 1853.

Hard work and bad pay used to be thought the lot of all, save a few superior officials, who were engaged in this branch of the public service. The quotations given by Mr. Scudamore show that the Deputies in "the good old times" used to grumble sorely about the lowness of their salaries, and were constantly presenting various excuses for the non-payment of arrears. "Indeed, to be in arrear was the normal condition of Deputy Postmasters." Whilst the Deputies starved, some in the Inland Office fared much more sumptuously :—

"There was an 'Alphabet Keeper,' who had £40 a year for instructing young officers; but not, it is to be presumed, for teaching them their alphabet. Then there was Thomas Hornsby, who had £20 *per annum* as watchman, and £80 *per annum* for lighting fourteen lamps, which must surely have been very difficult to light, as a man might well undertake even to light fourteen lamps, and find the material into the bargain, for £80 *per annum*."

The man who hoisted the colours from March, 1761, to June, 1764, had £6. 7s. Drink and feast money to the clerks was

allowed, amounting to £100 a year; and Mr. Henry Porter had £50 *per annum* for taking care of the candles.

Those times have passed away from Her Majesty's servants of the Post-Office; but in this department, at any rate, they have not been succeeded by either incompetent or indolent officers. Before the admission of any person, a Report is required respecting his age, health, character, and acquisitions; whilst all applicants for appointments in the London Office are subjected to an examination. These arrangements for securing competent officers are much assisted by a recent regulation, which provides that "provincial Postmasterships, of which the salary is not less than £175, will henceforward be conferred upon meritorious officers of the department, and not upon strangers;" and by the establishment of the general principle, "that every superior appointment is to be filled, as far as possible, by promotion from below, and that regard will be had to no other claims than those of meritorious conduct and proved good service."

Whilst, however, these very desirable alterations are being made to improve the position and prospects of the officers, we find that changes of no less importance are in the course of being carried out in the internal economy, to increase its efficiency. These have been mainly effected in the departments of the Receiver and Accountant General, and of the Comptroller of the Money-Order Office; and the Report bears ample witness to the readiness with which both Superintendents and clerks submitted to the extra labour and attendance which these improvements involved. The Receiver and Accountant General's offices have been amalgamated at a great saving of expense and labour; whilst, in startling distinction from the old system of arrears, Postmasters are now required to deliver *weekly* accounts. The Chief Examiner has given so clear a description of these changes, and one which shows us so much of the inner working of our subject, that we quote it at length:—

"When it is considered that, under the old system, each Postmaster's account was rendered to him quarter by quarter, and usually three months in arrear of the quarter for which it was rendered; that at any intermediate period the condition of a Postmaster's account could only be estimated, and that too with the greatest uncertainty and risk of error; that each Postmaster was credited quarterly with a gross sum for salaries, wages, and allowances, and that no vouchers for the proper disbursement of that sum were demanded of him, so that, in fact, (as was afterwards proved,) many Postmasters received credit for sums which they did not distribute, and were indeed themselves at times unconscious of the wrong so done to the revenue: and when, finally, it is remembered that this dilatoriness in the rendering of the accounts to the Postmasters, whilst it left them always ignorant of the real state of their affairs, entailed a corresponding dilatoriness in the rendering of their balances, whereby not only many of them may have

been tempted to use the public money, but also a much larger capital was required for carrying on the business of the Post-Office:—when all these things are taken into account, and when on the other hand we consider the new system, by which each Postmaster renders his account week by week, with all its proper vouchers for every receipt and every payment, and showing the revenue left in his hands at the close of each week to be the smallest possible sum, it will be allowed, I think, that few Government offices have witnessed a change so great or so beneficial.

“Every week there are received in your Office the accounts of 565 Postmasters and 526 Receivers, and these 1,090 accounts are all examined and adjusted within the week in which they arrive; in one week, also, they are all entered in the Bookkeeper's Office. The examination of the Postmasters' accounts for one week entails the inspecting of 80,000 letter-bills and 5,500 receipts for various disbursements; but when the accounts for the last week in the quarter are examined, there are upwards of 12,000 receipts for payments made.

“The examination of these accounts is performed by ten of your officers, who have each 56 accounts, 8,000 letter-bills, and 550 or, at the end of the quarter, 1,200 receipts, to inspect. I should not be treating these ten officers fairly, if I did not remind you, that I have seen thirty officers employed in the same duty, or, rather, a similar duty, falling short of the present duty by several items of work which I have found it necessary to impose.

“It is but fair to add, too, that the entry of these 1,090 weekly accounts in the Abstract Ledgers is effected by three officers of the Bookkeeper's branch; whereas, (and I say it without the least desire to disparage those by whom the duty was formerly done,) I have seen five officers engaged on it during the official hours, with the assistance of eight other officers for two hours *per diem*.

“I now proceed to those branches of duty in which, heretofore, there was a double action of the Receiver-General and the Accountant-General, and in which very important improvements have been effected.

“The examination of accounts, and the preparation of the salary bills and payment warrants generally, which formerly gave employment to two officers in the Secretary's department, three in the Accountant-General's office, and one in the Receiver-General's office, do not now give full employment to three officers in my branch of your department; one of the three being rarely so employed, save on the periodical payment of salaries.

“The distribution of postage-stamps to Postmasters and Letter-Receivers formerly gave employment to one officer in the Secretary's department, one in the London District Office, one in the Accountant-General's office, and two in the Receiver-General's office; but it is now effected by two officers in the Cashier's branch of your department. I may add here, that since the 1st of October we have reduced the number of consignments of stamps to Letter-Receivers from 1,100 *per* month to 800 *per* month, and we have reason to hope a still further reduction will take place.

“It was incumbent on the late Receiver-General to send stamps (on receipt of the requisitions of the London District Office) in frequent consignments of small quantities to the Letter-Receivers, of

Since January, 1854, the number of post-offices was increased by 515, making the whole number at present 9,973; more than double those existing when the penny rate was established in 1840. Most of the new offices were opened in the rural districts; and to their further extension we may look for a great increase in the number of letters in future years. Free deliveries have been, besides, established last year at 1,242 places, where none had hitherto existed, and improved in 245 more, including most of our important towns. Day mails from London have been granted to fourteen additional towns, a day mail to London to four such towns, and an additional day mail to London to three towns. In other places inconvenient hours have been changed; whilst to Scotland and Ireland has been afforded increased communication with their capitals. To these improvements we may add accelerations in Ireland, and the establishment of the first travelling post-office in that country. Measures have also been taken for increasing the speed of the night mails from the metropolis to every part of the United Kingdom.

We should naturally have expected that the Post-Office would have derived the same advantages from conveyance by railway, as the general public have done, in increased punctuality and cheapness. The fact is, however, quite the reverse. An immense additional expense has been incurred. For instance, in 1844, the Post-Office *received* about £200 a year from the coach proprietors for the privilege of carrying the mails twice a day between Lancaster and Carlisle; whereas, at the present time, the same service performed by the railway costs the Post-Office about £12,000 a year. Indeed, generally speaking, the Railway Companies seem to be greatly wanting in the performance of their contracts, although they receive very high remuneration. The London and Brighton line forms an honourable exception, as they spontaneously offered the use of all their trains between London and Brighton for the conveyance of mails, without any further charge. And latterly arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, and other northern and midland lines, which enable mails to be sent by all the trains, on the payment of a fixed sum annually. Still there are two considerable deficiencies, which the public convenience requires should be supplied. One is the want of better arrangements for obtaining railway services on equitable terms: the other, the lack of any available means of enforcing punctuality in the arrival of the mails. Now, with regard to the first of these points, we are by no means disposed to join in the too general demand for impossibilities from the Railway Companies. We are inclined to think that they are often somewhat harshly treated. They are expected to provide trains at once rapid and cheap, well appointed and carefully guarded, and yet at rates

which are not sufficient to cover the expense which such excellence involves. But it certainly is not too much to require that they should convey the mails at rates which give them a fair, and not an extravagant, profit; and that they should afford every facility for a service in which the whole public is so deeply interested. We want ample accommodation, and are willing to pay a fair price. The question is one, no doubt, of considerable difficulty, as is evinced by the "disproportionate and unequal" rewards which have been at different times assigned. But we cannot but think that if the Railway Companies met the Post-Office in a fair spirit, and made a clear statement of the expense which they must incur for conveying the mails, a form of contract might be mutually agreed upon, so drawn up as to admit of extended application, as circumstances might require. With regard to punctuality of arrival, there would probably be more difficulty, as many unavoidable causes might delay a train which had been appointed to travel at a quick rate. The Report certainly gives us the impression that the blame lies chiefly with the Railway Companies; for when the Postmaster-General proposed a system of mutual penalties, under which, according as the cause of delay in any case rested with the Company, or with the Post-Office, the party in fault should pay a fine to the other, and even offered in addition to give a premium in every instance in which a mail-train arrived at its appointed time, every one of the Companies declined acceding to the arrangement. The cause of irregularity is the undue enlargement of the passenger or other traffic sent by the mail-trains; and it certainly appears strange that when, to obviate this irregularity, an offer was made to incur the expense of a special train to convey the letters from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow, the railway authorities thought fit to reject it.

The influence of the war has been felt in two ways by this department, as the transport of troops and stores caused the removal of many of the mail-packets from their stations, whilst the presence of our army and fleets in the Baltic and Black Seas called for new lines of communication with this country. How severely the existing arrangements were disturbed by the first cause, may be gathered from the fact, that no fewer than twenty-eight steam-ships, belonging to Companies which contracted for the conveyance of the chief foreign and colonial mails, were withdrawn for the service of the war; and these, of course, were the most powerful and efficient in their fleets. This happened, too, at the very time when negotiations were in progress for a monthly mail to Australia, to which it not only put a stop, but even made the former regular service dependent upon temporary engagements with sailing vessels. The question then arose, How were the mails to be conveyed to Turkey? We had no British mail-packets in the Mediterranean; the high rates through

France and Austria were serious impediments to the employment of their vessels; whilst the scarcity of shipping made a British mail from Marseilles to Constantinople impossible. The French Government, however, established a communication at first six times a month, and more recently twice a week; and our gallant ally, the Emperor, very liberally offered to convey letters to British soldiers and seamen at the same rate as is charged to the French troops, by which the postage was reduced to threepence for each quarter-of-an-ounce letter prepaid, and twopence for each newspaper. On reaching Constantinople, the correspondence was placed under the control of the Commanders of the Forces; and,—

“To insure, as far as possible, a prompt delivery of the correspondence on its arrival at head-quarters, and a regular dispatch of return mails to this country, an experienced officer of this department was selected, with the approval of the Secretary of War, to proceed to Turkey as Postmaster of Her Majesty’s Forces; and three Assistant-Postmasters, together with seven letter-sorters, have since been dispatched from England to aid him in his duties.

“If doubt has any where existed as to the ability or inclination of our soldiers and seamen to avail themselves, in the midst of their trials and hardships, of the means of sending and receiving letters, it has been completely set at rest by the extent to which the mail service through France has been made use of.

“Since the arrangement has been in force,—about eight months,—more than 282,000 letters have been forwarded from England to the seat of war in these mails; and more than 325,000 have reached this country by the same route.

“To these numbers must be added the many letters which have been sent at the rate of a penny each by the occasional opportunities of direct ships, of which no accurate return can be given, but which may be safely reckoned at not less than 10,000 outwards, and 2,500 homewards, monthly.

“Upon the whole, the correspondence of our forces in the East presents an average of 45,250 letters dispatched to, and 43,125 received from, the seat of war in each month; a result as gratifying in respect of amount, as those portions of it which meet the public eye generally prove to be in respect of spirit, intelligence, and feeling.”—
Pp. 29, 30.

A weekly communication was also established between this country and the Baltic fleet; a bag of letters from England being dispatched to arrive at Dantzic every Friday, on which day a steamer was appointed to bring the mails from the Baltic fleet. Whilst punctuality and speed have been thus attained, the postage has been considerable in amount, from the letters becoming chargeable to the rates of Prussia and Belgium, on their passage through those countries.

For the reasons above mentioned, this Report contains but little information concerning our Colonial and Foreign Posts;

and a great portion of the space devoted to the latter is occupied by a dispute between the English and American authorities, with the details of which we shall not trouble our readers. With the exception of India, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and Van Diemen's Land, a low and uniform rate of sixpence has been adopted; and in these excepted Colonies any such arrangement is dependent upon the will of the Colonial Legislature. The importance of this reduction will be more apparent when we remember that the old higher rates carried letters to the *shores* only of the Colony; whereas the present charge covers its transmission between any part of the United Kingdom, and any part of the Colony. With the exception of Victoria, Van Diemen's Land, and South Australia, the book-post is now in operation with every important Colony, and with *most* of the minor ones.

With regard to our postal relations with foreign States, we find liberal arrangements and facilities afforded according to the enlightenment of the Government with which we have to deal. With France, from a varying rate of 8*d.* or 10*d.*, we have a uniform rate of 4*d.* the quarter-ounce for prepaid, and a double rate upon unpaid, letters. This, as the Report observes, is less than the eighth part of the postage between Manchester and Lyons twenty years ago. Some progress has been made in negotiations for a reduction of postage with Sardinia. Whilst letters may be conveyed for half the former rates (for 6*d.* instead of 1*s.*) to China, and for 1*s.* instead of 2*s.* 7*d.* to Monte Video, Spain, true to her character, disappoints the expectations which had been formed of her; whilst Portugal gives no encouragement "to expect that any material improvement of the postal arrangements with that country will be effected at present."

There is, however, every reason to anticipate that further facilities will eventually be afforded for international postal communication. Since the adoption of the penny rate in Great Britain, foreign Governments have had their attention called to the subject; and of the thirty-two countries cited in the Report, there are two only, Sweden and Ecuador, in which no material improvement has been made since 1840. In twenty-three countries postage-stamps have been introduced. In Russia, Spain, and Chili, the lowest rate has been reduced to sums between 2*d.* and 4*d.*; in France, the United States, Bavaria, Hanover, Portugal, Sardinia, and Brazil, the lowest rate is more than 1*d.*, but less than 2*d.*; whilst in Belgium and Denmark it has been fixed at the same *minimum* with our own. Russia and Brazil will not convey unpaid letters; and in twelve other countries prepayment, though not compulsory, is encouraged, by an increased charge upon unpaid letters. It is very difficult, however, to carry on our comparison any further, or to ascertain clearly what the financial results have been in foreign lands. Receipts, expenses, and profits arising from passengers, are generally

mixed with those relating to letters. In some instances, as in the United States, no expense is incurred for delivery, and the charges of railway conveyance are still more variable. But, taking these circumstances into consideration, we find that in eighteen countries the gross receipts are quite equal, and in two others nearly equal, to what they were before the reduction. In three the profits are nearly as large, and in nine the former amount has been fully regained.

The dazzling proposal of an Ocean Penny Postage is not touched upon in the Report, but we think that enough may be gathered from its pages to show the great improbability of its adoption for many years to come. Security, rapidity, and punctuality are requisite, in addition to cheapness, before any considerable increase in circulation can be permanently maintained. To secure these effectually, a very large addition must be made to the number of our mail-packets, and that at very high rates. But even under existing circumstances, the expense of conveying letters to foreign shores greatly exceeds the revenue derived from them: and the excess of expenditure over income would be proportionately increased with an increase in the number of packets employed, even if the additional number of letters called into circulation by the reduction of the rate of postage should bring up the receipts to their present amount. But we think there are strong reasons for doubting whether this latter result would ensue. Under the best systems of navigation with which we are at present acquainted, the interval which must elapse between the dispatch of a letter, and the arrival of a reply, would be too long to admit of any such extraordinary addition to the contents of the mail-bags. Any one who considers his own correspondence only, will at once see how much of it is composed of trifling notelets, of advertisements from tradesmen who are anxious to push their business, and of a thousand little items, which would probably never have been committed to paper at all, but for the conveniences which the penny rate affords. But such an employment of the Post-Office would be quite out of the question for communicating with our distant Colonies, or with our brethren in the Western hemisphere; rapidity of transmission and a speedy answer being quite as essential to their existence as cheapness.

Of the importance of these *desiderata* for our Inland letters, the Post-Office authorities are well aware, and are constantly endeavouring to shorten the time occupied in the conveyance and delivery of letters. For this purpose they suggest that the public should assist them, by providing letter-boxes at the outer doors of their houses, by posting all letters and newspapers as early as possible, and by making the address legible and complete, giving the name of the post-town; "and if there be more than one town of that name in the Kingdom, (but not otherwise),

adding that of the county." These suggestions may at first appear trifling; but we must recollect that the neglect of them occasions, in every instance, some slight delay; and the repetition of such delays, over and over again, tends very seriously to retard the general distribution.

A still more serious cause of confusion and difficulty is the faulty nomenclature of our streets in large towns. In London there are about fifty King Streets, fifty Queen Streets, sixty John and William Streets, and upwards of forty New Streets; many of the latter being any thing but what their name implies. The distinguishing, too, of streets of the same name by the addition of such adjectives as Old, New, East, West, Upper, Lower, Great, Little, &c., is highly objectionable; as omissions and mistakes are constantly occurring by which the delivery of important letters is delayed. Again,—

"Irregularity in the numbering of houses is one of the greatest hindrances to the delivery of letters, and should be remedied as soon as possible, not only for official purposes, but also for the benefit of the public, who frequently suffer great inconvenience by the delay or non-delivery of letters, which would otherwise have reached the persons for whom they were intended. These irregular numbers may generally be traced to the following causes. In the construction of new streets, the building of houses may commence at both ends, and on each side, at the same time. The four corner houses are sometimes all called "Number One." The other parts of the streets may be afterwards built by different persons, who now can give to their houses whatever names they may think proper. One may prefer Albert Terrace, another Wellington Place, and a third, wishing to preserve the family name, will call his houses Smith's, Taylor's, or Bacon's Cottages, as the case may be. Each set of houses having a Number One, will cause *seven* houses in the same street to be of the same number. Irregular numbers are also sometimes occasioned by the carelessness or ignorance of the persons who inhabit the houses; an instance of which came under my notice, while going round with a letter-carrier to survey one of the districts in the eastern part of London. On arriving at a house in the middle of a street, I observed a brass number 95 on the door, the houses on each side being numbered respectively 14 and 16. A woman came to the door, when I requested to be informed why 95 should appear between 14 and 16; she said it was the number of a house she formerly lived at in another street, and it (meaning the brass plate) being a very good one, she thought it would do for her present residence as well as any other. If," continues the Inspector, "the removal of such anomalies could be effected, there can be no doubt that the service and the public generally would be materially benefited."

We should think not; and why should not the municipal authorities be empowered and required to take the necessary steps for their removal? We boast of being the first commercial nation in the world; we spare neither pains nor expense in the transmission of our correspondence; and yet are content, with

unaccountable apathy, to endure such hindrances, which a very little trouble might easily remedy. If the powers were but once definitely conferred, a certain number of officers, and pots of white paint, would effect the whole required revolution.

We cannot refrain from mentioning some more of the "Suggestions to the Public." Complaints are constantly being made of letters and parcels which are alleged to have been either mis-sent or delayed, without the requisite information being furnished with regard to all the facts of the case. In many instances no account is rendered as to the person by whom, or the time when, or even the office at which, the missing article was posted: the waste of the time of the Post-Office servants is thus added to the impossibility of redress. In an army of twenty-one thousand servants there will, almost of course, be dishonest and negligent individuals; but a thorough investigation very frequently shows that the blame attributed to them rests really in other quarters. Of this the following examples are given:—

"The publisher of one of the London papers complained of the repeated loss in the Post-Office of copies of his journal addressed to persons abroad. An investigation showed that the abstraction was made by the publisher's clerk; his object apparently being to appropriate the stamps required to defray the foreign postage. In another case, a general complaint having arisen as to the loss of newspapers sent to the Chief Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the investigation led to the discovery of a regular mart, held near the Office, and supplied with newspapers by the private messengers employed to convey them to the post. Again, very recently, a man was detected in robbing a news-vendor's cart, by volunteering, on its arrival at the entrance of this Office, to assist the driver in posting the newspapers. Instead of doing so, he walked through the hall with those intrusted to him; and, upon his being stopped, three quires of a weekly paper were found in his possession."—P. 44.

The public are also requested to remember that a considerable time is almost always necessary before alterations can be carried into effect. The different lines of communication are so exceedingly numerous, and so very dependent upon one another in their working, that any ill-considered change would be liable to cause a dislocation of the machinery, and the whole must be kept in order by a careful and gentle hand. Even when inquiries have been made in every quarter, and suitable arrangements for the various intersecting lines have been planned, there may be existing contracts to be terminated, and new ones to be entered upon, possibly fresh modes of conveyance to be supplied. All these duties necessarily require high ability, diligence, and precision, on the part of those to whom they are intrusted; and the combination of an immense number of them must fail under the management of any person who is not possessed of very considerable administrative ability.

The credit of this ability we confidently claim for those by whom our Postal system has been arranged. We have felt some difficulty in describing it, not because the Report is not drawn up with sufficient clearness, but because it is so worded, in so concise and business-like a manner, as to make any further condensation almost impossible. We do not doubt that there will be other very considerable reforms in this branch of the public service; but we do not hesitate to assert, that the Report shows signs of the most healthy life throughout the whole department. As in a glazed bee-hive, we may, by its aid, see the busy swarm within plying with diligence their appointed task. That task is extended yearly, and hitherto in an increasing ratio. Far from endeavouring to escape the criticism of the public, the Postmaster-General avows his conviction, that this branch of the public service is more likely to benefit by it than any other. At the same time he hopes that the statements and explanations now given "will serve to show that the best exertions of its officers, many of whom are, indeed, taxed to their full powers, are steadily and usefully directed to the improvement of the public service."

Such at any rate is our conviction. The sterling character of the reform is shown by the fact, that the net revenue continues to advance, in spite of the vast increase of expenditure caused by the extension of deliveries, and of new lines of communication. Still, in a service in which so much depends upon attention to minute details, we should not have been convinced of the stability of the system, had not the interests of those to whom those details are intrusted been also carefully regarded. This we find has been done. The salaries in the London Office have been raised, and an annual holiday afforded to all; whilst, by a better arrangement of the *work required*, no additional cost has been imposed on the public. It is impossible to estimate the advantage derived to the country through this extension of the Post: it is so inextricably bound up with our whole condition, political, commercial, and social; it has called into being so many new branches of commerce, has tended so much to promote personal communication, and has brought frequent domestic and family correspondence within the reach of the humblest classes of society.

The appearance of this small "Blue Book," however, suggests one very pregnant inquiry: "Why should not the other branches of the public service give us a similar insight into their organization and working?" The question of Administrative Reform has assumed a prominence from the magnitude of our war expenditure, which will prevent the possibility of its neglect; and the best reply to any charge that is brought against our public offices, would be the issue of a like plain and concise account of their proceedings. In spite of the success of agita-

tion in late years, the English people do not love it; and the movement of the Administrative Reform Association derives its main strength from the impenetrable darkness which overshadows, or rather totally obscures, the interior of our public offices. The nation only desires to know that in return for a fair day's wages they receive a fair day's work; and that competent and experienced persons are placed in important and responsible positions. A series of such Reports as that under consideration would assure the minds of many who have now misgivings as to the conduct of public business, would afford an excellent stimulus to the public servants by bringing them thus directly before the public eye, and would be the most effectual weapon against those who make political capital out of the popular discontent, and advocate revolution under the name of "Reform."

ART. VII.—1. *Essays on the Preaching required by the Times, and the best Means of obtaining it.* By ABEL STEVENS. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1855.

2. *Home-Heathen: an Assize Sermon.* By the REV. JOHN C. MILLER, M.A. London: Hatchard. 1854.

3. *The Dying Judge's Charge: an Assize Sermon.* By the REV. JOHN C. MILLER, M.A. Third Edition. London: Hatchard. 1854.

4. *Report of the Church Pastoral Aid Society.* 1855.

5. *Congregational Year-Book.* 1855.

6. *Criminal and Miscellaneous Statistical Returns of the Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds Police, for 1854.*

7. *Religious Worship in England and Wales.* Abridged from the Official Census Report. By HORACE MANN, Esq. 1854.

CHRISTIANITY is the wisdom and power of God in action upon the minds of men. It is the true light to enlighten the world, and the only power for its social regeneration. Its advent and promulgation is the key to this world's history, whether in the anticipations of prophecy, or in recorded facts. Its diffusion and progress are directly committed to the Ministry, and to the Church at large; for a solemn obligation comes upon every disciple to extend its influence to the utmost of his power. Neither the Ministry nor the people can succeed alone. They are not rivals, nor have they diverse interests: they are co-workers, mutually dependent; and share in the success, the honour, and the reward. The pulpit must excite and sustain the moral action of the people; the people must be willing liberally and effectively to aid the Ministry. No Ministry can feel confident and buoyant without the hearty concurrence of

the people; no people will go far before the Ministry in aggressive effort. Each, by re-action, helps or thwarts the other: the pulpit influences the pew, the pew powerfully re-acts upon the pulpit. Combined in judicious and vigorous action, the Church of Christ thus becomes the greatest power on earth; more direct than civilization, mightier than the sword, and more salutary and lasting than human laws and government. The secret of the success of Christianity is not, however, to be sought in its truth, or adaptation, or agencies; but in the special influence of the Spirit of truth and power, who alone gives effect to the Gospel in individual conversion, which is, in fact, its only real success; for, when it fails to renew men's hearts, it fails of its ultimate and sublime purpose. Its great and peculiar glory is its spirituality. Yet it has secondary and collateral blessings, declaring its spirit, authenticating its claims, and serving, like the ministry of the Baptist, to herald the advent of its spiritual power; and it is the duty alike of Ministers and people to forward those temporal results which tend to give it acceptance with mankind. They are to establish and support all those institutions and efforts which ameliorate the condition of society, as well as to aid in securing those higher and more direct blessings which flow from personal religion. Christianity, like its Blessed Founder, takes full hold of the human, as it rests upon the divine.

With such evidences, truths, and agencies, so fraught with blessings which all can appreciate, and so defended and prospered by a divine energy, the marvel would appear to be, that it has not spread to a greater extent, and that its fruits are not more decisive and abundant. It is indeed a mystery in the providential government of the world, that the publication of the Gospel has been so limited during eighteen centuries; but the two main hinderances have undoubtedly been the want of purity in the Church, and the coincident lack of zeal. Christianity is greatly neutralized by the one evil, and circumscribed by the other. The first can only be cured by a more rigorous moral discipline, which is infinitely more important than any ecclesiastical modifications; and the second, by arousing the Church to a full use of the superior advantages of our times, for successful aggression upon the world.

Never were greater efforts made to evangelize the Heathen abroad; and the large incomes of our various Societies for foreign operation are happy signs of a living Christianity. Nor does any Church engaged in missionary effort fail to unite in either benevolent or religious exertions on behalf of our home population. In fact, those who sustain the foreign work are the life and soul of all our home charities. But they have not yet reached the necessities of our own country. We would not have a single effort less for the needs of distant members of the

same family, who are without the light and means of Christianity; but we would have far greater exertions made to overtake the rapid increase of our home Heathenism. We therefore rejoice in the re-awakened regard for those institutions and efforts by which our own country is to be more perfectly evangelized, and without which our home Churches will not be able to sustain their immense foreign operations. We cannot, indeed, expect their spiritual condition to be improved, until the loud call of this country shall be responded to. Next to providing for his own household, the Christian ought certainly to provide for his own neighbourhood.

It is a painful fact, that earnest, spiritual men are mourning over the general state of their respective Churches; not so much over the want of congregations,—although crowded churches and chapels are a great rarity,—or of general attention in hearing, as over a prevailing apathy, a deadness and inaction, dispiriting to Ministers and those who work with them; and over a want of direct and evident spiritual fruit. Some Churches have been agitated by various controversies; and the collapse is always greatly detrimental to the welfare of religion. Divisions in Churches give a shock and inflict a damage from which they often do not recover for a generation. But whatever special causes may exist, there are at all times within reach general influences that will meet the case; and attention will ever be first turned to the Christian Ministry, as being, under God, the great renovating power of the Church.

The history of the pulpit is the history of Christianity. It has always, since the Reformation especially, been the most powerful engine for promoting the religious and social welfare of the nation. It furnishes the key-note of religious opinion, and is the prompter and guide of religious action. We do not pretend to be able to form a proper estimate of the Ministry of this country, so numerous as to be almost beyond count, and so scattered and diversified as it is; nor would we willingly drop a word tending to depreciate Ministers; but they are ever before the world, and the Christian public is able to see what its condition requires. Undoubtedly, the crying demand of these times, as of former times in which "a great work" has been required to be done, is for *earnest men*,—men like the leaders of the First and Second Reformation, who, by reason of their earnestness, stood out in bold relief from other men of *their* times, who felt the truths they preached, and therefore spoke *like men who felt them*. This was their mighty advantage,—an element of which all could judge; and it prepared the way for the reception of their message; for it awakened the deepest sympathies of human nature.

The truths they dwelt upon were the grand fundamental truths of the Gospel,—old as revelation, but new to nearly all their hearers; and they had the force of newly revealed truth. In a country like ours, filled with the reflected light of Christianity, as it is found in our literature and in public opinion, and especially in congregations which are perfectly familiarized with the Christian revelation, it requires a mode of announcement that will impress the heart, to gain full attention and regard. Clearness and force of statement, and attractiveness of illustration, must be the substitute for novelty in the substantial *matter* of the things delivered. The old truths are wanted, and they are sufficient. That which constituted the power of Christianity in other days, under the divine blessing, is effectual now. The phases of society change; but the moral character and spiritual wants of the individual are the same in every age and country; and the process of regeneration is identical in all cases. Zeal and courage, alike the product of Divine Love, will suggest the topics, and urge truth upon the conscience.

A change is needed in the character of our pulpit ministrations. We have escaped, except in a few obscure parish-churches, from the dry moral essay; and, among the Nonconformists, from the tiresome, never-ending divisions and “uses” of the Puritans, —like the valley in Ezekiel’s vision, full of bones, very many, and very dry; but still our pulpit addresses appear to be too technical, too artistic, too much upon a model and scale. The art of *making sermons* is reduced to a mechanical training,—the Italian gardening, with its ornate artifices, and pruned and trimmed vegetation, instead of the bold and free English style of nature moderately cultivated by art. The art of preaching has spoiled multitudes of preachers. Forms, and not thoughts, are chiefly sought and rested in. If the fountain be full, it will gush forth; and all that is needed is to make a natural channel to convey the thoughts, as an Eastern garden is watered by the foot; stay the stream here, and it will flow there. Men should speak because they have thought, and not merely think in order to speak. If a man thoroughly masters and digests a subject, he needs not, generally, to write down more than the *course* of his thinking; and if his thoughts are arranged naturally and logically, they will suggest their own form, “apt words in apt places;” and much fitter words will offer themselves in the warmth of delivery, than in the coolness of the closet.

The great error, in our apprehension, is the pervading influence of professional mannerism. All professions have class opinions and stereotyped forms; and this is perhaps unavoidable; at least, he is a very bold man who dares to break through the restrictions of professional rubrics. The Clergy are not free from this mental slavery; and, with the noblest themes, and the highest advantages, as a class, they make but little impression

upon the public mind. Few preachers are thoroughly attractive and interesting: the exceptions prove how much is in the power of the pulpit. But why a proverbial dulness in sermons? Why less interest in a sermon in the church, than a lecture in the hall? We readily grant that there is greater solemnity in the place, and in the occasion; that both properly restrain those sallies of imagination and wit which may enliven secular subjects; and that churches and chapels are often so stupidly constructed, that instead of proper ventilation, you have either draughts which distress and incommode, or a stagnant and vitiated atmosphere which deadens all physical power, and only disposes to sleep. But, all such disadvantages apart, the bulk of pulpit efforts, notwithstanding the grandeur of the theme, are not interesting and delightful, but only tolerable. There is wanted in the pulpit more of nature, more of individuality where we cannot have true originality, more of *earnest talk*, that shall rise with the argument and with the growth of feeling into forceful appeal, leading captive the whole man; more unction; *that* in the whole body of Ministers, which renders the few justly popular, impressive, and irresistible. Eloquence subdues free men; and the pulpit wants the eloquence which springs from energy and earnestness. These may make a rough style; but the knots of a club are its strength. We need, not the preaching which only whitens the sepulchres, but that which opens them and calls the dead to life.

The length of the modern sermon is a great disadvantage, and a growing evil; but it is not the main cause of listlessness in the hearer: for it is not the last portion which tires us; we are tired before we get that relief; and there *are* long sermons which never appear long. The fault is both in the matter and the style. The topics are too generally stale, and extremely limited in their range; the public mind wants variety and freshness. The mass of the truths uttered from the pulpit, need no proof; it is an idle waste of skill and patience to offer it. If all vain repetitions of thought were excluded, and the best of the remainder were alone retained, sermons would not be unreasonably long. And generally the style is too verbose; it is not close, compact, nervous. The rule *might* be, to see how much space the gold can be made to cover; the practice is, not to be perspicuous, convincing, brief. The word-painter fails to exhibit his own thought, probably because it is not clearly conceived by himself; for he who thinks clearly and vigorously, will express himself with sufficient perspicuity: thought shapes the style. The one radical error, not universal, but general, is excessive verbiage: "the seven grains are hid under a bushel of chaff!" We are of opinion that it is the sin of the age; and indiscreet persons freely bestow their praises upon young Ministers,—especially if they have plenty of bold

"figures,"—in proportion to their being unable to remember any thing that has been said. The "cloud-land" style is, in our judgment, the most offensive; an accumulation of what are no better than cant terms,—compound epithets, and words without definite significations; and these are often accumulated into an incongruous mass of unintelligible jargon: yet, with many, this constitutes fine writing and fine speaking. Ask a young man what he *means*, and he tells you plainly enough, and in the very terms that he ought to have first used. It is this want of business style that we complain of; that, whereas each part of the sermon ought to clear off something as discussed and settled, no ground is cleared, no business is done.

We are strongly of opinion that few Ministers cultivate the art of writing and speaking, beyond the point of amplification. The hackneyed plan of principal divisions, and sub-divisions, almost without end, of now rising from species to genus, and then descending from genus to species, &c., is common among young preachers especially, and has been fostered by elaborate rules for the construction of sermons. To express themselves in few words, marking the shades of meaning, to acquire force, to mark the rhythm, and to cultivate the beauties of language,—these, or we mistake, are matters much disregarded; as if it were of no moment in what dress a man appeared when mingling with strangers and friends, and with the tasteful as well as the unobservant. The pulpit style will become more impressive, when Ministers strive to make it so.

There is also an evil rising up among Ministers, even the younger of them, which ought to be frowned out of countenance, if it cannot be dealt with by authority; we refer to the growing practice of reading sermons. There are special occasions when it may be right that a Minister should avail himself of his manuscript; occasions which require great care and exactness in the very phraseology employed, or which are of such difficulty and responsibility, that few men could so thoroughly command their feelings as to express the very thing they mean. But while we quarrel not with men who, at such times, secure themselves against mishaps, we must say that we seldom hear a sermon read, even on these special occasions, which does not lose more in interest and force than is gained in safety and correctness. Few men read well, because few read naturally; and the energy and freedom—the *nature*—which comes forth in spontaneous utterances, is all wanting in the cribbed and cramped process of literally reading a manuscript. Is it noble and dignified in a legate of the skies, to be bound to his paper for the utterance of his own thoughts and feelings? Does it not destroy all eloquence, by freezing the noble currents of emotion? Reading is tolerated nowhere but in the pulpit. Yet how would Peter have looked, reading his sermon on the day of

Pentecost? and would Paul have been likely "mightily to have convinced the Jews, and that publicly," if he must first have fetched his manuscript, and then slavishly followed it? The style of the oration on Mars' Hill differed widely from the exposition and appeals in the synagogue, because the Apostle wisely suited himself to his auditory. Reading sermons betrays the want of that prime requisite for the Ministry, next to the experienced power of the Gospel,—“aptness to teach.” It tends to a certain and most injurious change in the quality of pulpit labours. Such Ministers will not aim principally to exhibit old truths in a new dress, and simply to render them more attractive and impressive; but recondite subjects must be chosen, topics requiring great research and accurate statement; and which may therefore bring higher credit to the preacher, as profound, original, philosophical. The Gospel *testimony* will soon become the occasional, instead of being the standing, topic. The truths discussed will also soon suffer. The discourse will become elaborate, and then attenuated. The audience will be educated to a fastidious implacability, and difficult to be disarmed of their critical wrath; they will be more displeased with the manner than pleased with the substance of a discourse; and the great end of preaching will be lost.

We are fully aware of the plea by which those who read defend themselves,—“they gain confidence;” and we admit they may require it. But surely this is not the way to acquire moral courage. This plan is not adopted by speakers in other departments. Confidence will never be gained by this means; for it admits of no advance; there is no exercise of self-reliance, no practice to make perfect. If there be an unconquerable timidity, we should judge that such a man has no business in an office which requires great moral courage. But timid men have conquered that self-diffidence which was their snare, and in some degree their imbecility, by thoroughly mastering their subject, by logical arrangement, by great moral considerations, by that humility which is willing to endure failures, by a deep sense of responsibility, and, above all, by a prayerful reliance upon those divine aids which are assured to every true ambassador for Christ. That the habit of reading may be broken, many examples prove; and that it needs not to be formed, is evident from the practice in evangelical pulpits, even in the Establishment, where reading so largely obtains.

The most popular and effective Ministers of all Churches are, in the proper sense, extemporaneous Preachers; that is to say, they do not, except occasionally, write *in extenso*; but study out every thing, regardless, for the time, of phraseology; and, having determined and mastered their whole train of thought, they clothe those thoughts extemporaneously. They thus have room for the play of their own feelings; and, by the diversity

of language, and the introduction of new ideas and illustrations obtained on the instant, they give the whole discourse an *impromptu* air. It is thus that we have heard the same sermon more than once, from some popular Preachers, with undiminished zest; for, by this means, it has been re-cast; and, while substantially the same, it has all the freshness of coming new from the furnace. The simple truth is, that with such Preachers each sermon is, in considerable part, a fresh one on the old text, yet mainly after the old model; and with them, as distinguished from reading and *memoriter* Preachers, preaching is a process of mental labour, not a mere exercise of memory; all the faculties are engaged in thinking aloud, with a powerful stimulus both to the head and heart. So Dr. Burder is reported to have said to a friend, when hearing Richard Watson, "That is the most extraordinary machine God ever made, for thinking, and telling you what he is thinking."*

We take the opportunity of saying, that, in our humble judgment, *memoriter* preaching must greatly fail of the proposed object. Not one Preacher in a thousand of this class who does not betray himself; and it is in human nature, to feel less under what is seen to be prepared beforehand, than under a spontaneous impulse. Who does not at once become deaf to the beggar whose tones and manner tell you that he is only repeating a prepared story of distress? but who can resist the spontaneous and touching story of one whose appeals are couched in the natural tones of sorrow, and in words that the heart dictates? Although far inferior in artistic management and finish, the rough, bold, free outline pleases the man of true taste better than the finished drawing. We delight in the natural simplicity, the frankness, the beautiful blunders of the child, more than in the refinements of educated politeness. But *memoriter* Preachers aim at this same polish,—at a perfect finish, at verbal correctness. They are horrified at a capital blunder, which shows that a man's mind is so earnestly at work, that he is beforehand of his tongue. They leave no room for the impulse of circumstances, for the play of emotion, for kindling with their theme. The memory is prodigiously taxed, to the damage of other faculties. They are slaves, and dare not attempt to break their chains. And a graver evil than all is, this practice begets distrust in the special promise of Him whose servants they are: "It shall be given you in that same hour what and how ye shall speak." It is true that the words refer to special exigencies; but it appears a most unprofitable consumption of time, to commit two or three sermons a week to memory,—time which

* The practice of reading sermons is gaining ground so fast in America, that the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has deemed it necessary to pass a Resolution strongly reprobating the practice.

a faithful Minister must feel he wants for other duties ; and in this he might therefore properly cast himself on the promise of his Master. Besides, we frequently find that the most effective strokes are the suggestions of the moment.

Yet let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates for *impromptu* preaching,—for men's trusting to their extemporaneous powers without severe and elaborate preparation. There is danger of Preachers not giving their congregations sufficient credit for intellect and knowledge ; of their supposing that laymen cannot be judges of doctrine, and that their hearers are not prepared for "strong meat." Shoals of loose, declamatory harangues, without logic, without any principle of homogeneity, without thought, dwelling only on simple first truths, without any range of topics, or novelty of illustration,—show a lamentable want of studious preparation, and an equal deficiency of respect for the auditors. That variety and advancement in knowledge which settled congregations require, and have the right to demand, can only be furnished by mental labour,—by an increase of expository discourse, and by careful preparation. Preaching is easier than teaching ; yet teaching is now as necessary as preaching. But no satisfactory preparation can be made without the use of the pen, without occasionally, at least, writing at full length, with the greatest care and exactness. Cicero says, "The young orator's best master is his pen." Indeed, there are instances in which the most effective sermons have been composed with the utmost labour and pains ; but only where the single aim has been, to say nothing but what bore directly on the business, and to say that in the best possible way.*

We can hardly expect to have our views of the sacredness, responsibility, and legitimate power of the pulpit enhanced. We hold it to be the prime power of the Christian Church, and divinely ordained to be the means of its purity, edification, and extension, as truly as the sacraments themselves. Our only desire, then, is to see it as effective as human imperfection will allow. It will never, it can never be superseded. It creates, sustains, directs all other religious agencies ; itself, therefore, ought to be intelligent, elevated, and powerful, in the requirements of both instruction and worship. Without inspiration, no man can be expected to reach the height of apostolical wisdom and power ; yet that is the standard ; and the most successful Ministry has always been most imbued with the apostolic elements, both as to

* "A friend of mine in the Ministry, of no ordinary rank as to inventive genius, spent three months in writing and re-modelling a sermon, by which he wished to produce, and did produce, a powerful public impression. In another case, he spent half a month in reading and investigation, preparatory to the writing of a single head in a sermon ; yet he could at any time preach a good sermon, with one day, and, in case of emergency, with one hour, for preparation."—*Porter's Lectures on Preaching*. And in another instance, a Minister wrote out his sermon seven times ; and in several cases that sermon was the means of a considerable revival of religion in the neighbourhood.

truth and spirit. No intellectual advancement of the age will improve Christianity; for it is Christianity alone which improves the age. But the efficiency of the pulpit may be increased. Former times undoubtedly presented, not more beautiful compositions, but more masculine force of intellect, and more effective preaching. After making deductions for that respect which good men instinctively pay to antiquity, and for the reverence with which filial love ever regards parental recollections, many, perhaps most, Churches lament the want of such men as their fathers were. They need, not only powerful intellect, but spiritual might, sons of thunder, to startle them out of a universal lethargy. Evangelical Ministers generally are more united, and seek still closer union; but their intercourse only reveals to each the want and craving of all. The general statement is, that the truth fails to make decided converts. It is received with every satisfactory external sign; but it finds no deep places; it brings forth little fruit to perfection. We could refer to examples, in every Church, of men suited to the times; not controversialists, not philosophical Preachers, not German thinkers; not men whose trust is in truth alone, its adaptation and pungent enforcement; but men who are fired with love to the perishing; whose zeal makes them, in the estimation of our sober Christians, beside themselves,—who yet mourn over their ineffective ministry. The times need men who have steeped their minds in the writings of Baxter and Alleine, of Howe and Charnock; men of the apostolic spirit, and of apostolic power; charged, filled with the sense of their high commission; ready for all labours, “in season and out of season;” in fear of no man, and willing to pay the tax of reproach for independent thought and action.

The topics which most distinguished the preaching of early days seem to be waning from our pulpits; and this may be one cause of the prevalence of practical Antinomianism in the Church, and of the paucity of conversions in comparison with the number of sermons delivered every Sabbath. Christ crucified has been preached until it has become a doctrinal sedative; but the law in its requirements and penalties is seldom dwelt upon, so far as our observation goes; and, when introduced, it is in terms not to “offend ears polite.” A strong enforcement of Christian duty, as a test of personal sincerity and faith, and as a means of alarm to all who imagine there is no danger, together with a free exhibition of the power and grace of Christ, as the staple of the Ministry for six months, would arouse the general apathy, through the might of the Spirit of God. The note of alarm is needed. The grace of the Gospel may be perverted into a snare and a delusion. The perfect order of the Church may become an end instead of a means. A bold Ministry, to break through

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all trammels of religious fashion, and to lead the way to deal in other truths than Gospel anodynes, is wanted. The old truths are not worn out; Christianity has not become effete. It is not like an Egyptian mummy, which looks firm, but expose it, touch it, and it falls into powder. No; it is still a living power, and only needs to be trusted and applied as in the former days, with an uncompromising boldness and a strong faith, and it shall be proved to be still "the power of God."

This re-application of the old truths is the work of an earnest and vigorous Ministry. But nothing more militates against the moral vigour of Christian Ministers than the atmosphere of the world; not the excesses of worldly diversions, and such pursuits as are manifestly incompatible with the Christian character; but such approaches to these things as would not be generally condemned as inconsistent. Ministers are, however, susceptible of these temptations, requiring as they do relaxation from severe study; but their people, unintentionally, sometimes put them to an unnecessary trial, by associating them with the style of the world in mingled parties. The rapid approach of the Church to the manners and spirit of the world, is an evil which nothing can repress but a change of views by the growth of godliness; and the terms on which Ministers must live, or are expected to live, with their people, render it sometimes difficult for them to draw the line and point the rebuke.

A good feature of the times is the attempted restoration of that method of reaching the masses, which was first, in modern days, adopted by George Whitefield, and so readily followed by the Wesleys,—*out-door preaching*,—at first of necessity, not of choice or premeditation. "How wisely does God order all things!" observes Mr. Wesley. "Some will not hear even the word of God out of a church. For the sake of these we are often permitted to preach in a church. Others will not hear in a church. For their sakes we are often compelled to preach in the highways." The practice had of late years grown into disrepute from its abuses, having become a channel of the treason and semi-treason of the demagogue; and, in fact, at one time was rarely employed but for the purpose of disseminating principles opposed alike to truth, purity, and charity. But it is in the course of being redeemed from its temporary degradation. In many of our large towns, Clergymen and Nonconformist Ministers of the first class may be seen occupying some of the most eligible public places, and, sometimes in a united service, proclaiming the good news to those who will not enter church or chapel. The Pastoral Aid Society gives public countenance to this mode of reaching the masses of non-worshipping sinners; and, in some of its "Occasional Papers," offers very judicious directions to both Clergy and laity upon the right method of conducting these important services.

The upper classes of society generally are wedded to the national Church, and probably will always be so. The Nonconformists take the middle classes in various degrees; some the more intelligent or better educated, and others a class of great heart and energy. But none of the Churches have a large and strong hold upon the working classes proper,—those who earn their bread, not by merchandise or business, but by their own handicraft labour, either alone or in connexion with machinery. Several claim to have set up “the poor man’s Church;” but it is merely a name and an empty boast. Artisans are a peculiar class. They have great shrewdness, hard heads, and a considerable extent of information. They are extremely sensitive about their class-rights; and are generally pervaded with a lurking practical controversy against capital, and against the political power of those above them. They have little attachment to their employers, and foolishly withhold their confidence from those in the higher social circles. They have, in general, no attachment to Churches. All may have a portion of the working classes in their communities; but they are not gathered and won in any considerable numbers, either by religious blandishments and impressive ceremonial, by the simplest forms of worship, by calm, intellectual preaching, or by the utmost energy of aggressive zeal. This is not only matter of lamentation, but a weakness in our Churches, and a danger to our country, demanding every possible attention to the means of remedy. The alienation and hostility are undoubtedly to be attributed, in great part, to that want of sympathy so affectingly deplored by the late Judge Talfourd:—“If I were asked what is the great want of English society, I would say, it is the mingling of class with class. I would say, in one word, that that want is the want of sympathy.” “Words,” observes Mr. Miller, in echoing them from the pulpit, “reflecting as much honour upon the gentleness of his heart, as upon his acumen as an observer of our social condition; words which the Christian Minister, no less than the Christian statesman,—which neither Ministers nor statesmen only, but every man of station, wealth, and influence,—will do well to ponder.”

It is a happy omen that general attention is now paid to the religious condition of the working classes, in addition to a commendable zeal for their intellectual and social progress. The publications of the last few years have been eminently serviceable in this respect. The Reports of City and Town Missions, and similar institutions, Episcopal and Nonconformist; the stirring appeal of Dr. Harris in the “Christian Citizen;” “Jethro: a Prize Essay on Lay Agency,” from the powerful pen of Dr. Campbell; and many publications, less grave and of lower aims, together with various Sanitary Reports, Police Returns, and Jail Reports, compiled with great exactness and with evident reference

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to moral questions; and last, but not least, the "Report on Religious Worship," by Horace Mann,—have left a deep impression on the public mind, and made this one of the greatest questions of the day. The Tables and Maps illustrative of the state of education and of crime, published in the "Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, for 1848,—49,—50," Vol. II., are of great importance and value. Although an appalling study, they remarkably illustrate the effect of Christianity in its twofold influence of preaching and education.

It is important to our purpose to glance at some of the facts revealed by the "Report on Religious Worship,"—a work which, with some unavoidable and some avoidable errors, still gives Mr. Mann great claims to the gratitude of the religious public, as showing the amount of provision for the country at large, and the degree in which it is made use of; and also the progress effected in worship-accommodation during the present century. Of course, all such returns will be imperfect; but substantially, and more accurately than ever before, we learn the condition of our country in these respects.

It is calculated that accommodation for the inhabitants of England and Wales, at the rate of 58 *per cent.*, would meet the necessity of the case, this rate implying a deduction for children, for sick and infirm persons, and for those who are unavoidably prevented from attending public worship. Accommodation would then be required for 10,398,013 persons. Returns were obtained from 31,943 places of religious worship; but 2,524 other places omitted a return; and, on an equitable balance, it would appear that provision is made for 10,212,563 persons. The apparent deficiency, at the rate of 58 *per cent.*, is thus reduced to 185,450; "yet by the unequal distribution of these 10,212,563 sittings, there is really not accommodation, *within reach of those who want it*, for a greater number than 8,753,279, leaving an actual deficiency of 1,644,734 sittings. Probably, indeed, the deficiency is much larger." Singular illustrations might be furnished of the extreme difference of provision in different, and even contiguous, districts. The rural parishes have accommodation at the rate of 66·5 *per cent.* of the population; while the urban parishes are as low as 46·0 *per cent.* The population provided for in 74 of the large towns is only 37·3 *per cent.*; and 1,332,992 more sittings are *there* required to reach the average of 58 *per cent.* Proximately, it may be said, that the accommodation for religious worship in 1801 was 58·1 *per cent.*; in 1821, it was reduced to 50·8; and in 1851, it had risen to 57, that is to say, upon the average of the entire kingdom. But it is evident that the large towns have not had their share of the general improvement since 1801,—the accommodation not being in proportion to the immense increase of population; and much of it being available only at particular times. The estimated number of

free sittings, "free to any persons wishing, without payment, to occupy them," is 4,804,595. But very many of these would not be available to those who, at particular times, might wish to occupy them. We find a larger proportion free in the rural than in the town districts; they are in the proportion of 49·4 to 43·6. We can look nowhere without finding proof that where the masses of the people, always chiefly of the working classes, reside, there is the greatest want, numerically and morally, and the widest and fittest field for Christian zeal.

The numbers of those who might attend public worship, but neglect from want of disposition, cannot be exactly stated; but it is immense. Let any one visit a rural district, and on the Sabbath day he will find a large proportion of the labouring classes gathered in knots at the corners of streets, or strolling about without a purpose; and few entering the house of prayer. And in our towns, the amount, not of mere negligence, but of profanity, of systematic and gainful Sabbath-breaking, is startling and ominous. Or let any one take the gauge of common, open drunkenness among us,—people of all classes, but especially of the lower classes, both male and female,—and he will stand appalled. The statistics of lewdness are equally frightful. And the class of miscellaneous offences reveals a state of immorality that might make a newly-evangelized people blush at our degradation.

Indeed, no one can contemplate the state of England without the deepest concern; because the guilt of a nation, like that of an individual, is in proportion to knowledge, and the means of obtaining it. By a natural law, depravity is intensified by the presence of the means of its cure. The facilities for wickedness are greatest among a highly civilized and prosperous nation. The progress of even nominal Christianity is by no means in proportion to the increase of our population; and the present scale of aggressive efforts cannot overtake it. Ordinary observers and students of statistics do not, cannot, estimate the amount of our physical and moral wretchedness; this is only revealed to the eye of the explorer and the philanthropist. Statistics do not meet the case. Figures look large, but their impression is faint; arithmetic is a very inadequate exponent of morals. The overwhelming numbers of any of our moral statistics stagger us; but we are apt to forget that these are but the aggregations of units, each of which, contemplated by the philanthropy of a Christian, surveyed in its causes, miseries, and tendencies, would afflict and alarm any considerate mind. Yet statistics serve a purpose: they are cumulative arguments against inaction; and they form a basis for remedial measures, and for prompt, united, and energetic efforts.

Even Scotland, which at one time, soon after the Reformation, could boast that every parish had a Minister, every

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village had a school, almost every family had a Bible, and almost every child could read, is in great danger of losing her national morality. The coldness of her character, and the soundness of her creed, hinder her passing quickly into the fervid vices of the southern country; but she is discovering that morality without religion is like flowers stuck in sand,—their bloom soon vanishes, and they fade into the portion of worn-out graces. Scotland's Churches now mourn over Scotland's vices, especially drunkenness and non-attendance upon religious worship. The want of emotion is characteristic of the nation; and while this coldness, no doubt, had great influence in the choice of a creed, it greatly abridges its force in the sustentation of morals. "Wesley," says Dr. Campbell, "with his characteristic penetration, admirably hit off the national character, when he said, 'The Scotch are certainly the best hearers in Europe: they hear every thing, they understand every thing; they feel nothing.'"

In Ireland, things have greatly mended since a Clergyman "declared, in the sight of God and man, that there was more piety among Mohammedans than in parts of the district committed to his care." But the land where Popery has its seat, although so near to the most Christian country in the world, and blessed with the highest natural advantages, furnishes no exception to the rule of ignorance, degradation, and thralldom with which Popery overshadows a submissive people.

It would be beside our present purpose to enter into a large consideration of statistics, which are overwhelming by their vastness, and almost incomprehensible. But we have brought together some few points in reference to the condition of four of our large provincial towns, to show, on the one hand, the state of religious worship and effort, and on the other, the condition of these towns as regards crime, so far as exhibited in the very admirable Police Returns. It is to be remembered that the particulars in the first schedule about worshippers were obtained in 1851. The population has increased, but the proportions probably remain much the same.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF FOUR LARGE TOWNS.

	Population within the Municipal Borough.	Episcopal Churches.	Chapels, including Roman Catholic.	Total Accommodation.	Total Hearers, Morning, March 31st 1851.	Total Hearers in the Evening.	Episcopal Clergy.	Other Protestant Ministers.	Scripture Readers.	Town Missionaries.
Liverpool	375,595	59	106	122,386	98,218	61,653	82	64	27	30
Manchester	303,382	32	90	95,929	64,467	32,048		68		
Birmingham	232,841	25	67	66,714	43,544	33,564	64	56	22	10
Leeds	172,270	36	101	76,488	39,392	29,280	38		4	11
	1,084,088	152	364	361,517	245,621	156,542				

The state of these four towns, in respect of drunkenness, lewdness, and theft, so far as the Police Returns take cognizance of these immoralities, is shown thus:—

	No. of Public Houses and Beer Houses.	Apprehended as Drunk, Disorderly, and Incapable.	Houses of Ill Fame kept by		Prostitutes.		Professional Thieves.		Thieves who work occasionally.		Total 1st and 2d Class Thieves.	Apprehended for Theft, in 1854.
			Males.	Females.	In 1854.	Increase.	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.		
Liverpool ...	2,348	10,678	157	455	2,053	159	486	64	190	27	767	6,519
Manchester ..	2,061	851			704	61	137	79	142	84	442	2,348
Birmingham		568										1,668
Leeds *	729	345	32	71	575						446	835

CONDITION OF THESE TOWNS IN RESPECT OF CRIME AND EDUCATION.

	Population in 1851.	Total number of Apprehensions.	For Offences against the Person.	Offences against Property.	Miscellaneous.	Under 15 years of age.	Above 16 and under 20 years of age.	Could neither read nor write.	Read only.	Read and write imperfectly.	Read and write well.
Liverpool ...	375,595	2,511	2,082	6,519	16,510	1,035†	806‡	3,286†	1,069†	1,555†	52
Manchester..	303,382	5,955	1,012	2,487	2,456	499	1,363	2,236	...	3,574	144
Birmingham	232,841	3,919	658	1,568	1,693	268	213	1,607	...	2,229	83
Leeds §	172,270	2,093	340	815	938	218	449	960	...	1,042	91
	1,084,088	14,478	4,092	11,389	21,597	2,020	2,831	8,089	...	8,400	370

But the more minute our inspection of these sad facts, the more painful is the impression. Dr. Hume, of Liverpool, has, from actual survey, furnished us with a model of such statements as ought to be published in every large town, in order to impress both Ministers and people with a just sense of the condition of those in the midst of whom they live. Twice has Dr. Hume gone over one of his districts; and we give the results from tables, only part of which have been published.

In this district, there are 27 streets, 226 courts, and 152 cellars. There are 2,379 houses, containing 2,894 families, (487 of them Irish-speaking families,) of whom 940 are in regular, 1,383 in irregular employ, and 571 engaged in miscellaneous work. There are 76 taverns and 51 beer-shops. Their religious creed is, of course, diversified: 5,949 profess to belong to the Episcopal Church, 5,546 are Roman Catholics, 1,059 Methodists, 313 Presbyterians, 83 Independents, and 78 Baptists. Of these, 3,929 attend church or chapel, 9,099 do not, and 4,635 are reported as negligent Churchmen. Of 1,344 Church families, 258 had no Bible, and 325 no Prayer-Book. Out of 5,538

* For 1853. No Returns printed for 1854.

† Out of 5,962 apprehended for felony.

‡ From 16 to 18 years of age.

§ For 1853.

parents, 361 fathers and 571 mothers could not read. There were 3,228 children of a proper age to receive education, from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 12; of these, 1,136 were receiving some education, and 2,092 were not receiving any. There were 219 sick persons, 77 of them ill of fever. Of the total 13,028 persons in this district, 6,578 were English, 5,550 Irish, 253 Scotch, 510 Welsh, and 37 Manx.

It further appears, that of the 2,894 families, 1,752 were wholly or partially Protestant. The Scripture Reader, misapprehending his instructions, gave some intimation of temporal advantages to accrue from attendance at church; but, even with the benefit of this mistake, he could only induce 694 to promise to attend; and when the Clergyman visited them as a Minister, and set the matter right, the *promises* were reduced at once to 212, and the *performances* sank to 57.

This district is now of less extent, including only 1,374 inhabited houses; and it has been again thoroughly investigated by the laborious Incumbent, and exhibits some improvement. The statistics, however, reveal the usual moral influence of Popery. The Protestants and Papists are pretty equal in numbers; but of the former, only 329 attend a place of worship. The heads of 734 families could both read and write, 370 could read only, and 839 could neither read nor write. Of the Protestant families, 53 *per cent.* could read and write, and 27 *per cent.* of the Roman Catholic. Of the Protestants, 61 *per cent.* neglect school, and 39 *per cent.* attend: of the Roman Catholics, 80 *per cent.* neglect, and 20 *per cent.* attend. The attendance at the Sunday school is respectively 29 and 2 *per cent.* 737 Protestant families have Bibles, and 34 Roman Catholics: 285 Protestants and 887 Roman Catholics have none. Of Protestant families, 554 are clean and orderly, and of Roman Catholics, 126; against 468 and 795 respectively, who are not so. The most immoral street has 94 families residing in it, and there are 16 public-houses, 2 beer-shops, and 46 houses of ill fame. One court, containing 9 families, has 4 of this last class. The worst parts are those where there is the largest number of mixed marriages, Protestant and Roman Catholic.

In Liverpool, the ratio of vice is very great: one public-house, or beer-shop, to about every 160 of the inhabitants; one in every 15, once in the year, apprehended on some criminal charge; and the known prostitutes, one in every 182 of the whole population;—all these without deduction for infants and children. When it is remembered how large a proportion of the inhabitants of such a town are really respectable and moral, and deductions are made for juveniles, *how fearful must be the true ratio among the class to which these transgressors belong!* Yet it must be remembered that this is, in a large degree, to be attributed to the constant influx of Irish. It is ascertained that even last year, 158,807 Irish persons came

over to Liverpool by the steamers; 151,382 of whom were deck passengers, apparently emigrants, labourers, &c., and 7,425 were apparently paupers. During the last five years, the almost incredible number of 1,159,294 persons have arrived in that port from Ireland. Of course, multitudes of these have passed to other places and countries, but other multitudes have remained in Liverpool. The effect is very disastrous. They not only reduce the market-price of labour, and thus throw the native population into straitened circumstances, which at once promote crime; but they directly lower the tone of morals by an example and influence which is all on the side of social degradation. Of 5,962 persons taken into custody in 1854, 2,527, being 42·3 *per cent.*, were born in Ireland; and of the 1,207 prostitutes taken into custody, 604 were born in Ireland, being 50·3 *per cent.* Thus Liverpool has not at all a fair chance of moral and social elevation; but must, if from this cause alone, greatly deteriorate, unless the Churches rouse themselves, and bring to bear upon this mass of evil the full power of religious influences.

But there is another fearful aspect of the condition of our large towns, partly the result of physical, and partly of moral, causes; and they always re-act upon each other. The mortality is fearfully high in such districts as that we have described as a sample of many.

"From a table given in the last Report of the General Board of Health just issued, it appears that the average age of all who die in England is 31 years and 1 month. This fact should be carefully borne in mind. In 1847, it was 29 years and 4 months. But in the districts of St. German's and Liskeard, in Cornwall, the average rose to 42 years, 11 months; the highest to be found in any of our counties. In Lancashire, the highest average was at Ulverstone, where it reached 41 years, 8 months; and the lowest at Liverpool, where it was less than the half, being 20 years and 5 months. The lowest county in England was Lancashire, and the lowest district in Lancashire was Liverpool. The average for the whole county of Lancaster, 22 years and 10 months, was far below that of St. Giles's, in London, 28 years, 4 months; and scarcely reached that of the very lowest district in the metropolis, St. Luke's, 22 years, 8 months. Of about 320 districts in England and Wales, there were only 7 that fell below Liverpool, and these were all mining or manufacturing districts."*

Dr. Hume very properly argues, that as a large portion of Liverpool is undoubtedly very healthy, there must be a fearful amount of mortality somewhere in the town, to drag down the averages almost to the very bottom of the scale. The Report of St. Anne's Dispensary shows that the average of

* "Evening Classes for Adult Pupils: How far desirable, possible, and sought for." By the Rev. A. Hume, D.C.C.

life among those who died in one year, (1853,) who were patients of the institution, and of all ages, was less than 15 years; and this is not the worst portion of the town. That the morality which springs from religion has "length of days in her right hand," is evident from the consideration of the average of human life among various classes. "If we take the members of the Society of Friends, the average age at death of all who are born is upwards of 52 years, or nearly double the average for all England and Wales. In London, the average age at death of the gentry is 44; of the respectable middle classes, 28; of tradesmen, 25; and of artisans, 22."* But what fearful havoc vice, ignorance, improvidence, and poverty are making in our population, when the average is reduced, within a town like Liverpool, to less than 15 years!† What an appeal do these facts contain! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Speaking of two districts, Dr. Hume says:—

"If a Clergyman were to visit all the families in both districts at the rate of twenty *per* week, or more than one thousand *per annum*, he would be nearly five years and a half in completing one round. Within that period nearly six thousand individuals would have died, and more than six thousand would have been born; many thousands would have come and gone unknown to him; and long lines of houses would have changed their occupants eight, nine, or ten times."

How, then, is it possible for ministerial service alone to reach the necessities of our large towns? Ministers are overwhelmed, and cannot do all they might, but for the perplexity and sense of utter inadequacy to the duty. The public demands upon large numbers of them are fearful, and wear down the strongest. Town life to them is a cankering care, a constant strain, a complete exhaustion. We sometimes blame, when better knowledge would excite our pity.

Omitting statistics on the wear and tear of ministerial life, and only noticing the fact recorded by Mr. Stevens in his bold and faithful appeal to his brethren,—that out of nearly seven hundred Ministers in America, *about two-thirds died after twelve years' itinerant service*; we observe, that the true remedy for this appalling Home Heathenism is a judicious and systematic combination of ministerial and lay agency.

Lay service has been required, and has been given to the Church in every age. Moses found the work of governing all Israel "too heavy for him;" and the wise counsel of Jethro was, that he should devolve some of the less important matters

* "Tables of Vital Statistics," &c. 1847.

† And yet, "in the worst part of the town, the reduction in mortality by sanitary measures has been from 35 to 32 *per* 1,000, or equivalent to a saving of 800 lives annually."—*Report of the Medical Officer of Health, June 15th, 1854.*

upon others, carefully chosen for their fitness to be helps to him. "The hard causes they brought unto Moses, but every small matter they judged themselves." In the service of the tabernacle and the temple, beside the Priests and the Levites, there were also the Nethinims, to attend to various subordinate matters. In the early Church, there were not only Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, and Pastors, but Deacons and Helps, or Helpers, whom the Apostle recognises with gratitude for their labours in the common cause. The Catechists were not Ministers; yet to them was committed the early religious training of the young. The nature and extent of these various lay services, are marked on the page of inspired Church history. In those primitive days, the brightest and most vigorous of Christianity, every Church was a missionary institution, every believer a Gospel seraph, charged with truths he burned to proclaim. Persecution scattered them, but only more widely to disperse the seeds of eternal life. Necessity brought them to great cities; but "there they spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus." The most remarkable pages of Church history and apostolical direction are those concerning the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit so abundantly showered upon the early believers, and given to sanction and qualify laymen for the service of the house of God; diversities of gifts, and administrations, and operations, from one Source, and for one end; and all implying trust, obligation, responsibility.

Although there are departments of labour into which a Minister cannot enter, if it were only for want of time and opportunity, and many services which he can only imperfectly perform,—yet a strong prejudice has existed for ages against lay service in the Church. It may be traced to the pestilent influence of Popery, which has always endeavoured to limit the efficacy of grace to the channel of ministerial services. The blessed Reformation did not wholly emancipate the Churches from the fatal prejudice; the law, even in the time of Elizabeth, being "that none be allowed to preach, but such as had been regularly ordained;" while many of the Clergy were so ignorant as not to be able to write their own names, hundreds could not preach a sermon, and many of them were infamous in their lives. But, in the times of the Commonwealth, lay agency became more authorized, although it did not escape ribald wit and great persecution. Yet it was not until the last century that the principle was thoroughly understood, and practically recognised, that laymen are bound to serve the Church, and that their labours are eminently fitted to extend religion.

Nothing could exceed the prejudice and rancour with which lay agency was assailed, when first employed under the Wesleys and

Whitefield. Certain points of Church order were deemed of more importance than the salvation of men: order was made an end, and not a means. In the Church of Mr. Wesley, laymen scarcely conversed on religion, or prayed together. His own High-Church notions might have found a lesson and a rebuke in the circumstances of his conversion, which took place not in the beautiful service on which he attended at St. Paul's, but when assembled with some German Nonconformists in Aldersgate Street. But he could not long remain unimpressed with that lesson, who was the devout interpreter and docile servant of Divine Providence. His own labours produced fruit which had seed within itself; and when God made the necessity for lay labour, he learnt to call no man common or unclean. The work of religious revival increased beyond the extraordinary powers of these great and good men to overtake it. Mr. Maxfield began to preach, when only authorized to pray with, and advise, "the Society;" and Mr. Wesley hastened back to silence him. His noble mother, to whose judgment he ever listened with a just reverence, observed an expression of dissatisfaction on his countenance, and inquired the cause. "Thomas Maxfield," said he, abruptly, "has turned preacher, I find." She looked attentively at him, and replied, "John, you know what my sentiments have been. You cannot suspect me of favouring readily any thing of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man; for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also yourself." He did so, and the results are notorious. This first lay preaching among the Methodists struck an effectual blow against all notions of Church order that interfere with the interests of religion. This was the true beginning—the foundation-stone—of that great system of lay agency which first among the Methodists, and now among other Churches, has given life to Christian zeal, and made the Protestant Churches generally working Churches. The early results were indisputably the seal of the divine approval, and justified the sound judgment at which Mr. Wesley arrived, although not without a struggle. These views and principles "operated in the hesitating mind of Mr. Wesley, and waged sharp, but happily successful, conflict with the habits of his order, and the prejudices of his education. In the dearth of clerical labourers, in so vast a field, he set open the door, under judicious control and superintendence, to lay administration. He encouraged the agency of the pious in every direction, in spreading the light through their respective neighbourhoods; and by this means, through the divine blessing, he increased his own usefulness a thousand-fold; and, instead of operating individually, powerful as that individual operation was, he became the director of a vast system, which remained at

work in his personal absence, and was continually pouring into the Church its contributions of conquest from the world."*

Happily, through the influence of such examples, a change of sentiment, as beneficial as it is great, has come upon the Christian Church. Subordinate and auxiliary help is not only tolerated, but encouraged. Even in the Establishment, a Minister is commended who avails himself of the divine fruit of his ministry, by systematically employing the laymen to visit the sick, care for the young, instruct and warn the vicious, and pray, exhort, and read the Scriptures in a given neighbourhood. Clergymen do not hesitate now to say, that "for this work lay help is no less valuable than clerical;" and dignitaries are found advocating, with an earnest, enlightened, and eloquent zeal, the claims of Societies for sustaining and directing such religious efforts. This is a great advance upon the feelings which imbued many even of the Evangelical Clergy less than fifty years ago, who maintained that in prayer-meetings none should officiate except Clergymen; "for it must destroy all ministerial authority and influence, for him to be present while one of his flock, a *layman*, is the mouth of God to the company, or of the company in addressing God!" That change has not been brought about by advocating any theory, but by the impulse of the example of John Wesley and George Whitefield. The great and acknowledged success of Methodism has induced other Churches to vindicate the principle of lay ministration, and often substantially to copy the very form in which it is practised among Methodists. "If none," says the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, "except those who are solemnly set apart and devoted to the ministry are to advise and instruct their neighbours in religion, what multitudes must ever remain uninstructed and unadvised!" "My brethren," addressing his Clergy, "if we shut out from spiritual usefulness all who are not ordained to spiritual things,—if we do not rather excite and urge them to such duties, we contradict the plain commands of our religion."

The great want of the Church is a living agency. Theories, on every subject, are abundant; questions of Church government are practically settled, and will not easily become a great controversy again; institutions are pretty well perfected. What is wanted is *men*; men of soul, men of energy, who will *do* the real work of the Church,—some to labour, some to direct and inspire. The influence of those who pervade their sphere with their own buoyant and quietly determined spirit, is beyond calculation, and secures infinitely greater results than their immediate personal efforts. They are Generals of the army, and show

* Watson, vol. vii., p. 284.

here, as every where, that mind accomplishes all. But the host of labourers is still needed,—the army of devoted soldiers.

One of the most striking features of the times is the attention paid by the superior Clergy to the wants of our ever-growing population, and the determination to meet the demands of the age by suiting the length of the Church service to the altered circumstances of society, and by making aggression upon the out-door masses. The Report of the Committees of both Houses of Convocation, in July, 1854, upon matters affecting the interests of the Church of England, is a very remarkable document, and clearly indicates the purposes of the Episcopal Church, in its advancing zeal for the religious welfare of the country. One inquiry was, "Whether any, and, if so, what, modification of the Church's present agency is needful to enable her more thoroughly to discharge her spiritual functions?" The principal points of the answer are as follow. It is suggested, First. That some additional ministerial agency is necessary in order to preach the Gospel to every creature.

"Secondly. That some of the present needs of the Church can only be met by a more general and systematic co-operation of the laity in works of Christian charity; in visiting and instructing the sick, poor, and ignorant; in exhorting the careless; in teaching children and adults in schools; in collecting funds for the extension of the Church at home and abroad; and in all other labours of Christian love which can, consistently with the rules of the Church, be performed by laymen; that such works must be undertaken and conducted under the superintendence of the parochial Clergy, and should bear, in marked features, the character of being lay assistance rendered to the Ministers of Christ in their proper work; and should be conducted with the special aim of bringing souls under the direct action of the Ministry.

"Thirdly. That, besides this more general and systematic agency of the laity of the Church, as parochial district visitors and the like, some extension of the Ministry is greatly needed among us.....

"Further, we are of opinion that various means might be adopted to render more effectual the exercise of the Church's missionary office towards our home population.

"It is deeply to be deplored that there are at present large numbers of the poorer population, especially in great towns, who are habitually absent from the public worship of God, and live with little or no sense of religion; and new and increased efforts are urgently required to give them a saving knowledge of the Gospel, and shelter them within the fold of the Church. For this work there is need of men specially fitted for, and devoted to, direct missionary operations at home."

The Report then proposes that, "with a view to economy, Christian fellowship, and united prayers and action," they should live together, minister in one church, and diverge into the neighbourhood in their labours. In this, as Mr. Miller

remarks, "there is an introduction of the *confraternity* system which suggests the apprehension of a *monastic leaning*."

"Further, we think that good would result if those who were gained by these means as converts, were associated together in closer fellowship and action than has been common among us. Such converts, we believe, would thus be themselves built up in the true faith; would become an attraction and shelter to others; and would, under God's blessing, spread around them in their homes, and among their companions, a saving knowledge of Christ and His Gospel.

"We believe, further, that the due action of the Church's missionary office among the home population would be promoted, if a body of Clergy were organized for the special work of preaching and exhorting, under the Bishop's sanction, throughout the diocese..... We believe that such an institution would be of great service in parishes of unmanageable size, in those that might have been injured by past ministerial neglect, by the action of demoralizing influences, or by the inculcation of Roman or other error; and lastly, that it would tend, in a beneficial manner, to supply wants arising from such inequalities in ministerial gifts as must be found in so numerous a body as the English Clergy."

These practical suggestions deserve the serious consideration of all Churches:—lay agency to be more extensively employed; greater facilities to be afforded for access to Deacon's orders, by reducing the requirements for classical attainments; but candidates to possess "peculiar gifts for imparting religious instruction;" and bodies of Clergy organized for Missionary operations among our home population. All this is in the right direction, and is full of lessons and stimulus to other Churches. How remarkably do these proposals coincide with the views and practices of John Wesley, whose earnestness, knowledge of mankind, and practical sagacity, so long anticipated the views and movements of others! The highest honour and justice done to his memory is in the repetition of his counsels, and the adoption of his principles, and many of his plans, by those who are unconscious of the resemblances which others can discern in the evangelical effort to reach the wants of our home Heathen.

None are more thoroughly awake to the moral necessities of the times than the Evangelical Clergy; and by the plan of fixing a Minister in a destitute locality, and expecting him to form a Church, gathered out of the world by the Gospel, and thus to raise the principal part of his own support, they have greatly multiplied their Ministers, Congregations, and Churches, in the large towns especially.

The Pastoral Aid Society of the Church of England affords aid by grants both for assistant Curates and for lay help. The expenditure of the Society is nearly £38,000 *per annum*, and its liabilities about £42,500. By means of 486 grants, 341 Clergy-

men, and 145 lay assistants, supplement the labours of 376 Incumbents. The services thus established or maintained are in 157 churches, and 166 licensed rooms; thus providing for, we presume, *additional* weekly services,—626 on the Lord's day, 302 week-day, 450 school-room or cottage lectures, and 414 Bible classes.

The great failing in the operation of this Society, as it appears to us, is, that the help afforded is rather to those who least, than to those who *most*, need it. A rich congregation, in a neighbourhood where there are but few, if any, of the lower or working classes, can contribute so much to the Society as to induce them to supply an additional Curate; and it is in our knowledge, that many of the most necessitous districts are thus left with an insufficient supply, while other parts of the town have a comparative surplusage of labourers, because the population is not of so necessitous a class. The strong ought rather to help the weak.

In 1848, the Congregational Union adopted a series of papers containing many valuable "Thoughts on the Need for increased Efforts to promote the Religious Welfare of the Working Classes in England, by the Independent Churches and their Pastors;" but the question of their own little success among the working classes was thought to hinge mainly upon their Church principles; upon the aversion of the natural man to what is tranquil and devout; upon the air and impress of English middle life upon Congregationalism, and upon its antagonistic position. It was thought there would be some hope that a religious impression might be made upon the working classes, if there were an extension of the franchise!*

The Ministers of that assembly, however, uttered sentiments worthy of themselves; for they were not afraid to declare their own errors,—a rare virtue in public bodies, who generally leave all confession to individuals; but they nobly confessed the fault of spending their energies chiefly in testifying against evil, rather than in bearing testimony to the truth; and they saw that it tended "to make their preaching technical, narrow, and hard." If such an evil exists, they have taken the most effectual means of repressing and curing it; and we wish them, and all other Ministers, full success. Certainly no such preaching will do for the masses, either within or outside our places of worship.

The aggressive operations of the "Home Missions" among

* "I confess my own belief, and judge its avowal here to be in place, that the political condition of the unfranchised class is the parent cause of the great number of those more immediate causes that keep the working classes, *more* than others are kept, from the house of God,—ay! and keep them too from light and common air."—*Congregational Year-Book*, 1848, p. 94. But is it not marvellous that two Ministers, and a lay gentleman of mark, should prepare, and the Committee and Conference of the Union, should adopt and endorse such sentiments, or rest so little hope in the power of the Gospel to deal with every condition of society and of man?

the Congregationalists are among the agencies by which the Church attempts to overtake the spiritual wants of our immense population. They occupy 396 chapels and preaching-rooms, in 389 hamlets, villages, and towns. The congregations to whom the word of life is thus ministered, number about 35,000 hearers, with nearly 13,000 Sabbath-school scholars. 268 Christian men, of whom 47 are Missionaries, are engaged every week in declaring the truths of the Gospel. Eighty-four Bible Classes are attended by 1,332 scholars. They have circulated 1,451 copies of the Scriptures, and 120,000 religious tracts, during the last year. The complete statistics are highly interesting.

In noticing specifically these Church systems of lay agency, we do not forget the fact, that all Churches engage the most gifted and zealous of their people in religious efforts for the welfare of their respective neighbourhoods. The immense numbers, of both sexes, actively co-operating with their Ministers in Sunday and week-day schools, and in conducting cottage meetings of various kinds, are the glory, and strength, and salvation of our land. All honour to such Christian labourers!

It is well known that the Methodists have, from the beginning, been engaged in labours of this kind, and the whole stress of their busy machinery has been directed to the middle and lower classes. They have no distinct Home Missionary Fund, and no class of Ministers to be properly called Home Missionaries. Their whole system is founded on the principle of aggression, and all their Ministers are village preachers. Every town where they have a well-organized Society, is the centre of aggressive outgoings upon the neighbouring towns, villages, and hamlets; and in all large places they have a considerable number of stations for preaching, and other religious services. Each Minister, whatever his age, station among his brethren, or other engagements, takes his regular turn in visiting the neighbouring villages. Yet some stations partake more of the missionary character than others. The regular Ministers, or their lay assistants, thus visit thousands of places, in order to preach the word of life to multitudes who otherwise would never hear the Gospel. It is obvious, from the number of chapels and other places they occupy, that the Ministers alone would never be able to meet the religious wants of their people; but they are supplemented by a host of Christian men, who devote the Sabbath day to the toil of preaching in the villages and hamlets, with considerable acceptance and success; some of them having remarkable gifts, and a most laborious zeal. But they have not had the advantage of education and training for the services of the pulpit, and in these days do not always meet with the favour to which their pious zeal and devotedness justly entitle them. If

we were disposed to find fault with the system in this matter, it would be because this important and necessary part of its machinery has not had more attention paid to it, both in the selection and the improvement of the agents. *They* would have had less uneasiness, had they been generally more acceptable to the mass of the educated Methodists; and that could only be by their being better fitted to occupy the principal positions. The better qualified feed the ranks of the regular Ministry; but by greater strictness in the admission of Local Preachers, and increasing pastoral attention to the improvement of their spiritual gifts, they would become a still more powerful body of aggressive labourers.

In our judgment, no Church has such facilities and system for the employment of laymen as Methodism. Yet no office was pre-ordained, no plan was struck out at the beginning. The Methodists merely aimed at doing good, and thus soon obtained a large insight into the moral and religious wants of society, and then adapted their machinery to their objects. Their first principle was to "do good to the bodies and souls of men." This was simple, but effective. It found a place for every man, while it laid obligation upon each disciple to work. The labourers classified themselves after they had begun their work; and the system rose out of the labour. The division of labour was natural and necessary; and thus office and departmental service arose. Nothing was instituted or retained for the sake of effect, or honour, or the completeness of system. The test of value was utility; and every department being actuated and guided by one principle, homogeneity pervaded the whole. The wisdom of the movement was in its simplicity and piety. This gave decision, unity, power; removing far away all that was extraneous and useless, lest it should distract and impede. The energy of the first Methodists is wonderful; but it is easily explained. If "he who does one thing is terrible, and must succeed," we see how it was with these men, whose hearts were strangers to all motives but the most commanding in the universe,—the constraining love of Christ; and who only attempted one thing, to bring men to the knowledge of the truth, that they might be saved,—a business which they knew they could accomplish through divine help. That help was never withheld, because it was consistently sought; not by prayer alone, but in "labours more abundant."

The Methodist Church continues to be distinguished by its abundant labours, and especially by the employment of so large a proportion of lay agents. They have Tract-Distributors, penetrating into filthy lanes and alleys; where human beings are huddled together in crowded dwellings, one element of depravity acting upon another, and debasing the individual and the mass, until all are alike, monsters of iniquity. They have

Sabbath-school Teachers, whose care it is that in "the sweet hour of prime," those children who have become entitled to the external privileges of the Church, shall be religiously instructed, and, by a judicious discipline, formed to religion and virtue. They have persons who hold social meetings for prayer and exhortation, among people who would never enter church or chapel; and they carry in their censers, into the midst of this moral malaria, the only remedy provided for the plague. Their Class-Leaders gather the diseased, yet hopeful, into the hospital, tend them with the affection of a nursing relative, and deal with their diseases and wounds with the decision and care of those who are skilled by experience both of the ill and the cure. It is the province of these persons to watch over the morals of those in their charge, so as to be able to report to the Minister any serious failures; and to instruct them in things pertaining to the spiritual life. They have Local Preachers,—lay helpers in preaching the word, before alluded to,—who permeate a district with saving truth, so preached that the most illiterate may learn the way to heaven. They have, moreover, various offices of stewardship and trust, connected with the financial and economical affairs of a large body, which do not require spiritual gifts, but which are yet of incalculable importance to the sustentation and well-working of so vast a machinery. They find persons for all offices, even those which involve considerable pecuniary responsibilities; and others who are willing to sacrifice a portion of that time which might be productive of wealth, or be enjoyed in the pleasures of home, or of literature and science, in order to attend wearisome Committee Meetings, which in their progress involve most anxious thought, while their results are often comprised in a few sentences or figures.

Why should not the Methodists fully occupy the field before them? Does not their whole history afford them *prestige*? Are not their triumphs on the page of every county which they have fairly occupied? Has not their success among the colliers, and all masses of population, been glorious, and acknowledged even by their enemies? They have a wonderful system of religious agency, formed for aggression. Why not perfect it by separating a class of Ministers who, by their fervour, by their combined courage and discretion, and by their mental habits, are obviously fitted and called to the work of enlarging the Church by entering the waste places? Let these, both in the larger and smaller towns, evangelize a destitute neighbourhood; partly by their personal labours, and partly by gathering together a number of lay agents, who shall act under their direction, work on system, and augment both the congregations and the Churches. Domiciliary visits, the distribution of tracts, short addresses, a vigorous canvass for scholars, both for week-day and Sabbath schools, and judiciously conducted open-air

services, would bring Gospel truth to bear directly upon the masses of our ignorant and irreligious population. This must be done by the right class of men,—men of warm hearts, and able to suit their style to their audience. The doctrines of Methodism, the character of its agents, and the spirit which generally marks its worship, all fit it for the work; and its practice of finding employment for every convert, as a means of confirming grace, gives it great advantages.

The call of Divine Providence is obviously to large towns, and the most densely populated parts of the country, after the example of the Apostles and the early Churches. Here is felt the influence of a denominational yet catholic rivalry; and here the greatest wickedness, the greatest facilities, and the greatest results, are found. There is more acuteness of intellect, and there are more opportunities of repeated and systematic efforts, and more means of gathering the results. All souls are of equal value; yet all conversions are not so. In large towns there is the greatest probability of immediate success; agencies are quick and powerful, and the good is cumulative.

The increase of the population in our great cities and towns is upwards of three times the rate of the increase of the whole kingdom, and more than four times that of the agricultural parts. On these, therefore, let the Methodists expend a greater amount of cultivation. The villages need the light of the Gospel as much as any other portions of the country; and their system is admirably adapted to its diffusion; but it must not be to the damage, and at the expense, of the towns, and of the masses of our population. They need not lose their glory of village preaching, but they may increase it by strengthening their town work. From thence they are to obtain those supplies which are the sinews of war; and they will be better able to sustain the discursive warfare of their itinerancy by having strong Churches as the base-line of their operations. They have not done their work. They cannot be spared from the ranks of diligent and successful labourers. They have not lost their original character, and during late years have furnished more than one astonishing instance and illustrious example of noble and self-denying liberality for the extension of Christianity,—examples which, like their early labours, have had a powerful indirect influence upon other Churches.

And why not lay the claims of our own country more distinctly before their people? A quarterly periodical, presenting ample and authenticated statements of the moral and religious condition of localities, with the allowance of full credit and prominence to the labours of other Churches; detailing the exertions already made to meet these wants; showing the need of further aid; recording instances of success; suggesting modes of useful

action; and appealing for help,—would most certainly have a powerful effect upon a people so eminently missionary in their spirit. A small Committee to regulate grants in aid for both ministerial and lay service,—and, still more, to afford counsel and encouragement to the often disheartened labourers,—would accomplish great things in a few years. The system of giving grants, cold and dry, without a correspondence, or with a correspondence that is merely formal, distant, perfunctory, often chills the recipient. Let the heart of a brother pulsate in the official communications,—the voice that cheers and encourages, and counsels that are not merely authoritative, but affectionate,—and a mighty impulse would be given to every department: weak stations would be strengthened; the care of large families would be lightened by an augmentation of salary; and Methodism would be strengthened at home, where she needs it, and be better able to prosecute those Missions which are her undying glory. Facts of the most encouraging character would rapidly accumulate; a deep interest in the home-work would be excited; and a mighty power, now slumbering in the Church, would be made manifest in spiritual conquests.

If it be inquired, How is a Church, already burdened with so great a pecuniary pressure, to attempt so mighty a work? we ask again, What is needed? Have they not already a "Contingent Fund," the great object of which is to furnish help to poorer Circuits? It is true that a portion is applied to meet contingent expenses; but let that portion be separated, and the amount of it lessened. Those Circuits need only to *make out* their case, and the supplies will meet the demands. A few public meetings, to give the key-note to such a people, would kindle the enthusiasm of a Church notorious for its willingness, and equal to many in its means.

The object here contemplated is essential to Methodism. She cannot afford to let her home work decline. This is primary and vital. All other things depend upon it. Here is the mighty heart which must send forth its pulsations to the ends of the earth. Her home work *must* be sustained. All her Ministers and people must be made to feel this; and this once settled, necessity and Christian zeal will drive them to the proper means of sustaining what is vital.

One real source of weakness is the scanty salary that many Ministers obtain. We are no advocates for pampering Ministers of the Gospel with the genteel patronage and ill-advised kindness of mere partiality, or with large incomes; but every faithful Minister, giving up all worldly gains, and living amidst a prosperous people, is entitled to a supply, not merely of necessities, but of comforts,—to whatever is not detrimental to his spiritual efficiency. But many, to our certain knowledge, are without what is needful for themselves and families; and are distressed

and weighed down by caring for this life. Indeed, it is notorious that no men are so ill-paid as Ministers. Surely it cannot be known to Christians of ample resources, or they could not expect their Pastors to bring their whole souls into the work of ministering to their spiritual welfare. These remarks do not apply to any Church in particular; and of this we are sure, that the Methodists, as a body, would rejoice to see the scale of allowances to their Ministers improved. There has been an attempt of this kind in America, and their salaries have been generally raised as much as one fourth.

An evil has arisen,—as the result of that worldly prosperity which religion generally secures,—which now afflicts all the Churches in our large towns, but for which it would be difficult to devise a remedy,—the more influential members leaving the town, and residing in the country. They are thus uncertain in their attendance at their places of worship, and frequently do not purpose to attend more than once on the Sabbath; and this is in itself, and especially in its influence and tendency, an immense evil, especially in families. It shuts them out from the week evening and other social means of instruction and edification. It deprives the Church almost altogether of their active service in Committees, and other spheres of useful influence. The complaints of this evil are very great; but how can it be remedied? It is the privilege of wealth, and the hope of all who are in the way to wealth; and the condition of things in the Church is such, that its work cannot be sustained without money; such is the largeness and number of the schemes of religious action, that rich men have become necessary. But the worldly success which gives them the means of suburban residence and superior enjoyments, brings with it no release from the obligation to personal labour and sacrifice, but rather an increased responsibility. The whole question of lay agency turns upon this: is it personal and universal? or is it transferable? May a Christian be excused from painful or inconvenient personal service, by pecuniary contributions, or the loan of his influence? We conceive not; none can be excused, nothing can excuse any one but inability. Service, real and personal service, is an obligation imperative upon all and each. It is the law of the Master, and the delight of the true servant. The best days of the Church will be when laymen devote to the Church a due proportion of their time as well as property. These duties are untransferable. Neither position in society, nor fastidiousness of taste, nor disgust at humbler associates, nor offence at the grossness of vice or the squalor of poverty, nor fear of contempt, or rebukes, or opposition, can excuse a Christian man from some personal, and even self-denying, service.

But we fear the practice is too generally to transfer duties to

official persons, and especially to Ministers, which neither by reason nor by precept belong to them. The secularities of the Church fairly belong to the laity; and yet, if not attended to by Ministers, generally they will not be attended to at all. How large a portion of the moneys to be raised for various departments must be gathered in by them! and although the management of Funds is not exclusively left to them, yet they have constantly to "leave the word of God to serve tables." The tendency is to lower the moral tone of ministerial character, and to hinder their great work, both by the absorption of their time, and by a dissipating and deadening effect upon their ministry.

A great defect in the action of the Church is superficiality. In many departments the value of the work done is estimated by its apparent amount, by the surface covered. In some religious societies this is avowed: for example, in some City and Town Missions, the number of visits is the main criterion; and where the rule is not declared, this is a chief consideration in estimating the value of their agents. The tendency, and sometimes the effect, is, that a large portion of the work is performed perfunctorily. This is mere machine work: the Church wants *agents*. Moral impressions are not ordinarily made at the first stroke: the work of the chisel upon marble must be long continued before the beautiful form is evolved. When the seed of truth is to be sown, time must be taken to plough deep, and to put in the seed with care; and the patient husbandman must wait for the latter and the former rain. It is not enough to put a tract into a house, or to speak a few words of truth, and pass on. Men must be won; they must feel the kindness of heart in the speaker. They want to state their objections, and to have their difficulties removed. Arguments and appeals must be reiterated until they are felt. The coldest iron may be made hot by continued hammering. The most arid soil will generally repay persevering culture. We are persuaded that if less were attempted, more would be effected; if religious agents would have patience to cultivate a smaller patch of ground, by the slower process of what we may call spade husbandry, they would see more fruit, and have a richer harvest. There is no real gain, where there are no decided individual results; and the permanent recovery of one sinner from the error of his ways, is a fact which tells through a neighbourhood, and for a long season.

The gravest suspicion, or rather fear, that we would indicate as to the Churches of our land is, that their doctrinal views, and therefore their spirit, are not thoroughly evangelical: we refer to the doctrine of divine influence. Its reality, necessity, and fruits may be, are, held as points of faith; but they have not great practical force. All is evangelical, in the Churches of which we speak, concerning the work of our Redeemer. The

doctrine of the exclusive merit of Christ was never held more decidedly and scripturally than at present; but the cognate truth, without which the Atonement is unknown and ineffacious, the necessity and power of the Holy Ghost, which is the pervading, actuating, life-sustaining doctrine of the New-Testament dispensation, is feebly held, or, at least, feebly and seldom preached, and not as a correlative of the Atonement, without which that great and perfect work is unsaving. The Spirit is not duly honoured; and the consequence is an ineffective Ministry and an unprosperous Church. When men are expecting spiritual results of preaching, because the right things have been well said, they are trusting to the "wisdom of words" and "the power of men;" and if He who alone can give any the least success, is thus dishonoured and dethroned, no wonder that He resents the indignity by withdrawing Himself, and leaving men to the inanity of their own wisdom and power. As the death of the Son of God was necessary to recover the Spirit's influence, so its proper doctrinal issue is to prepare for the advent of the Spirit. A return to the simplicity of the truth on this great subject will divest all agents of the false trust, which is practically a denial or doubt whether there be any Holy Ghost; and will so honour the Sources of exclusive merit, and of exclusive power and blessing, that *He* will return to His people, and triumph gloriously in the midst of them.

The Churches must be summoned from their low controversies and narrow sectarianism to the high ground of practical care for the souls of men. Their life must justify their profession, not only of the best, but the only true religion; and they must become to each other noble examples of self-consuming zeal. They must be the living epistles of that pure and undefiled religion which, in its human aspect and salubrious influence upon the world, is to be studied in the personal history of Christ; in its doctrines and secret springs, in the sacred Epistles. The great Teacher illustrated His own precepts by His actions, and embodied and exemplified the purity and beneficence of His doctrines, as the visible image of the Ineffable Purity and Goodness. His conduct was both a lesson and an obligation. The aspect of His humanity impressed all with the beauties of real holiness, and made all feel how august and powerful is love. He was no recluse, no transcendental, no spiritual rhapsodist. He never substituted the abstract for the concrete of piety; or put the exercises of religion in the place of the duties of morality; or contented Himself with declaring the benevolence of God, without any practical illustration of that which is the mildest glory of His name. Love in the Deity is active, compassionate, beneficent; it waits to be gracious, and delights in mercy; it looks for the return of the prodigal, and delights to seek in order to save that which was lost. Our blessed Redeemer

revealed the true character of the Father. That Himself is the impersonation of love, His tender, active charity proves even more than His teaching. He could not be less, and the condition of His humanity prevented His being more, resplendent in benevolence. There is a real and essential connexion between the work of mercy to the bodies, and the work of love to the souls, of men. His miracles show the spirit of that religion which He came to plant: good-will to men is the highest glory to God. The true terrestrial paradise would be opened in any and every part of even this benighted world, were all men conformed to the illustrious Pattern, up to the measure of their unperfected nature. In all that is not peculiar to the mysterious constitution of His person, and to His office, His actions are a law to His disciples. There is not merely an obligation of consistency, but of law. His earliest disciples felt and acknowledged it. The first Churches sought the temporal welfare of men, not on principles of humanity, but of religion. This was the life of their beneficence: they blessed men for their Master's sake.

And modern Churches, if they are to have primitive success, must not only uphold the great divine ordinance of preaching,—the primary power of Christianity,—but the various auxiliaries of ministerial and general acceptance and usefulness. They must press all who have gifts and opportunity into the service of the Master. They must not totally dissociate the temporal from the spiritual; but, passing the bounds of mere denominational interests, must labour for the advancement of all those institutions, which, although they do not aim at the direct production of personal religion, are themselves the genial fruits of a real Christianity; and, while they greatly tend to ameliorate the wretchedness of the lowest lot, ennoble all who promote them. This is the divine charity which is twice blest,—blessing him who gives, and him who takes; this will recommend religion to those who yet can only appreciate sensible good; and thus will Christianity remove the spot, and stay the plague, of our Home Heathenism.

ART. VIII.—*Maud, and other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon. 1855.

WE have in Mr. Tennyson the purest specimen of the poetic character which the last half-century has produced; and this we say in entire remembrance of the great poetic lights by which that period has been illustrated and adorned. It may be premature to fix the relative position of a star so recently appearing in the literary firmament; but the purity and splendour of its ray are not to be mistaken. If the case be so; if (to pursue the metaphor a little longer) an orb of song be really before us; the art-critic may do well to put by his opera-glass as quite unserviceable, since the telescope itself will only serve to separate it in its sphere, and assist us in defining its relative position. The glass of criticism may detect a meteor or false light of any kind; but it cannot augment the glory of a star. In other words, a great poet is at nearly equal distance from us all. Taste, science, and the nicest observation do but imperfectly appreciate what the naked sense enables all men to enjoy. Of course, this is no reason why the lofty sphere of Mr. Tennyson should be tacitly assumed by us; and it will presently appear that, while we deem it futile to offer direct proofs of his poetic rank, we are yet ready to assign some reasons for that very favourable estimate which we have formed and expressed.

Since a new poet is not unfrequently announced, it is time that we should learn to take the term in an accommodated sense, or otherwise to qualify unreasonable hopes. This we may best do by remembering all the virtues which that title promises, and all the honour which it properly confers. By so doing we shall be more just to the new aspirant; we shall bear in mind how many are the chances against his being either now, or in the future, a worthy heir of fame, and feel neither disappointment nor contempt because his young deserts fall far below the standard of poetic greatness. Have any of us well observed how high that standard is? While poetic feeling is by no means an uncommon element in human nature, and poetic power is not the least frequent of natural endowments, a great poet is perhaps the rarest of all human characters. Perfection, indeed, is not to be expected in this earthly state, while humanity is subject to so many drawbacks and infirmities; but positive excellence is more frequently achieved in any intellectual sphere than that of poetry. This is due chiefly to the fact, that it is not an intellectual sphere alone,—that for the art and mystery of song is demanded a combination of natural gifts, and moral qualities, and concurrent circumstances, such as no other exercise of genius calls for; while these conditions are as delicate in their nature as they are imperative in their obli-
ga-

tion; and the world, which is so constantly ministering to them on the one hand, is as constantly militating against them on the other.

The natural endowments of the poet are primary and indispensable; for these supply the very basis of his character. The large brain, or universal organ, susceptible of all the affections, and apprehensive of all the truths of humanity,—in this gift are included all the rest. It would be unprofitable, if no worse, to go further in this direction, except, perhaps, to suggest that some faculty, answering to the *ideality* of the phrenologists, is the arch and crown of all the others, is the medium *by* which they all communicate, and *in* which they all inosculate and end. This may form the original distinction of poetic genius; but otherwise it may be said to consist in a certain fulness and harmony of all the faculties, which serve to insure a rare and unerring insight into nature, using that term in the most comprehensive sense. The brain, the mind, the character of a great poet, is *totus, teres, atque rotundus*.

It is true, then,—an old truth ever new,—that the poet is born and not made. But let us not therefore judge that his destiny is accomplished, or his crown sure. Baffled, wearied, or diverted from his course, he may never reach the goal for which Dame Nature has equipped him. He may be born a poet, and die a philosopher; he may be born a great poet, and die an obscure one! This paradox is not inexplicable, is not hard to be understood. The truth is, that to live the life poetic, to nourish all its affections, to develope all its powers, and so eventually to answer all its mission, is at once a great trial of constancy, and the test of superior fortune. The positive attributes of the poetic character are, we repeat, primary and indispensable; but these are of themselves inadequate, and may altogether fail in conferring, by their own inherent force, either the consummate minstrelsy or the immortal guerdon. Hence many persons of poetic mark and promise, whose energies have afterwards found scope and exercise in other spheres, have not been able to sustain the poetic character in all its breadth, simplicity, and power. Born under the smile of all the muses, they have finally attached themselves to one. Feeling the stirrings of the prophetic genius, they have allowed the spirit of the world to break in upon them, and lost its sacred mood. From deliberate choice or gradual inclination, at the suggestion of duty or from the violence of circumstances, the poet has often sold his vast inheritance, and bought a field; given up his interests in the beauties of a world, and centred them upon some small productive province; exchanged, it may be, divination for science, and art for criticism. Nor should we wonder at this circumstance. There is nothing more easy than this process of deterioration; for such it is, though not always to be

deplored. The poet, as belonging to the order of a natural priesthood, should be devoted and set apart to his special office. He must go in and out among mankind, sustain all its relations, experience all its sorrows, have share in all its delights; but he must gather up the skirts of his "singing robes," as he passes through the forum and the market, as he mingles with the crowd of partisans and worldlings, as he loiters in the halls of industry and science. He must contract no dust or stain of any class. He must be in the world, but not of the world; may indulge its partialities, but must have no share in its prejudices; may love his country much, but must love his species more. Knowledge he must have; but it must not be labelled or laid up in artificial forms. What he gains as a *savant* he must enjoy like a child, that he may employ it like a poet. Now, against this mood of wise simplicity, of earnest but catholic delight, a thousand influences array themselves,—poverty with its cares, business with its distractions, and pleasure with its strong allurements. The best qualities of the poet's nature may prove his most besetting snares. His keen love of approbation may lead him to seek the praise of a frivolous society, or a superficial age. His love of knowledge may divert him into partial studies; his love of beauty betray him into luxurious and fatal ease. Or all these may act together, and dissipate the mind, and degrade the moral sense, until he makes shipwreck both of happiness and fame; foundering, like some rich merchantman, ill-manned but costly-freighted, the victim of too much treasure and unequal seamanship.

But this is not all. The conditions necessary for the production of a poet of the first order, are beset with peculiar difficulties in a period of advanced civilization and high literary attainments. All that is valuable in a poet's education is the fruit of his individual effort, of severe but generous self-culture; and hence it follows, that he has more to lose than gain by the mechanical aids to knowledge, by the eager spirit of research, by the varied and ceaseless acquisitions of an era like our own. It was not always so. In the world's nonage he enjoyed a liberty dearer than aught beside; and in singing from his own full heart and mind, in celebrating, without model, dictation, or restraint of any kind, heroic deeds, strange fortunes, pure love, and simple faith, he rehearsed all the powers of language, and anticipated all the resources of invention. Hence that miracle of art, that epitome of literature, which bears the name of Homer. Hence the fulness, clearness, and authority of Shakespeare's muse. And because this freedom was gradually invaded by the advance of science, or enfeebled by prescriptive laws, we have to lament the poor imitative notes of the poetry of the last century, and the "uncertain sound" delivered from the silver trumpet of the present.

It is true that the generation which has only lately passed away had just cause to glory in its bards. If no "bright particular star" burns solitary in that quarter of the hemisphere, we may see there a constellation of lights, dissimilar in radiance and of different magnitudes, but softly blending all their associated glories. Much fine and genuine poetry illustrated the regency and reign of George IV. Yet the deteriorating influences we have enumerated may easily be traced in the productions of that period; and even when they have allowed some compositions to come forth pure and uninjured, they have still operated with certain effect in preventing the full development, or in marring the grand simplicity, of the poet's character. We repeat, this is not always to be regretted; other forms of literature have often profited by this deviation or perversion; but the fact at least may be clearly ascertained by a brief reference to our poetic calendar.

Of all the modern poets, Campbell and Rogers have made surest work for immortality. Whatever is essential and permanent in poetry of the ancient classic type, has been beautifully adapted by the English muse of Rogers. In Campbell, there is frequently something of a more meretricious character; but many of his lyrics have the true bardic spirit and the strong Saxon voice; and his story of Gertrude and her fortunes in the wilderness of the Savannah, while it breathes an Arcadian sweetness of its own, is invested with a thousand graces which confer a perdurable beauty. But neither of these authors is the great commanding poet of his age; and still less can this be said of any of their celebrated contemporaries. Scott revived with eminent success the soul of border minstrelsy; but his hearty, healthful verse had neither the concentration nor the pitch of poetry; it pleased rather from the romance and freshness of his theme, than because of its general truth or deep significance. Byron, even in his best productions, evinced a fatal lack of comprehensiveness, a deficient eye for form, and an excess of sentiment not often of the purest sort. His intense egotism unfitted him for doing justice to other and more noble types of character; while a great egotist is never a great poet, unless (like Milton and Dante) he is also the greatest and foremost man of his age. He wanted the moral far more than the intellectual qualities of greatness; and had no right conception of the beauty, dignity, and power of virtue. Incapable of exercising the highest functions of the poet, he might probably have become the first satirist of his day. The genius of Moore was musical rather than poetic: he delighted and excelled in melody, but always failed in profound or harmonious combinations. Fancy he had, and feeling in a moderate degree; but in imagination he was almost totally deficient. His style was artificial,—his taste for the

beautiful, limited, conventional, and factitious. Neither the English heart nor the English head could find satisfaction in his minstrelsy; and even his sweetest songs lose more than half their charms when divorced from the melodious airs which animated them at the first, and gave to them the principle of life. Southey was a less popular but far more genuine poet. Indeed, all the gifts, and nearly all the graces, of his art were present with him; and this he has evinced by the taste, variety, and invention of his numerous verse. But he studied man too little, and books far too exclusively. The freshness and the freedom of the poetic character were lost in his scholarly seclusion: he taxed his powerful mind with continual efforts of re-production; and the genius that was at first only disturbed became finally overlaid. His thirst of knowledge joined with the exigencies of daily life to draw him from communion with the muse; and instead of the greatest poet of the age, he will be henceforth known as the noblest and purest of its men of letters. Far different moral causes led to no very different issue the marvellous powers of Coleridge. With the finest ear, the most delicate fancy, and the most superb imagination of any poet of our day, save one, he left the dial that stands within the poet's garden to peer behind the clock-work of the universe, and grew bewildered in presence of the vast machinery, and fell stunned and voiceless because of the awful procession of its wheels. He exchanged poetic synthesis for metaphysical analysis; gathered some fragments of the under-working law, but relinquished all the smiling appanage of nature. The world still waited for its poet. Many thought he had already come in the person of William Wordsworth, whose pretensions were despised or overlooked, only because of the studied plainness of his appeal. Yet those pretensions were at least sufficiently advanced, if not haughtily preferred or royally supported. He essayed all the varieties of his art, from ballad measures to epic lengths; but he had not eminent success in more than two. Excepting only some fifty of his sonnets and a few noble odes, there is nothing in his volumes which the world could not well spare. His ballads are not so much simple as naked, not so much homely as prosaic. His "Excursion" is tedious, verbose, metaphysical; elaborate in manner, and not stinted in dimensions, it is quite wanting in constructive art; it is indefinite in its purpose, and inconclusive as a whole. There is little difficulty in pointing out this author's chief defect. He had the poet's mind, but not the poet's manner; he had something of the artist's tasteful eye, but little of the artist's skilful hand. His touch was often feeble, hesitating, ineffectual; and seldom did he inform the picture with a pleasing or a perfect grace. The philosophical element is too manifest and too predominant in all his works. A sage he was; but no crowned poet, no

magician. He had the lore of Prospero, his gravity, and his dignity; but no wand was in his hand, and no Ariel at his beck.

From each of the authors we have named, many beautiful poems have been received into the anthology of England; but who is by emphasis *THE POET*? We find something to admire in the "works" of every one; but where is the master that lifts up all the powers of our hearts and minds together, and makes nature to dance in concert with the soul at the mere hearing of his voice? The *Christabel* of Coleridge, the *O'Connor's Child* of Campbell, the *Adonais* and *Ode to the Sky-Lark* of poor unhappy Shelley, Moore's tender *Melodies*, and Wordsworth's noble *Sonnets*,—these are choice pieces in our classical repertory, and we can only spare them from our side because they are already graven in our hearts. But something of higher note, of rarer excellence, is yet a-wanting; and while the world yet waits, breathless with expectation, a clear high voice is heard advancing on the ear, and the poet's advent is unmistakeably announced in the character of his forerunner.

"The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town, and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

"The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared with his foot on the prey.
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay;
For he sings of what the world will be,
When the years have died away.'"

It is not our intention to enter minutely into the character and merits of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. Presuming that our author's publications are more or less familiar to the reader, we shall briefly indicate the qualities which seem to justify in some degree the praise of his admirers, and give to him a high and independent place among the English poets. To this course we are certainly moved by no spirit of partisanship; and we may equally disclaim that feeling of exclusive preference which is so apt to warp the judgment and corrupt the taste. Our sympathies (as the reader of this journal knows) are not deeply engaged in favour of the subjective school of poetry, with which Mr. Tennyson is commonly, but not quite fairly, identified; yet it is only just that the distinction should be made, and clearly

marked, between what is genuine and original in the present claimant, and what is meretricious and extravagant in his younger rivals. There is some danger of the former sharing in the condemnation of the latter; and so an injustice may be done to one of the most gifted of his race and order. Yet it is surely idle to confound the merits and position of Mr. Tennyson with those of certain imitators and enthusiasts. His poems are too well conceived, his thoughts too harmoniously ordered, to allow any thing but recklessness or incapacity so far to misjudge his real character. He has no relation to what has been designated "the spasmodic school of poetry," excepting that his genius has quickened into unequal emulation the poetic instinct of far inferior men; and in these cases it was only natural that the external features of his poetry should be most closely followed, and carried to "wasteful and ridiculous excess." Hence his frequent but felicitous use of flowers, for the subordinate purposes of sentiment and imagery, is mere purposeless profusion in the pages of some of our younger poets; and what in him is but an occasional voice of wonder, or of doubt, becomes in them an intolerable sense of moral confusion, and a monotonous wail of misanthropic grief.

But your orthodox man of taste will reject the claims of Mr. Tennyson, as stoutly as those of his most extravagant contemporaries. His delight is in the satires and the epitaphs of Pope. He calls easily to memory, and repeats with proudest emphasis, the opening lines of "The Traveller," and triumphantly inquires, "Do you want finer poetry than that?" He believes also in Shakspeare; and though it is perhaps twenty years since he read much of the great master's volume, you may trust him for correct quotation, as he illustrates some passing incident, some trait of character, some point of casuistry, by noble apophthegm or golden rule of life. Yet it may be observed, that if his love of Shakspeare is unmeasured, his appreciation is somewhat limited. The poet is for him a clear-eyed, mellow-voiced, and genial man of the world, a shrewd observer, a pleasant satirist, a merry wit. He heartily enjoys the Shakspearean comedy; but gives the history and tragedy, the sentiment and sorrow, quite a second place; puts "As you like it" before "The Tempest," and quotes more frequently the sayings of Polonius than those of Hamlet. Our orthodox man of taste is not to be despised. For these strong preferences we rather honour than condemn him. What he admires, is genuine, is admirable; whoever else is sound in judgment, he at least is so. Nor do we say that the Laureate of the present day will ever take rank with the universal favourites, the classics of all time. But orthodoxy is apt to be literal and harsh, as well as sound; and when it charges obscurity, excess, and wantonness upon the poetic measures of Mr. Tennyson, it is quite possible that the

deficiency and fault may not rest wholly with the poet. Handel is the grand *maestro*; yet is there no music in the wild and wailing symphonies of Beethoven? Goethe is the great sage; yet is there no wisdom shimmering like innumerable glowworms in the forest of Jean Paul's quaint fancy and invention? Gainsborough and Reynolds are the glory of the British school; but is no sentiment to be found in the fertile grace of Stothard, no freshness in the homely pastorals of Constable? It is the highest-mounted man who sees the farthest; and that is the truest taste which comprehends the widest kingdom and the most numerous subjects in its impartial range. But besides this necessary power of catholic appreciation of all that is genuine in literature or art, another consideration should repress exclusive judgments. The writings of Pope and Goldsmith, and even those of Shakspeare, form no sufficient test of the reader's love of poetry; for a man of comparative dulness may find amusement in the mere letter of these compositions. It is quite another thing to find pleasure in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," or Milton's "Comus," or, of later date, in the fine fragments of young Keats, beautiful as Elgin marbles. This is indeed to give evidence of deep poetic feeling; and it is just the ear and fancy which are so arrested, that will find, as we believe, a satisfaction, not inferior, but still deeper and more complete, in the productions of the present Laureate.

Mr. Tennyson has been thought to owe much to the philosophic muse of Wordsworth; but we cannot trace the debt. The only likeness we can discern between these authors, is in the devotion of their lives to the attainment of poetic excellence. Because of this sustained and rare devotion, in which they equally secured some pure advantages, and exercised their powers with fullest freedom, we may all the more fairly estimate the relative results. One grand particular may be selected as, in some degree, inclusive of all the rest; and significant, if not decisive, of their respective merit. The difference in the style or manner of these two poets is striking, and, at the same time, characteristic of more essential differences. Wordsworth's thoughts are often beautiful and just; and being, moreover, elaborately set in measured verse and studied phrase, there is a certain unity about the whole, which challenges the praise of poetry. Yet we feel, sometimes painfully, the subservience of the spirit to the letter of poetic truth, of the æsthetic to the rational appreciation of external things, and mark too clearly the deliberate coinage and patent artifice of all his words and lines. Poetry is with him the selected medium of his thoughts, not the spontaneous language of inspired lips. It is very different with Mr. Tennyson. The bees of Hybla have swarmed about his mouth in infancy,—a marvellous ease and sweetness are found in all his utterance. He does not assume the language

of poetry; he rather realizes the story of the royal fairy whose words were all pure pearls. He puts a poetic thought in poetic phrase naturally, necessarily, as every action of a Prince speaks of high breeding and habitual power. But this is not all. If this were his chief merit, if poetic phrase were allowed to stand in place of profounder qualities of truth, then the palm should justly be awarded to the sage of Rydal. Better a rhythmical philosophy than a shallow poetry. Better the labouring, mournful, doubtful voice of Nature crying after God, and a discord tortured out of the "still sad music of humanity," than the procession of inane and glittering fancies, catching, like bubbles, the nearest light, and then bursting from sheer tenuity and emptiness. But is it so with the muse of Alfred Tennyson? His beauties of language and poetic phrase are not the set purpose, but the pure redundancies, of his genius; and yet they are not so far redundant but that they are made to serve the chief design,—to give collateral light, to touch, and tone, and harmonize the whole picture. Underlying all that wealth and beauty of expression, that play of fancy, that sparkling evanescent foam of imagery, the author's main design, like the strong current of a calm summer sea, carries his reader forward almost imperceptibly; and so lulling are the sights and measures which salute him,—so idle the green, white, cresting, and relapsing waves, so motionless the thin, pure, dappled fleeces of the upper sky,—that he can hardly persuade himself that he is drifted towards some grand conclusion, towards some island of rare loveliness and regenerating clime, towards some new continent of boundless treasure and dominion. Yet so it is. In all the poems of our author there is more than meets the eye of the imagination, and more than the delighted ear can well appreciate. The moral is profoundly felt, the lesson is received at once into the heart; but not less clearly are we taught, not less certainly are we raised into a region of elevated truths. From a higher point we survey a wider field, bounded by a more distant, but still beautiful, horizon. From "a peak in Darien," from some rare stand-point of this poor and "ignorant present," we catch glimpses of the tideless and boundless Pacific of ideal truth, and feel how profound is that divine saying, that only "the things which are unseen are eternal."

This union, or rather this interfusion, of thought and language; this wonderful co-ordination of detail and design, of final purpose and subordinate expression; this subtle incorporation of the spirit of poetry, by which the grosser medium is sublimed, and the diviner essence projected into form; is eminently seen in our author's poem of "The Two Voices." In that fine dialogue, a troubled soul maintains a controversy with his evil monitor: in what style and temper, and with what ultimate success, a few quotations may suffice to show.

- "Again the voice spake unto me,
 'Thou art so steeped in misery,
 Surely 't were better not to be.
- "'Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
 Nor any train of reason keep :
 Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep.'
- "I said, 'The years with change advance ;
 If I make dark my countenance,
 I shut my life from happier chance.
- "'Some turn this sickness yet may take,
 Even yet.' But he : 'What drug can make
 A withered palsy cease to shake ?'
- "I wept, 'Though I should die, I know
 That all about the thorn will blow
 In tufts of rosy-tinted snow ;
- "'And men, thro' novel spheres of thought,
 Still moving after truths long sought,
 Will learn new things when I am not.'
- "'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some time,
 Sooner or later, will gray prime
 Make thy grass hoar with early rime.
- "'Not less swift souls that yearn for light,
 Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
 Would sweep the tracks of day and night.
- "'Not less the bee would range her cells,
 The furzy prickle fire the dells,
 The foxglove cluster dappled bells.'
- "I said that 'all the years invent ;
 Each month is various to present
 The world with some development.
- "'Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
 Though watching from a ruin'd tower,
 How grows the day of human power ?'
- "'The highest-mounted mind,' he said,
 'Still sees the sacred morning spread
 The silent summit over head.
- "'Will thirty seasons render plain
 Those lonely lights that still remain
 Just breaking over land and main ?
- "'Or make that morn, from his cold crown
 And crystal silence creeping down,
 Flood with full daylight glebe and town ?
- "'Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
 Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
 In midst of knowledge dreamed not yet.
- "'Thou hast not gained a real height,
 Nor art thou nearer to the light,
 Because the scale is infinite.'"

Mastering a strong reluctance, we pass by many beautiful verses of this poem; and, further on, we read:—

“O dull one-sided voice,” said I,
‘Wilt thou make every thing a lie,
To flatter me that I may die?’

“I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

“I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with heaven:

“Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;

“But heard, by secret transport led,
Even in the channels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head—

“Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire:

“He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed, and scorned, and bruised with stones:

“But looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place,
God’s glory smote him in the face.”

However the general tenor of our author’s philosophy be judged,—and on that topic we reserve a few remarks,—there can be little doubt of its highly poetical character; and the verses we have transcribed are sufficient to sustain what we have just preferred as the peculiar praise of Mr. Tennyson. All he writes is poetry: it may be of more or less distinguished merit, and more or less obvious in its truth and beauty; but in every mood of his mind, in all the tones and measures of his song, the poet’s office is sustained, and the poetic function purely exercised. We have no logic chopped into longs and shorts; no dull, pert argument dressed up in figured robes, in which it naturally, but absurdly, stumbles at almost every step. In the midst of a busy, learned, enterprising age, our author has escaped its deadening and deteriorating influences, and is as pure a minstrel as any troubadour of the age of chivalry.

Before quitting this poem of “*The Two Voices*,” which so happily exemplifies our author’s poetic style, it may be allowed to carry us still forward in our estimate; for it is not more beautiful in parts, than it is complete and perfect as a whole. There is great truth to nature, and a fine moral lesson, embodied

in the concluding verses. In his mental struggles the tempted sufferer has, in each instance, manfully repelled the suggestions of "The Voice;" but his triumph is not complete, his cure is not effected, without assistance from the external world. A morbid introversion of the mind, an eager, but unhallowed, curiosity, had evidently sown the first seeds of doubt, and given occasion to the tempter of his soul; and the evil one had him, as it were, at disadvantage on his own ground, so long as the contest was maintained wholly from within. A new arena must be chosen; fresher and healthier influences must be allowed to invigorate and second nature; action must confirm the feeble dictates of his reason, and widest observation correct the partial *data* of secluded thought, and bring the whole being into accordance with the world of nature and the arrangements of Providence:—

" I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.
Then said the voice in quiet scorn,
' Behold, it is the Sabbath morn !'

" And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

" Like softened airs that blowing steal
When woods begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church-bells began to peal.

" On to God's house the people prest :
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each entered like a welcome guest.

" One walked between his wife and child
With measured foot-fall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

" The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

" And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

" These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

" I blest them, and they wandered on :
I spoke, but answer came there none :
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

" A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, ' Be of better cheer.'

- " As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faintly understood,
'I see the end, and know the good.'
- " A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'
- " Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music which it makes :
- " Such seemed the whisper at my side :
'What is't thou knowest, sweet voice,' I cried ;
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied :'
- " So heavenly-toned that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,
- " To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is love."

In "The Palace of Art," and "The Vision of Sin," the same fine vein of moral poetry subsists. But the most popular and perfect of our author's compositions do not present the moral element so distinctively: in these cases it is merely held in intimate solution, but in those it is cast down as a bright precipitate. The poet is generally successful in both these styles of composition. What an air of truth, and health, and happiness, breathes in his English idyls!—in "Dora," and "The Gardener's Daughter," and that exquisite bucolic, "The Talking Oak." But the genius of our poet, like the genius of his age, is essentially lyrical. The lightest of individual fancies, and the gravest of prophetic burthens, flow from him in easy, and abundant, and pellucid song. In "The Princess" we have both these elements—idyllic sweetness and lyrical perfection—well exemplified, and linked together by a fable of infinite delicacy and grace. The poem is "a Medley," for the age is such; and all its various qualities and features are represented in its pages; and especially are they sketched in its fantastic prologue with a touch so light, so faithful, so poetical, that it appears rather the effect of magic than of art. Again: what freedom of design and execution in the story of those wilful beauties! what images of feminine loveliness! what dissolving views of wayward and capricious passion! what final glimpses into the heart and oratory of true womanhood! But the finest measures of this poem are distinct and separable. Its songs and idyls are incomparably beautiful; and now haunt the soul with a sense of its own mystery and immortality, and now "lap it in soft Lydian airs." Who that has read can ever forget the "small, sweet

idyl," beginning, "Come down, O maid! from yonder shepherd height?" Too well known, also, is the famous Bugle Song to admit of its quotation; but the echo of it remains upon the ear, and wanders through the mind and heart, and grows only the more distinct as it fades in utter fineness.

In the poem of "*In Memoriam*," the admirers of our author recognise the fulfilment of his highest promises, and the culmination of all his brilliant powers. Others point to it in vindication of their former coldness and mistrust, as strongly confirming the charges of obscurity, exaggeration, and mysticism. One thing, at least, is clear: this poem is intensely characteristic of the author; if it owes much to the finest qualities of his genius, it indicates something also of his prevailing fault. The reader will remember that this memorial poem is composed of a series of smaller poems, or strophes, written under the influence, more or less remote, of grief for the loss of a dear and most accomplished friend, and finally deposited—a handful of violets, a chaplet of *immortelles*—upon a long-cold grave. The character of this rare tribute of love and admiration is quite unique. Composed at different times, and under different moods of mind, it varies in the personal pathos of its grief. Mourning the early loss of a much-gifted friend, the poet's genius prompts him to speculation; and he glances, with wondering, awed, yet not unsteady gaze, into the mystery of life, the destiny of man. In this attitude of brooding thought—in its intensely subjective character—lie both the strength and weakness of this poem, its value as a rare and precious study, its isolation from the popular sympathy and taste. Here again we have that happy fusion of sentiment and language, and that interaction of thought, and music, and expression, which give so great a charm to all our author's poetry. These harmonies are, with many readers, the chief merit of "*In Memoriam*;" but perhaps its most fascinating quality is that which borders closely upon the obscure,—which suggests to the soul, rather than speaks to the mind, and affords dim intimations of something "more than meets the ear." The speculations of the poet have given rise to grave suspicions of his faith; and some have charged a pantheistical tendency upon the whole production. We do not wonder at the grave suspicions; but the conclusion of the author's pantheism seems to us unfounded. We have no decided recognition of revealed and saving truth, nor any indication of that clear and perfect confidence which the Gospel confers on the believer; but faith in God, in His personal character, in His overruling, but mysterious, providence, and even in His gracious purposes through Christ, does appear in our author's pages, and comes to relieve his gloomiest doubts. He recoils from the conclusions of learned infidels, and from the cold spectre which they worship under the name of "Nature."

- "And he, shall he,
 "Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer ;
 "Who trusted God was love indeed,
 And love Creation's final law ;—
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravin, shrieked against his creed ;—
 "Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,—
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or sealed within the iron hills ?
 "No more ? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord ; dragons of the prime,
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music matched with him.
 "O, life as futile, then, as frail !
 O for Thy voice to soothe and bless !
 What hope of answer, or redress ?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil."

Little space is left to us to speak of Mr. Tennyson's last production ; but the work is in every body's hands, our contemporaries have discussed at large its beauties and defects, and, after the general views we have presented of what seems to us the character of our author's poetry, few words will suffice to show in what manner we estimate the new effort of his muse. The poem of "*Maud*," which was expected with too great eagerness, has been naturally received with too little candour and allowance. This is the tax an author pays for his own great reputation. We not only expect still better things of him than he has yet achieved, but his work must be of a certain preconceived description, and his triumph universal as well as eminent. He must please all, and each in his own way. If his latter style resemble the former, he is said to be wearing himself out ; if it considerably differ, he is losing himself in a wrong direction. Now the poem before us, though long enough to give the leading title to a volume of minor pieces, makes no extraordinary pretensions, and challenges no especial admiration. It is no allegory of the war on the one hand, and no epic illustration on the other. It is the dithyrambic of a thwarted and embittered youth, degraded by the evils of a pestilent and bloated peace. This subject was probably selected as affording occasion for exhibiting the social uses of a war like that in which we are engaged,—an object, no doubt, primary in the design of the poet, but made secondary and incidental only in his poem. We are not altogether pleased with the choice

which Mr. Tennyson has made. In truth, the poem is not eminently pleasing as a whole: it lacks that clearness, symmetry, and serene expression, which are the last perfection of the artist. Yet our just confidence in Mr. Tennyson makes us diffident in this conclusion; and sure we are that repeated study of his poem has greatly lessened the dissatisfaction which a first perusal left upon our minds. Some readers miss painfully the wonted ease and smoothness of our author's poetry; but an ear so cunning as this master's is not easily betrayed; and under his most rugged lines will be found a full current of harmonious music, such as no dulcet measures can pretend to. The secret of this versification—of its novelty, abruptness, and seeming harshness—is its profound and exquisite adaptation to the mind as well as to the ear: it reconciles the voice of passion, the moods of waywardness and fear, with the supreme demands of art; it is representative poetry in the lowest as well as in the highest sense. Take, for example, the first strophe of the poem. We have seen these stanzas quoted as a mere burlesque of poetry. Read them again,—read them aloud; and it cannot fail to be perceived that the choice of accentual, rather than of pure metrical, effect was most felicitous:—

“Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them
a curse,

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

“But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his
word?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

“Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

“Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and huddled together, each sex, like
swine,

When only the ledger lives, and only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

“And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

“And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights;
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? Better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

Say, if you please, our author has turned a column of police reports into poetry. Yet, poetry it surely is, and that of a very noble kind. Every word is effective; every accent falls in the critical place and time; every line is graphic and sonorous in the last degree. The passage reads like a public indictment, and, rising into a declaration of war, seems to close with the blast of a trumpet.

The remaining beauties of this poem are acknowledged and felt by all. There is no need to quote, much less to vindicate, the inimitable song beginning, "*Come into the garden, Maud.*" It is the exuberant passion of a true and earnest heart, unfolding in an atmosphere of balmy oriental fancies, and efflorescing into rich and odorous beauty,—so sweet that the sense aches at it, so delicate that no pencil can define it, so simple that a child may fall in love with it, so subtle that no philosophy can analyse it, so marvellous that all must be content to ponder and enjoy it. But this queen-lyric is only superior, and not solitary, in its beauty. It overpeers a band of rival graces. Only less charming than the invocation we have referred to is the strain commencing, "*Go not, happy day, from the shining fields;*" but it is to the other as the primrose to the rose. In the penultimate strophe of the poem we have a still higher triumph of poetic genius in the delineation of a disordered mind. Nothing is more certain in fact, and nothing more difficult to realize in art, than the "*method*" which is involved even in utter "*madness.*" It is a test worthy of the powers of Shakspeare himself; and few besides have passed it undegraded. Yet Mr. Tennyson must be numbered with the few, so admirable is the manner in which gleams of memory, and glimpses of the truth, are made to break through the lowering clouds of passion and unreason.

Of the minor poems which compose the latter half of this volume, the finest is the "*Ode,*" first published on occasion of the Great Duke's burial. To say that it is worthy of the author, and equal to the theme, is high, but not unmerited praise. It is martial music, keen, clear, but duly muffled, restraining its exulting note in presence of the grave, and that one *Foe*, unconquered and unevaded. "*The Brook*" is an idyl of the kind in which Mr. Tennyson has always such success; and the lines suggested by "*The Daisy,*" so different from those of Montgomery and Burns which bear the same title, are written in the author's characteristic manner, and so have an independent beauty of their own.

- ART. IX.—1. *Universal Exhibition of 1855. Explanation of the Works of Painting, &c., of Foreign and French living Artists, exhibited in the Palace of the Fine Arts, Montaigne Avenue, May 15th, 1855. (Exposition Universelle de 1855. Explication des Ouvrages, &c.) Paris. 1855.*
2. *The Moniteur: Official Journal of the French Empire, May 16th to July 25th, 1855. (Le Moniteur Universel, &c.)*

It is not a little remarkable, that, in the year when the temple of Janus is again thrown open, a palace should be reared to the world's arts. An enterprise so bold and so brilliant would at any time excite our wonder, and command our attention; yield material for discussion, and teach lessons for future guidance. We, therefore, now propose to take a survey of this international art-competition, to discriminate between the various manifestations of national thought, and thus estimate the *status* and tendency of the world's living art.

In the Catalogue of the *Exposition des Beaux Arts*, 5,128 works are entered, and twenty-five nations represented. These countries extend from Norway and Sweden in the north, to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the south; from Mexico and Peru in the far west, to Turkey in the east. It is, therefore, manifest, that the contest is truly international, representing not only Europe, but, with some necessary exceptions, the arts of the civilized world. The works themselves likewise merit attention, not less from their importance than their number. There are pictures of gigantic proportions, sixty feet in length, scenic and bold in treatment; and there are likewise cabinet gems, minute, delicate, and highly wrought. These works are not less varied than numerous. Art, sacred and secular, landscape and historic, high and low, is here brought into juxtaposition. The eye escapes monotony only in the distraction of multitudinous diversity. We could wish, that the remarks that follow may serve to resolve the confusion of thought induced by such an overwhelming display of colours, forms, and subjects, into the order of generalized conclusions, fundamental truths, and systematic classification.

We are at once, however, met by the difficulty, that modern art is not capable of the same systematic classification as that of the ancient schools. Art sprang into life a unity; it is now ultimately developed into manifold diversity. Whether we examine the earliest art-manifestations of Italy, Germany, or France, we find in all the same uniform stiffness, quaintness, and severity. Art next assumed a more varied development in divers schools; but still each centre of this new creation preserved its well-defined type, from which individual genius seldom deviated. Thus, the school of Venice became famed for its

colour; that of Rome, for form. But, with the progress of time, the retrogression of art, the multiplication of masters, the formation of academies, and the diminution of individual authority, schools and epochs merged their exclusive and distinguishing characteristics into general compilations from all known art-manifestations. At length, we descend into the mixed medley of present living art,—an endless, and often aimless, diversity and incongruity, with no ruling or uniting principle to form a school, or justify a classification. The unity which marked early art was, in great measure, the result of servitude united with inability; the incoherent diversity found in modern art is the licence of abused liberty, with the confident presumption of acquired facility.

In the earliest art the individual artist is merged in a common and prescribed type: in the art of the present day each artist, if he have an individuality, boldly asserts it; if none, he assumes the individuality of some other man. Thus, while academies are multiplied, schools of art are extinct: art has become individual in ceasing to be national. In literature the diversity of language is a barrier by which the thought of one kingdom is prevented from overflowing the frontier of the neighbouring nation, and thus a national literature may subsist after a national art has become lost. The language and appliances of art are alike in all countries; the mode of academic study is little varied; pictures require no translation to be understood; and examples of every school are either brought into the galleries of each nation, or the student, through the facilities of travelling, goes himself to the great centres and original sources whence each school sprang. The obvious and inevitable tendency is thus to assimilate all national diversities. Artists who have studied in Rome, Bologna, or Venice, become cosmopolitan, and, returning home, widen the art of their country from nationality into universality. It thus becomes a question how far a strictly and exclusively national art is now possible. Art, like government and religion, when unthwarted, naturally tends to individualism; and in art, even more than in literature and politics, existing agencies are merging the narrow classification of nationalities into the wider manifestations of general humanity. These considerations are suggested by the present Paris Exhibition. All the nations have, in the pictures, contributed more in common than in contrast. Each country in its works speaks a language having the same root and origin; and that language is, indeed, often but a varying dialect of an identical tongue. Still it shall be our purpose to mark the diversities that do subsist, and to infer, from the works exhibited, the art-phase through which each nation is now passing.

It has been justly observed, that of the five-and-twenty con-

tributing nations, three only possess sufficiently marked individuality to demand special notice. These are the French, the German, and the English. We shall find, however, that even these three nations have much in common; but whatever be their mutual resemblance, in each is found that distinctive difference which may be deemed to constitute a school, and demand a separate classification. The pictures contributed by other States can, without injustice, be ranged under some one of these three national divisions: their art is derived, not indigenous; it revolves in an orbit whose foci are fixed in foreign territory, not within the home dominion. The centres of modern art are Paris, Munich, Dusseldorf, and London. The art of the present day, so far as it is dependent on the past, still owes allegiance to Rome, Florence, Venice, and Bologna,—the great cities and centres of the Italian revival. The student still bends his pilgrim steps to these ancient shrines, which are now the tomb, as they were once the cradle, of Christian art. But the Exhibition in Paris abundantly proves that all present and national vitality has at length died out from these renowned cities; that they are no longer the originating centres of art-germination, although they may still be the chosen abode of artists, who yet find warmth in the expiring embers. We thus see that cities are, and always have been, the originating centres, not only of commerce, but of art; and that as trade and commerce, and consequent wealth and greatness, depart, they carry the arts, as the crest of the onward tidal wave of civilization, over new lands, and colonize fresh regions, which thus in turn become the foci of the world's art and literature. Ancient art dated from the Republics of Italy; but, on turning to the Catalogue of the Paris Exposition, we find that modern art dates from those countries and cities which now stand pre-eminent in the world's extant civilization. The arts ebb and flow with the general tide of human progression: the full flood may yet be retarded for some centuries, but the lowest ebb has passed, and the waves are still rising.

We commence our more detailed examination with France. To understand its present art, it is necessary to trace its past political history. It is not an art of repose, meditation, or abstraction; but one of movement, action, and actuality. It is not the art of the student, but of the man of the world; the bustling, efficient, enterprising man, who is impelled by exuberant energy, not guided by delicate intuitions. Horace Vernet is a painter of this description. An entire room in the Exposition is devoted to his works. His picture, or rather panorama, of Smala is about sixty feet in length; and his *Battle of Isly*, although smaller, also belongs to that class of scene-painting, of which in our country there are no examples. These pictures abound in movement, life, energy, and action; in sixty feet of canvass

the eye cannot find a single spot on which to repose : the rude conflict of battle would seem to preclude all the amenities of art. The men are a race of warriors, vigorous and determined ; the women display to perfection just those bodily charms which such men prize most highly. The horses and bullocks partake of the same vigour and physical aptitudes ; and even still-life lives upon the canvass. The colouring is in keeping,—vigorous, positive, and effective. Now this, if not the highest art, is far from despicable. It is true, we look in vain for sympathy with human suffering ; in these pictures the glory of war is the only alleviation for its horrors. We desire, it is true, much that we never find : the thoughts are un-elevated, the forms grossly actual ; and, throughout, a physical energy of hand, instead of a thoughtful mind, has been the actuating power. Such art, however, although far from the highest, is perfect of its kind. A picture like the *Battle of Smala* is of great value as an illustrated historical chronicle. No history, written in mere words, could so vividly portray the character of African warfare, the conquest of swarthy and nomadic tribes by civilized armies, the nature of the country which these semi-savages inhabit, and the appointments of their camp-life, here so ruthlessly desolated. Herein modern art differs from ancient. It has become actually and literally naturalistic to good purpose, if it thus accurately transcribe the life and history that is extant around us. The ancient artists, for the most part, sought to inspire a sentiment ; the moderns are content to record a fact. It is a characteristic trait in French art, that it throws itself into the actual life and conflict of the passing hour. Hence its truth, purpose, and vitality. The victories of Napoleon were not only written on the page of history, but emblazoned in the galleries of art. If Algeria be conquered, artists celebrate the trophies ; if an Archbishop perish, in an act of mercy, on the barricades, the next Paris Exposition seeks to immortalize the martyrdom. France, on whatever enterprise she enters, has Dumas for historian, and Vernet or Lami for painter. Better men might possibly be conceived, but it is not every age and nation that has been fortunate in the possession of men so good.

We are led, by a certain analogy of manner and spirit, to the works of Delacroix. Many of the characteristics which we have marked in Vernet, become, in this painter, exaggerated and repulsive. We know that by many he is held up to the enthusiastic admiration due to distinguished genius. A manner so florid, facile, and pretentious will inevitably allure and pervert the judgment of many : this we can understand, though we cannot justify. The great number of the works which the directors of the Paris Exhibition have allowed this artist to exhibit, challenges our notice, and claims for him an important position in French living art. They have merit, it must be granted. They are

not weak, incapable, or imbecile; on the contrary, this painter revels in exuberant power, exults in confident assurance, and triumphs in a daring impetuosity. He might have done great things, had he not become intoxicated by a consciousness of his own greatness. He probably once was great, but now he exemplifies greatness ruined. In colouring most florid, his works are what Rubens' pictures would be, if every tone were a discord instead of concord. In composition, they are confused; in form, coarse and common-place. It is an art wholly abandoned, without thought, feeling, or high purpose. "Dante and Virgil, conducted by Phlegyas across the Lake which surrounds the Town of Dite," is the best picture of the series, and indicates to what heights this painter might have reached. "The Lion Hunt," and "Christ in the Garden," are among the worst, and show to what depths he is content to sink. We have dwelt upon this artist, because throughout the present article we wish to seize upon those works which are typical of a class, and exemplify a principle or tendency. This is the case with the pictures now before us. Delacroix has undoubted ability, but is vitiated in spirit. This, we believe, may be taken as characteristic of French art. Efficient, vigorous, well educated, and learned, French artists yet want the purity and elevation of soul which alone render art worthy of our regard. The bodily structure of their art is healthful, but its spiritual life corrupt.

In confirmation of this position, we adduce the pictures of Heim, a veteran in French art, who obtained the first grand historical prize at Rome in the year 1807, and became a member of the Institute in 1829. His pictures are martyrdoms, massacres, battles, and victories; blood and horrors intensified to create sensation. They arrest attention by pretentious size, and repel it by coarse vehemence. In short, Heim may be characterized as a French classic Caravaggio. We recollect that in the Paris Exposition of 1853 there were pictures of this cruel barbarity. Among many others, one is especially stamped upon our memory. It was striking in conception, vivid in colour; yet the whole interest of this picture, twenty feet in length, was concentrated upon a man whose leg had just been amputated. The blood is gushing out in streams, the severed limb is lying on the ground, and the instruments of surgical torture are designedly thrust upon the attention. Such pictures but pander to that vitiated taste which craves unnatural excitement. How different in treatment is the well-known picture by Rembrandt, at the Hague, entitled, "The Anatomist Nicholas Tulp and his Pupils!" There is no blood, nothing to revolt; the body, merely cut at the wrist, has undergone no anatomical butchery; the interest of the picture is not in the surgical operation, but in the occasion which called together great men with noble heads.

We will further adduce two well-known pictures by Charles

Louis Müller in the present French Exposition: the one to show the limit to which tragic intensity may be legitimately carried; the other as an example of melodramatic excess. The first is the celebrated picture of "The Summons of the Last Victims in the Reign of Terror." It is a truly great work. It is great, because it is historical and truthful: it is great, because it manifests great and deep passions which sear and torture the human breast, because it carries the imagination back to the realization of fearful times and dire catastrophes: it is great, because, without revolting through excess of horror, it still induces a shudder by its tragic intensity. The other picture to which we refer is, "*Vive l'Empereur*." It wants the concentration and high purpose requisite to elevate a picture of low materials: and it is further debased by massacre and blood. The tragedy of this picture consists in mere bodily suffering. The former work by Müller, of which we spoke so highly, did not exemplify bodily pain, but mental anguish; it was not the mutilation of the physical frame, but the morbid anatomy of the soul. One more example of this tendency in French art will suffice. One of the largest pictures in the Exposition is a scene of disaster in the retreat from Russia, by Yvon. The wounded and the dead lie upon the ground, covered with snow, and congealed in the icy cold. The detailed horrors stand out from the canvass with all the emphasis and power which art can command. It is a scene too horrible to look upon. If the artist had considered that there are subjects, which the historian may describe through the shadowy vehicle of words, too horrible to look upon in their original reality, or to be re-produced in art, this picture had never been painted. Now, we are bound to admit that these pictures by Heim, Müller, and Yvon, all possess great merit. They imply much knowledge, study, and vigour; in no other nation than France could they have been painted: but the spirit they breathe is vitiated.

We have already said that, to understand the purpose of living French art, it is needful to remember the scenes through which the nation has waded during the last and present centuries. A truly national art can only arise under the impulse of some great national movement and passion. The mind of a people must be highly wrought; must be possessed with some ruling and dominant thought; and, thus stimulated to utmost activity, its art and all other manifestations will share in the bias and intensity of the movement by which it is agitated. Such has been the condition of France. The whole structure of society and government having been overturned; the mind of the people having been elated to frenzy by wild visions of hope, to be again lost in the paroxysms of despair; the whole face of society having been laid desolate by social fire, sword, and pestilence; even the arts of peace became agitated by the convulsions

of revolution. The storm abated, but the heaving ocean has not subsided into rest. Hence it is that French art is not one of repose, but of agitation. The demon of revolution, not the angel who proclaimed peace, is its inspiration. The barricades may be swept from the streets of Paris, but their spirit of revolt still rules in her galleries of art.

But French art is as varied as its people are versatile. A French painter has as many manners as moods, and extemporizes a picture with the same facility with which he would frame a new political constitution. For instance, it cannot be predicted what such an artist as Biard will be attempting next: his antecedent performances afford no criterion for his future works. The painter of "The Slave Ship" sits down to elaborate a pigmy in a vast wilderness of flowers, which he calls, "Gulliver in the Island of the Giants." His pictures, grave and gay, works in character most opposite, are hung in juxtaposition on the walls of the Paris Exposition. "Corrédic receiving the Farewell of his Equipage" on board the dismasted frigate after action, is intended to be serious and impressive. The subject is clearly and effectively narrated. The bustle and confusion of the scene, with all its accessory concomitants, are given with point and character. But the execution is coarse, the colour disagreeable, and the general expression callous and heartless. "French Travellers in a Spanish Posada," affords a contrast in its low domestic comedy. The guests, seated at the table, are in dismay at the entrance of a herd of swine; all is in commotion, except an old man sleeping on some spread straw, and a monk sitting on the floor, who still continues his tune on the guitar. His "Halt in the Desert" is a complete contrast to the preceding. It is dark, dreary, and disagreeable; proves the versatility of the painter, without exemplifying his genius. He has likewise a picture of the Arctic Regions,—a scene of ice with seals, boats, and Esquimaux; and, lastly, a painting of the Aurora Borealis, taken from the same latitudes. It would appear that Biard has, by his enterprise, exhausted the confines of nature, without having as yet touched the limits of his genius.

Decamps, in his fifty works, displays a no less marvellous extent and diversity. He is equally the painter of Scripture and of Comedy: from the History of Samson and the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, he descends to Don Quixote and Sancho Pança; he paints Albanians, Bohemians, the defeat of the Cimbres, dogs, monkeys, tigers, elephants, and donkeys. How a man, in this multitude of incongruous labours, can preserve his own personal identity, either to himself or with the general public, is, indeed, inexplicable. Whether some of these pictures may be painted in earnest, others for caprice, the foibles of fancy; some to prove to what heights ambition can aspire, others to what depths genius may contentedly con-

descend; whether the subjects apparently solemn are, in fact, burlesques, and the lighter comedy, after all, the mind's earnest and real workings—we will not presume to determine. It would appear that, with this class of painters, art is especially the language in which men seek to disguise their thoughts. We are at a loss to decide whether such a display is indicative of extended sympathies, or manifests the utter want of all feeling. The universality of genius is a favourite dogma. It is often asserted that tragic powers necessarily include the comic; at least, Shakspeare affords one example of the possibility of the same man exemplifying in his works the entire circle of humanity. With English artists, however, this wide diversity of manifestation is almost unknown: with the French, on the contrary, there are more than a few sparse examples. We have mentioned Biard and Decamps as representatives of the class, but other names might easily be cited. Charles Lehmann, of whom we shall make subsequent mention, vacillates between subjects sacred and secular, with the ready facility of a man of the world. In the three subjects contributed by Benouville, it is likewise difficult to trace individual identity. In landscape art, also, Huet and Theodore Rousseau severally exemplify the widest contrasts. Now, it is true that genius attests its greatness by the extended scope of its manifestations; but works of ordinary merit, like those now before us, must be tested by principles better suited to average humanity. It will be found, then, that men of ordinary capacities, by extending the sphere and surface of their operations, diminish their intensity, and sacrifice the sincerity of their feelings. The philanthropy that is wide as the world, is as vague and unsubstantial as it is general. All but the very highest, and therefore most exceptional, genius is partial; and thus we are entitled to infer, that the universality of these French artists is assumed, not inherent. They paint, as the dramatist acts, not their own character, but that of another, and their modes and manners are as easily cast aside as the actor's dresses. We do not understand how any great or true man can thus forget and surrender his own individuality. It argues the levity of a little mind, and involves a mental dissipation fatal to heartfelt sincerity. On these grounds, therefore, this French diversity of manner excites more our wonder than admiration; it affords likewise another instance in which French art and the mental character of the people are coincident.

The French are remarkable for their paintings on a small scale, no less than on a large. They are light and playful in cabinet works, as they are intense and melodramatic in pictures of historical pretensions. In these pictures "*de société*" they are eminently successful. The well-known ease and suavity of the national manners are reflected in these graces of the boudoir

and the *salon*. The elegances, courtesies, and incidents of the gay world of fashion render these works most charming; in their contemplation the mind is entertained and captivated, and, if not elevated, it certainly is refined. It is pleasant thus to look on the sunny side of life; and to such works must be conceded the merit, if not of aiding man's advancement, at least of adding to his enjoyment. Dubasty is a piquant painter of this description. He has pictures of the "Toilette," "Leda," "News from the Crimea," and "The Idler." The figures, drapery, and accessories are well painted, the execution sharp and dexterous, and the subjects pointed and pleasing. Hamon, who can boast of Delaroche and Gleyre as his masters, is a painter of exquisite fancy. Among his pictures are "The Orphans," "Idyls," "Love and his Playmates," and "A Comedy of Human Life," all treated with delicate grace, highly fanciful, without rising to the imaginative. Toulmouche is a painter of the same class, with just that amount of affectation which, in subjects of this description, adds, perhaps, to the zest and interest. Jobbé-Duval, likewise, in his "Toilette of a *Fiancée*," and "The Young Invalid," shows that quiet delicate refinement by which the two preceding painters are characterized. The winning manner of these men, although different, is evidently derived from their masters, Delaroche and Gleyre, whose distinguished merits might well form the germs of a more marked and general school. Caraud, in "Sitting for a Portrait," and "The Dancing Lesson," is skilful in attitudes and domestic comedy. He may be taken as one example, among others, of the style which Frith and Egg have rendered familiar to the English public. But Meissonnier is the most remarkable example of this small and racy style of art. Amongst other works he exhibits "The Combat," "The Bravoës," "The Reader," "A Man Drawing," "A Youth Working," and "A Young Man Breakfasting in Bed." In drawing, painting, colouring, and treatment, they are all admirable. In some, the action of the figures is rapid and intense, and the whole scene animated by an inimitable spirit of *diablerie*. We believe that Meissonnier in his special style is without a rival. In the same marvellously minute scale Flers exhibits a series of pleasing pictures of the Seasons. It is remarkable that the French should thus indulge in paintings of the two opposite extremes of giant dimensions and microscopic minuteness. This peculiarity is another instance in which the nation forsakes moderation for eccentricity, and arrests attention by a marvel, when it might fail to attract by merit. A calm, self-sustained moderation is what the art of this people greatly needs. Their failing is in excess of power and effort, their strength too often degenerates into violence, the colour is so emphatic as to become crude, their positions are studiously attitudinized, and their manners often artificial and affected. Still, after all

that may be said in disparagement of their art, it must be confessed that, in this light comedy of society, this *vaudeville* in painting, they are eminently successful. A light-hearted, joyous people, who can agreeably trifle away an evening, sipping *cau sucrée* in the Champs Elysées, find, in the gay pantomime of art, a pleasing means *pour passer le temps*.

French art is likewise essentially ambitious. French artists are actuated by high thoughts, and are evidently impressed with the idea that a great nation should aspire to high art. For two centuries a well-organized academy has been established; the student of promise is sent to the affiliated institution, dwelling in the Villa Medici, on the Pincian at Rome. On his return to France honours crown his future successes; the artist is created a Chevalier, an Officer and Commander of the Imperial Legion of Honour, or elected a Member of the Institute. The Church invokes his genius to enhance the solemnity and beauty of her functions, and the State enlists his aid to record the history she enacts. Honour and reward wait on genius, and urge it to the highest efforts. It is then but natural that French artists should aspire to the greatest works. Let us now inquire what success attends their ambition. It is unfortunate that some of the greatest names are unrepresented in the present Paris Exhibition. Neither Ary Scheffer nor Delaroche has contributed a single picture. The fame of the former is too well established to require a word of commendation: of the high heartfelt character of his works we have recently in this country seen an example in the Francesca di Rimini. The same Exhibition likewise contained a reduced copy of the great picture by Delaroche in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. The original work, eighty feet long, extends round the semicircular walls of the amphitheatre. It represents the birth and progress of the arts; and the painters, sculptors, and architects, grouped in schools, constitute the biographical history of art throughout the nations of the world. It is a work of the very highest merit,—learned and elaborate, high in purpose, and pure in spirit; we signalize it as an example of what French art is capable; we take it as a proof that high art in these days needs not to fear extinction. It is right that we should adduce the works of these two great men, which alone would render any nation illustrious, before we descend to the consideration of pictures representative of this class of art in the present Paris Exhibition.

The paintings of Ingres, by their number, size, and prominent position, first claim our attention. We have already seen that the works of Horace Vernet occupy an entire room on the left: to those of Ingres is assigned a corresponding room on the right. To equal honours no other painter is admitted. It is the nature and penalty of a public competition, that many, unable to sustain so severe a test, must come out from the con-

test with diminished reputations. To this infliction Ingres must submit. The character of his genius, if indeed genius he possess, may be judged from an enumeration of some of his exhibited works. "Homer deified," one of the most ambitious, is described in the Catalogue in these high terms: "Homer receives the homage of all the great men in Greece, Rome, and modern times. The universe crowns him; Herodotus burns incense; the Iliad and the Odyssey are at his feet!" "The Apotheosis of Napoleon I." is described in a similar strain: "He is conducted on a car to the Temple of Glory and Immortality. Fame crowns him, and Victory guides his horses. France mourns over him. Nemesis, Goddess of Vengeance, overthrows Anarchy!" The bombast of this description is only surpassed by the inflated pretension of the work itself. The Christian subjects are scarcely less false and repulsive. "St. Symphorien" is perhaps the best, and to deny to it all merit would be unjust. While it is far from pleasing, it evinces study and knowledge; and a picture of this pretension and grasp implies considerable mental power and sustained independence. Throughout these works, indeed, while there is much to condemn, there is little to despise. If the countenances fail in Christian elevation and purity, at least they do not sink into insipid imbecility. In the "Vow of Louis XIII.," the Madonna wants purity of form and spirituality of expression; and the angels holding back the curtains are mere domestic waiting-maids who have put on wings for the occasion. "The Virgin," with clasped hands, in a vivid blue mantle, claims equality with an average Carlo Dolce; and "Christ giving to St. Peter the Keys of Paradise in Presence of the Apostles," is a too accurate recollection of Raphael and the old masters, to claim criticism as an original work. Now it is to the spirit of these paintings that we chiefly object. Ingres evinces throughout much power. The character of his education, his tastes, and the class of subjects selected, point to a first position; yet he signally fails of attaining this eminence, not from want of intellectual thinking capability, but from deficient spiritual intuitions and insight. Excellence in the arts is dependent on refined subtleties, delicate susceptibilities, on the right balance of the mind's inner life, which cannot be rightly regulated by mere academic tuition, nor assumed at the dictate of ambition. These works want the inner thought, the conscious and yet unconscious life, and the sustaining soul, which alone constitute greatness in the arts. Anatomy, technical rules, and facility may be formed by national endowment and patronage; but this outward bodily art-structure is dead and worthless, unless the breath of genius be breathed upon it.

It is comparatively easy for an artist to strut and rant through his subjects, and thus call down the plaudits from the

unreflecting. But it is vastly difficult worthily to illustrate and enforce a great text taken from history, either sacred or profane, in such a manner as shall aid and advance the already formed mental conception of the man of taste and study. To do this is truly high art: any thing short of this, if not worthless, is certainly not entitled to the highest position.

In the whole past history of French art, we know of no example worthy of this distinguished position. Nicholas Poussin, who in most respects stands pre-eminent among his countrymen, derived his highest manner from the Italian painters; and, when left to the guidance of his own powers, is wanting in that repose, balance, and vitality inherent in real greatness. Of the deplorable poverty and weakness of Lesueur—scarcely entitled to equal rank with Benjamin West—the French have little conception: he would appear still to hold in his own country the high position once assigned to West, as the representative of high art, in ours. It was with astonishment and regret we recently found that Victor Cousin, in his *Lectures on the Beautiful*, has extolled this French painter in terms of hyperbole, and placed him on an equality with Raphael himself. To such extent can patriotism blind an otherwise enlightened judgment. But we need not draw further examples from the history of past art in France, to prove the general inability of this people worthily to treat subjects of the highest import. For the most part, religious topics are handled with just that amount of feeling which is usually thrown into ancient mythology. As an instance of the wholesale manufacture to order of works pretending to the highest class, we appeal to Hinaff's vast picture, destined for Church adornment. Another picture, also conspicuous from its size and position, affords a further example. We refer to "The Last Tears," by Diaz de la Pena. We have already spoken of Heim, and we again call attention to his numerous works, with the purpose of illustrating how high subjects may pander to low tastes, how martyrdoms may be mere scenes of blood, unredeemed by steadfast trust in a sustaining Power.

It is a grateful task, after this general denunciation, to be able to insist on the merits of some illustrious exceptions. We have already spoken of Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, as names which must rescue any art-epoch from ignoble oblivion. In the same honourable category we place the works of Charles Lehmann. His genius differs from, and is perhaps inferior to, that of the two great names just referred to; but he can rightly boast of undoubted originality and power, and the numerous works here exhibited manifest the phases of a mind capable of the most varied expression. In some instances, as in the "Adoration" and the "Assumption," the countenances are allied, in their quietism, softness, and heavenly purity of expression, to the

modern German school. Then, again, in the "Jeremiah," we find that impetuosity and *furor* of inspiration in which occasionally Kaulbach and others of the wilder German artists portray the tempests of the soul. "The Flagellation" is a picture of a different expression; it awes through a terrible grandeur: the immovable steadfastness in the countenance and attitude of the Saviour manifests the sustaining presence of a more than human power. But the "Hamlet" and "Ophelia" are perhaps the grandest, as they are the most metaphysical, of Lehmann's works. They are countenances of withering and agonized intensity, which reveal the depths of souls in anguish and despair. To speak the whole truth, however, it must be acknowledged that Lehmann's manner is compiled and derived, rather than originated; that his great and varied powers are still at warfare amongst themselves; that heaven and earth are in conflict for supremacy. He has not, indeed, gained those serene heights unruffled by the tumult of the world, yet will not rest content to tread the dead level of the common earth. This is a state of mind characteristic of French art. A French artist can seldom prevail on himself wholly to renounce the world: in the upward flight of his ambition, he ever casts a loving glance upon this nether earth.

Mention must likewise be made of a few other works, as examples of a pure and high-minded art. Of this class is Landelle's "Repose of the Virgin," with angels gathering round the slumbering infant and mother. The influence of the Dusseldorf school may be traced in this picture: it degenerates, perhaps, into the soft and debilitated; but the countenances are pure in type, and expressive of a holy and unearthly frame of mind. There is still another name well worthy of notice. Cogniet, upon whom have been bestowed all the honours with which the French nation loves to reward high merit, exhibits a few pictures of remarkable excellence. "Tintoretto making a Sketch of the dead Body of his Daughter," is a picture of quiet, noble dignity, and much true pathos. His greatest work, however, is "St Etienne administering Relief to a poor Family." This work is not classic, romantic, or naturalistic, but a happy medium between each. In it may even be traced somewhat of the subdued refined feeling of Raphael, yet at the same time the manner is truly individual and independent. We have thus seen, that while much that pretends to the highest rank in French art is vitiated in spirit, while the French, as a people, can lay claim to no special vocation for the highest and purest walks, yet, boasting of Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Lehmann, and Cogniet, they can point to a living school, of which even a first-rate nation may well be proud.

The preceding classification of French art is by no means exhaustive; and our present notice would be wanting in completeness,

did we not make some reference to works of a more miscellaneous character. It is necessary that we should not pass over, without commendation, a painter of such remarkable merit as Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur. Her well-known pictures of oxen and horses are most admirable for their vigour and their truth. Troyon and Jadin likewise, by their numerous works, prove that France possesses a healthful school of animal painters. The works of Gudin, the well-known marine artist, require notice for their number, size, pretension, merits, and conspicuous defects. The homely, truthful, and naturalistic school of art is likewise represented in the French department, and almost demands a separate classification. Courbet's pictures have much in common with the natural and rustic figures painted by Mr. Hollins. Breton, in his "Day after St. Sebastian," paints a picture of low comedy, in which the disgusting accessories of debauched life are rendered with a truth and detail that give to this ultra naturalistic style its repulsive power. Brion, who also may be classed under the same head, is, in the "Raft on the Rhine," and other pictures, truthful and vigorous, without becoming naturalistic in the bad sense. These examples, however, of the literal and objective, can scarcely be considered as specially representative of French national art; they are but the episodes and by-play in its great enacting drama. Under this general head of miscellanies we must likewise class the examples of French landscape. The love of nature, which even in our country is said to be of recent growth, in France, if we may judge rightly from her landscape art, is still most cold and circumscribed. Turner, in his "Rivers of France," found a theme on which his poetic genius could dilate; yet neither her rivers, valleys, plains, nor forests, have yet afforded inspiration for a landscape national school of art. The French landscapes in the Exposition scarcely merit individual mention: suffice it to say, that such works exist.

Our more detailed examination of the French Department has led, then, to these general conclusions:—that French art is one, not of thought, but of motion, action, and intensity; that its animating soul is battle and the barricades, and that in art, at least, the Reign of Terror still exerts its bloody tyranny: but that the works of this people, like the nation itself, are nevertheless ever great and imposing; that their art, as their social system, wanting safe anchor-hold, may be convulsed and tossed by storms and revolutions, yet the follies in which other nations are wrecked would seem but to give a startling *éclat* to the deeds and works of this truly great nation. We have seen that, artistically as socially, this people is alternately intense and frivolous; that, pictures of revolution, battle, or massacre having stimulated to intensity, the mind again diverts and unbends itself in small cabinet paintings of grace and fancy,

We have seen that, in works of deep thought and high purpose, the French do not succeed according to the measure of their ambition; but that yet they can boast of some great names, in all respects worthy of a great nation. We readily admit, likewise, that in knowledge of art, power of drawing, and the telling of a story with effect and point, the French are without a rival. French art, like the French drama, knows the paramount importance of situation, plot, and stage effect: in one sense, Scribe is greater than Shakspeare, and in the same sense modern French artists are greater than Raphael. We have thus found that every possible art-phase, the high and the low, the intense and the playful, the ideal and the naturalistic, are represented in this most versatile, efficient, and popular art. This vast and varied manifestation may be either taken in the mass, and thus in its gross result denominated "French;" or it might be submitted to analysis, for the purpose of ascertaining, which of its elements are indigenous, and which of foreign extraction. In the former course, we take the entire manifestation, without examination, just as we find it within the confines of a given territory; in the latter, we inquire into the causes and origin of the collective phenomena. In such a scrutiny we shall probably find, that all which falls under the designation of "high art" is a foreign importation, or that at least the highest art has not chosen the soil of France as its favoured asylum. We shall further find, that a vast multitude of her pictures can in no sense be deemed national, because they have no special national characteristic, and belong to all nations alike; and thus, finally, we may succeed in resolving French art into its true and central elements, which are dramatic action, motion, intensity, and gaiety. It may be granted that the French nation is a collective phenomenon hitherto unparalleled in the world's history; and in the same manner there is a certain original element indigenous in French art, which we have sought to designate in the above terms. Herein we shall, indeed, find the essential difference between French art and all existing foreign manifestations. But to whatever analysis this collective national art may be submitted, it indubitably exerts a potent influence over the continent of Europe; and Paris may thus be considered not less one of the great originating centres of art, than a main focus of political influence.

In entering on an examination of the German section in the French Exposition, it is necessary to premise that the German nation is inadequately represented. Overbeck has not contributed a single picture; Cornelius is seen to great disadvantage in a series of Cartoons; and Kaulbach has not furnished one example of the great works which are the pride of Munich and Berlin. The fame which is dependent on frescoes cannot become itinerant; such works cannot be concentrated on a given spot; and therefore the traveller must still visit

the various cities of Central Europe, to become acquainted with German art. The Exposition being in France, it almost necessarily follows that the art of that country is seen in undue ascendancy: it would, therefore, be manifestly unjust finally to adjudicate on the comparative merits of the various international schools simply by the results of the present contest. On these grounds we have deemed the existing Exposition a most favourable opportunity for a comprehensive and detailed estimate of the French school of art; and for the same reason we shall, in our examination of the comparative position held by other nations, limit our labours to the definition of general national boundaries, and the laying down of certain cardinal landmarks.

The French paint man acting; the Germans, man thinking. French art is an art of action, because her people have acted; German, an art of thought, because her people have studied. French art is so signally popular in its character, that it might safely confide the favourable decision of its merits to the verdict of universal suffrage. German art, on the contrary, the product of study, appeals to the student and to the few; it needs a learned taste, to be understood; its walks are the secluded paths of meditation; it reaches the heart, not by the beaten road of the common understanding, but through the shadowy avenues of intuition and the mazes of the pure reason. French art is practical and actual, sharp and sparkling; German, dreamy, abstract, and abstruse, and withal somewhat ponderous and pointless. The French paint a picture, the Germans think one out. The French paint events, the Germans poems. French art is physical, German metaphysical. The French make a figure speak through the action of the entire figure; the Germans concentrate the expression in the head, and make the face the mirror of the mind. The French take the world as they find it; the Germans refine, speculate, and idealize, and hence their art is generic, typical, and symbolic. French art lives in the busy world, German in solitude. Now, the best art has ever been philosophic. Leonardo da Vinci, from the marked purpose which runs through his sketches, was evidently building up an inductive art; and it is no less evident, that his mind was fed and fertilized from the inner wells of a deductive philosophy. The same was true of Raphael, and is equally true of the modern Germans.

German art is marked, however, by an excess of self-consciousness. There is a class of thoughtful people who are termed "absent," and in such characters German art abounds. The figures seem lost in reverie and abstraction; they are revelling in the mazes of imagination, or overpowered by the intensity of inwardly originating feeling; and, thus absorbed, they become, in fact, unconscious of the outer world. It is

this emotional abstraction which constitutes the essence and the beauty of the German school of Christian art, although its iteration may produce a sense of monotony and tedium. However severely we may be prepared to censure the errors of doctrine into which the Roman Catholic Church has fallen, we cannot fail to admire the fervour of the worshippers. We have seen the peasants of the Campagna cast down their burdens at the church-door, and, rude and unlettered as they were, become lost in the intensity of feeling. It is possible that this may be nothing more than what is called "superstition;" certainly it is not devotion with knowledge; but, at all events, it is a profound mental phenomenon, and it is just this mental manifestation which we find in German Christian art. As an example of this intense abstraction, we refer to a small picture of the "Last Supper," by Carl Müller, in the Exposition. This is eminently the art-expression of religious "quietism." The bodily functions seem suspended and hushed, and the soul dwells in the repose of beatific contemplation. This is the highest manifestation of art, as it is the purest and ultimate attainment of life. Of this mental phase of art, the Germans afford abundant examples. "Annunciations," by Carl Müller and others, are treated in this spirit. "The two Marys at the Sepulchre," by Veit, and the "Virgin and Child," by Ittenbach, in the Exposition, are further manifestations of the same mental state.

Works of art, indeed, might well be classified according to the faculties of the mind to which they appeal. We should then find that, as each nation comprises within itself every variety of human nature, so does the art of each people embrace the most opposite extremes. Thus, in German art, all the faculties of the mind are represented. Waldmüller, in Vienna, and Knaus, in Baden, call forth the interest involved in the ordinary incidents of rural and low life. Blaas, in his "Charlemagne visiting a School," awakens historical associations, and makes the pomp of royalty minister to the charm of art. Dürch, of Munich, in the graceful form of a "Nymph dressing her Hair," ministers to the love of sensuous beauty. Kloeber, in the "Death of Adonis," and "Bacchus and his Panthers," disports in the fabled creations of poetic mythology. Schroedter, in wondrous cartoons of "The Four Seasons," exults in the exuberant play of fantastic fancy. And the lover of pure nature will find in the works of Leu, Achenbach, Becker, and others, ample field through which imagination may range in scenes of grandeur, or of beauty.

Thus is German—like French—art a full manifestation of the varied faculties which constitute entire humanity; but it is to man in his higher nature that German art essentially appeals. It may often condescend to man's low estate; it

sometimes becomes the representative of man's lower nature: but the one essential characteristic of German art, in which it differs from all other national phases, is, that it originates in, and appeals to, those spiritual aspirations which lead the mind onward and upward. This state of mental exaltation under which high art originates, assumes varied aspects. It may arise from the side of the intellect, and represent man as eminently intellectual and meditative, the countenance abstracted, the brow furrowed with thought, the form attenuated and haggard, the whole bearing sedate and severe. Some of the works of Overbeck are of this description. Or, secondly, surrendering itself to the guidance of feeling, it may become the expression of serene emotion, the tranquillity and peace of a mind at rest. It is in this spirit of blissful purity that the scene of the Annunciation, of which one by Carl Müller in the Exposition affords an example, is universally rendered. In the same spirit, likewise, has art ever conceived of the angel world. The type of countenance is unruffled by earthly passion or conflict; accidental characteristics are excluded for the attainment of an ideal and typical beauty. It must be admitted, however, that when German artists of this class descend to the treatment of earthly subjects, they want the purpose and vigour requisite to action. The forms are so physically debilitated, there is so total an absence of passion, or even of active meditation, the mind is so completely absorbed in heavenly longings, that the whole bodily structure seems ready to melt, thaw, and resolve itself into essential thought. The "Madonna and Child" of Ittenbach is of this ultra-German school. The characteristics which result from individual accident, the idiosyncrasy of mind and body which consists in the departure from the ideal type, are merged into a vague generalization and abstraction. It must be confessed, that this class of German art often degenerates into the sickly and morbid. The remedy for this diseased art-condition is precisely that which is required for the correction of the corresponding state of mind. The works of Overbeck afford examples of the art in which thought, and likewise of that in which feeling, is in excess; but they also include instances wherein each rectifies the other: thoughtful countenances overpowered by emotion, and characters of habitually deep feeling, lost in abstracted contemplation.

There is still, however, a third mental phase of essentially German art, differing from the two preceding. It represents the mind not in thought, not in subdued feeling, but in agitation. It may be found in the fervour of the Prophet, as in Kaulbach's "Sage;" in the intensity and vehemence of many of the works of Cornelius; and in the religious ecstasy of other masters. In its highest form, it represents man borne up by a preternatural power, agitated by a mysterious agency, the

minister of heaven to declare a revelation, or to execute a judgment. Of this class of artists Michael Angelo is the prototype, and Cornelius and Klein are among the living representatives. But, like all other manifestations, it is liable to degenerate. We have seen that the art of pure feeling is often wanting in the worldly element; and, on the other hand, in that of which we now speak, real spiritual power is for the most part deficient. It may be an inherent necessity, that art must rely on muscular development for the expression of power, that supernatural strength can be manifested only in exaggerated anatomy, and that thus this class of art must ever tend to the expression of mere physical strength instead of a supernatural power. Hess, Müller, Ittenbach, are each representatives of high art: so likewise are Cornelius and his followers: yet they are, nevertheless, direct opposites. The former, as we have seen, are instinct with feeling, grace, and beauty; Cornelius, on the other hand, sacrifices beauty for strength, and, instead of dealing in graceful flowing lines, is abrupt, angular, and rigid.

We have thus endeavoured to resolve the multiplicity of conflicting German works into the unity of a pervading idea. In our examination, we have cast into subordination the miscellanies which mark no special nationality; and brought into relief the leading characteristics of the modern German school. In conclusion, it is right to remark that this German manner is derived, rather than originated. It is strictly a præ-Raphaelite revival. If the early Italian artists had never lived, these German works had never been painted; yet they are by no means servile imitations. The modern Germans have seen into, realized, and mentally lived in the spirit of the early Italians; and, from this mental stand-point, have wrought out these works of revival. In some measure they have surrendered their powers to the guidance of these early teachers; and yet in the modern works can be traced as it were a resolution of mental forces, in which the modern contends with the mediæval, the living with the dead. But, indeed, a conflict no longer subsists; the works themselves bespeak a complete reconciliation. These German paintings are not mere copies, but such original works as Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Masaccio would themselves have painted, had they lived in this nineteenth century, with the education and appliances of the present day.

Among the minor States of Europe, Belgium demands special notice. We have already remarked that the art-position of each country coincides, for the most part, with its political status. Art in Belgium is no exception to the rule. It is as healthful and self-sustained as the people are prosperous and free. From the proximity of Belgium to France, from the influence of French literature and politics within the territories of her neigh-

bour, it is remarkable that the art of Belgium has maintained so distinctive a character. It is equally remarkable, likewise, that she derives so little of her present manner from her past art-history; that neither the school of Rubens, on the one hand, nor of Teniers, on the other, exerts a preponderating influence on existing Belgian art. It is, indeed, difficult to determine from what country and epoch this art-manifestation claims its origin. It is not ambitious, like the French; it is not abstract and metaphysical, as the German; it has no special aspirations towards the highest walks; it is perhaps, indeed, most nearly allied to the sobriety, moderation, and propriety of our English school. Its principal men are each, in their several departments, worthy of honourable notice. Guffens, in "The Mystic Hymn," and "Julia and her Mother," is serious, heartfelt, and religious; and affords almost the only example of direct German influence. Portaels, whose merits entitle him to a first rank in this international contest, selects subjects of tragic incident; and certainly in manner, and through his master, Delaroche, owes some allegiance to the French school. In the Brussels Museum is a grand painting of a "Flock of Sheep in a Storm," by Verboekhoven, which all who have seen must remember; and the present Exposition contains, from this painter, a faithful study of the same animal, which is not surpassed by our own Cooper, or, indeed, equalled in any other nation. Stevens, likewise, as a painter of dogs, has well merited the honour of being enrolled a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold; and Willems, by his satins and silks, has rightfully gained the same distinction. It will thus be seen that Belgium takes a conspicuous and honourable position among the nations of Europe: her works, indeed, often rise to an equality with those of France, Germany, and England; and she fails in constituting a primary national school, only because she has no one distinctive and essential characteristic to mark an independent individuality.

The art of Belgium and that of Holland are not so closely allied as the juxtaposition of the two countries, and their former union under the same Government, would imply. Belgium is, possibly, not altogether unmindful of her ancient glories under the sway of Rubens and Vandyke; and, although manifestly independent, is yet not wholly free from the art-influences of her more powerful neighbours. Holland, on the other hand, still owns the paramount sway of her own Dutch school, and has scarcely yet joined the general art-community of nations. We thus find in her department a preponderance of small pictures, primarily Dutch in character, with, nevertheless, an infusion of French gaiety and refinement. Her art is, in fact, evidently distracted by an allegiance and admiration divided between indigenous elements and foreign influences. She

would appear scarcely satisfied to circumscribe her efforts within the limits of a small canvass and humble subjects; and yet, when ambition prompts to higher aims, she obviously fails in the thought, feeling, and purpose demanded for nobler works. Between the living art of Belgium and Holland still, indeed, subsists, in great measure, the distinction which of old marked the opposite schools of Antwerp and of Amsterdam. In landscape works, however, the facilities of travel have enlarged the character of subjects. The landscape art of a people is now no longer necessarily a portraiture of the features of the country in which they dwell. And thus landscape art in Holland now diversifies the fens of the Low Country by the mountains of Switzerland; and for the pollard willow substitutes the Alpine pine. It must be acknowledged that art in Holland scarcely holds a position commensurate with the commercial importance of the nation.

Spain is not yet quite blotted out of the chart of nations, and accordingly her art is not yet quite extinguished. But in that country the arts have as signally fallen, as have her people. They have undergone, not so much a degradation, as a radical change. The personal identity of a people can be generally traced through manifold revolutions; but art-history is often less a development than a re-action; and thus in Spain ancient and modern art occupy distant and opposing poles. The sombre, religious, and eminently original and national art of Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran, is now without a living representative. In lieu thereof, the general aspect of Spanish art is florid and meretricious; the product of a glowing climate and a luxurious life, the manifestation of a civilization of sense and of enjoyment, rather than of thought and sober feeling. The Church would appear to have retained less influence over art than among the people. The treatment of religious themes, no longer national, is now derived from Germany, as that of secular subjects from France. The portraits of Madrazo merit commendation, and are the best works in the Spanish department; but the countenances are generalized, while the dress and jewellery are individualized with startling brilliancy and actuality. The spirit of Spanish art would appear best fitted for the Spanish dance, vintage, and bull-fight: in these departments it might possibly form a national school.

Of Italian modern art, Sardinian is the best: it is better than that of Lombardy, exhibited in the Austrian department, and thus affords an example, among many others, that the genius of art consents to manifest herself only among a free and prosperous people. Of the entire peninsula, slumbering among past glories, Piedmont alone assumes political action, and, in art, national individuality. Camino, in his "Primeval Forests," contributes one of the best landscapes in the entire Exposition;

and other examples manifest that the Piedmontese have found inspiration in the scenes of grandeur and beauty among which they dwell. The few pictures sent from Rome corroborate what was already known, that that city still continues a metropolis in art, solely by virtue of its Museums and foreign residents, not through the living productive genius of its people. The art of Italy has fallen to about the same low level as that of Spain: the arts, taking their Middle-Age revival in Southern Europe, have, with civilization, since migrated in a northerly direction, leaving in their former abodes but the records and traditions of an expired glory. The Italians must now rest content with being the mere guardians of the past, and will probably do the world better service in multiplying countless copies of their ancient works, than by attempting new creations.

Switzerland has no national language, and in like manner possesses no distinctive national art. She is on the frontier of many nations, she takes her tongue from adjacent countries; and thus likewise her art is, at most, a varied dialect, a general compilation from parent types. The pictures contributed show, however, that this people cultivate art with success, if not with originality. "*The Lake of the Four Cantons*," by Calarme,—a name as extensively as it is favourably known through his admirable lithographs,—is a picture combining exquisite poetry and feeling with truthful study of nature. It ranks among the few first-class landscapes in the Exposition, and places the name of Calarme in the roll of great living artists. With this exception, to which we find it difficult to add others, nothing in this department evinces the influence of sublime scenery in forming the poetic mind; and we here find that nature in her grandest forms may present herself to the outward eye, without engendering a noble or national art. Rome inspires the pilgrim only, Switzerland the traveller: the habitual dwellers in each are mentally inert.

The northward tidal wave of art has not yet reached the northern shores of Europe, although Denmark, Sweden, and Norway each contribute pictures to the general art-congress. With the exception of a few landscapes of grand national scenery, and a funeral of much character, by Tidemand, no work in these circumscribed departments demands notice. The art of these nations is not of native birth, but, for the most part, derived from the cities of Paris and Dusseldorf. The art-reputation of these latitudes still rests on the genius of Thorwaldsen; and the general law by which art-epochs would seem to follow as the sequence and after-product of literary manifestation, would appear likewise to govern the nations which constitute the northern European frontier.

The Exposition is designedly a competition among the nations of the entire world; but, actually, it is narrowed to a

contest between the European nationalities. The United States, Mexico, and Peru, are each but nominally represented. From the knowledge which we possess of the paintings of the United States, we believe that the works exhibited do imperfect justice to that nation. Still it remains undoubtedly true, that the continent of America has not yet arrived at that culminating point in civilization, which manifests itself in developed art as its ultimate expression. By a capricious anomaly, sculpture, which has been the latest of the expiring arts in Italy, has taken precedence of creative music and painting; and has been the first to obtain matured, if not original, manifestation in America. The New World will probably pass through the same law of development which has ruled throughout the nations in the Old. Man, by an inherent necessity, first renders his material subsistence and position secure; then oratory and literature find in the repose of consolidated society a fitting birth-place; and finally the fine arts, which arise as luxuries, attain matured vitality, and at length become necessities. Thus the arts, reviving in the southern nations of Europe, and taking subsequently a northward direction, may, in the coming century, assume a westward course, as the spring-tide of civilization sweeps over the continent of America.

In speaking of the English school, we shall not so much attempt to estimate the abstract merits of our artists among themselves, as to assign to their works their comparative position in the relative scale of nations. Our pictures have been received by the French people with that courtesy due to a guest visiting a foreign land; and the marked attention at first originating in kindly feeling, is now continued on the ground of intrinsic merit. The Paris official "*Moniteur*" contains a series of careful and discriminating criticisms on the English department of the Exposition, from which it is interesting to learn the judgment which the French pass upon our works. Théophile Gautier, the writer of these articles, thus speaks of English art:—

"The distinctive characteristics of England are a frank originality, a strong local relish; she owes nothing to other schools; and the arm of the sea, a few leagues in width, which separates her from the Continent, so far does it remove her, that it might indeed have the width of the Atlantic Ocean. An English painter, whatever may be his merit, is at once recognised, even by the least practised eye. The invention, taste, design, colour, touch, sentiment, entirely differ. We are transported to another world most distant and unknown, although we may breakfast in Paris and dine in London the same day; it is an art standing alone, refined as to manner, *bizarre* even as the Chinese, but always aristocratic, and in the manner of a gentleman, with a worldly elegance and a fashionable grace, of which the Books of Beauty and the Keepsakes offer the purest type. Antiquity is not to be seen here. An English painting is as modern as a romance by

Balzac: the most advanced civilization is read here, even in its minutest details, in the brilliancy of the varnish, in the preparation of the panel, and of the colours: all is perfect."—*Le Moniteur Universel*, May 19th, 1855.

The isolation of our English school is more marked than its individuality: it is as independent of the past history of art, as it is severed from all present foreign developments. England in art, as in politics, has stood apart from Continental Europe: and the old subsisting enmities between Governments have extended even to their arts. Between the pictures of France and England there is a wide demarcation. France has certainly borrowed nothing from us; and the influence of French art, which is felt throughout the Continent of Europe, is arrested by the sea-barriers which protect our shores. Our national dread of invasion, the now exploded notion of our independence of foreign nations and commerce, and an exclusive reliance on home produce, all exercise their influence upon the arts. It is therefore most natural to find that the arts of these two neighbouring nations are more easily characterized by their differences than agreements. Thus French genius glories in extended canvass, while the English are content with cabinet works: the French aspire to high historic and sacred art; the English, with less ambition, delight in homely incident and the picturesque: the French are large in manner and extravagant in spirit; the English delicate and minute, with marked moderation and sobriety. Again, the distinctive difference between the German and English schools corresponds to the mental differences existing between the two countries. German art is learned, evincing profound study of art-history; English confides less in erudition than in that ruling common-sense, which ever sustains our national works to the standard of respectable practical mediocrity: German art is abstract and ideal, typical in its forms and representative in its characters; English is actual, taking the world as it exists, not re-modelling it into what it should be: German art points to the relations in which man stands to another world, it is a connecting link between the visible and the unseen; English narrows its efforts to the present life; we look upon art as a luxury and diversion, rather than an appointed means in mental advancement. Yet while it is easy to bring the English school into relief by contrast, it is difficult so to cast out the accidents, as to arrive at the central and essential idea which shall express the character of the national art. Our school, indeed, is more individual than national, each artist preserving his inherent and independent characteristics. Nevertheless our works are distinguished by certain prevailing characteristics, among which are minuteness, care, and sharpness of execution, and general sobriety and moderation of spirit. To this general definition there are nevertheless some exceptions.

Maclise, by his exaggeration, and Millais, Hunt, and Collins, in their eccentricities, are necessarily excluded from all averages, and defy all inclusive classifications.

It will be found easier, perhaps, to characterize our national school by individual examples, than by any generalization into representative ideas. We ought, perhaps, to rest abundantly satisfied, if it be found that we can justly boast of a few artists who, in their several departments, stand without rivals in the whole circuit of the world's living art. Among the men occupying this pre-eminent position, Stanfield merits special notice. In art the English, indeed, as seems most fitting, hold undisputed mastery of the seas. The works of Stanfield, Cook, and Wilson, Jun., in which the ocean is represented as tossed by storms, when compared with even the multitudinous and varied productions of the French Gudin, prove that our artists, as our sailors, are eminently sea-born. But when we have cited Stanfield's purely marine pictures, we have done imperfect justice to the full scope of his genius. His "Battle of Roveredo," and "French Troops fording the Magra," show that,—exhausting the whole range of inanimate nature, from the grandeur of distant snow mountains, to the actual details of the foreground,—he can then animate the whole scene by great actions, representing human tragedy in the grand theatre of nature, and thus raising his art to the dignity of epic poetry. The pictures of Danby are likewise without parallel in the entire Exposition. There are few landscape works of tone and emotion; few which evince "that happy stillness of the mind," which Wordsworth tells us is nature's purest gift. The "*Moniteur*" speaks of Danby's "Evening Gun" in these terms:—

"The poetic effect of this scene cannot well be imagined: there is in this picture a tranquillity, a silence, a solitude, which vividly impress the soul. Never was the solemn grandeur of the ocean better represented."—*Le Moniteur*, June 21st, 1855.

The architectural pictures of David Roberts likewise demand special notice: his "Interior of the Church of St. Stephen," in Vienna, exhibited recently in our Royal Academy, surpasses every thing of the kind in the Exposition. The "*Moniteur*" thus criticises the landscape and architectural pictures in the English department:—

"The English excel in picturesque and architectural views, and their engravings have made the fortune of more than one book of travels. Although they adhere to the principal lines of the monuments and the sites which they re-produce, they often deceive you by the exaggerated scale, by romantic effects, bird's-eye views, mists where dances the rainbow, first plans arranged as the scenes of a theatre. Turner, Allom, Prout, Roberts, Fielding, Harding, Callow, have made the British fog celebrated through the five quarters of the world."—*Ibid.* June 16th, 1855.

This writer, speaking of the Church interiors by Roberts, says that—

"They need not fear comparison with the most beautiful works of Peter Neer; the groins branch out well, the mouldings interlace each other without confusion; the sun enters by the painted windows, and glances upon the stones of the tombs, with an illusion which recalls the Diorama."—*Le Moniteur*, June 16th, 1855.

Creswick, in his quiet landscapes, Redgrave, in his "Poet's Glen," and Linnell, by his golden tones, each in this general international competition preserves an individual originality. Yet we must acknowledge that the English landscapes in Paris, bearing in mind as we did the fame our nation has attained in this department, disappointed our expectations. Like our figure pictures, they are too often but literal transcripts of common scenes; they please, but fail to incite the mind to ardour. With German landscape-art it is different. It embraces the entire scale and scope of landscape scenery, from the minute and beautiful to the grand and sublime; and thus exhausting all the phenomena of nature, it calls into action all the faculties of the mind. The English look at nature with the foreground eye of a naturalist; the German is less a naturalist than a metaphysician. The English seek by treatment to enlarge a small subject into greatness; the Germans take the grandest scenes, and translate the sublime in nature into the true poetry of art. In this great Exhibition of Art, the contest for supremacy in landscape lies between England and Germany: perhaps the distinction between the two nations is this,—that we love simple beauties, while our neighbours aspire to the sublime.

To the names of Stanfield, Danby, and Roberts, we must add that of Sir Edwin Landseer. It is true, that among the nations of Europe he finds many great competitors. We have already mentioned the works of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, and Jardin, among the French, and Verboekhoven, in the Belgian department, as worthy of the highest commendation. Yet, without deciding which of these great animal painters is entitled to supremacy, the most casual observer cannot fail to remark in the works of Landseer a speciality by which he is distinguished from all other painters of the brute creation, whether ancient or modern. Landseer's animals are ennobled by intercourse with man: he delights not in the savage beast of the forest, or the wild horse of the prairie; but elevates the lower ranks in creation to the dignity of refined and civilized beings, the fit and chosen associates of man. Horace Vernet paints war-horses in all the action and fury of battle; Landseer's horse is a high-bred, well-kept creature, with delicate glossy coat, fit for parade in the Park. There are artists who paint the dog of the kennel and of the stable; but Landseer paints the dog of the drawing-room, patted, petted, and pampered,

which lies on the sofa, or sleeps in her lady's lap. Even the donkey, in the well-known picture of "Shoeing at the Forge," is of the utmost cleanliness and beauty, and we wholly forget the proverbial stupidity of the animal in its refined look of intelligence.

This criticism on the English department would be incomplete, without a notice of the *præ-Raphaelite* pictures. It is possible that, in the London Exhibitions, the works of these men may be regarded and criticized from the circumscribed and prejudiced limits of intolerant dogmas, and a systematized practice; we were therefore specially anxious to observe how the pictures of these artists deport themselves in the presence of the assembled world. In Germany, a similar school, with the like aims, and guided by the same dogmas, have been long seeking to work a complete revolution in their country's art. At length the movement has reached our shores, but in a form and disguise so changed as scarcely to claim recognition. The modern Germans, renouncing all allegiance to Albert Durer, Holbein, and the Van Eycks, had enrolled themselves as devoted disciples of the early Italian masters; but the modern English school, while expressly taking the name of "*præ-Raphaelite Brethren*," have, in the spirit of contradiction, adopted the manner of these early German and Flemish masters. Hence it is but natural, that these two modern schools, professedly aiming at the same end, have, in fact, arrived at opposite goals. Innate differences in the tendencies of the English and German minds may likewise conspire to this contradictory result. But, whatever be the cause, it is a manifest fact, that our English schismatics have wholly mistaken their patron saints; that, in fact, they belong to the early Germans, while the modern Germans have assumed the characteristics of the early Italians. Hence the works of the German *præ-Raphaelites* in the Paris Exposition are dreamy, ideal, abstracted, while those of the same school in England are actual, positive, and worldly. This phase of German art, as we have already seen, is, like the philosophy of that nation, transcendental; this English school, on the contrary, if it possess any mental system, is obviously founded on the philosophy of fact, and of induction. The Germans, like the early Italians, have seized on a type of pure spiritual beauty; the English, by a strange aberration of taste, seek only for that truth which is latent in ugliness. In their subjects, likewise, while the Germans are eminently religious, the English are singularly secular, even when aspiring to sacred topics. The difference between these two modern revivals is not only in aesthetics, but extends even to the bodily structure of their works. In execution, they have nothing in common. In treatment of drapery, they are most dissimilar. German drapery is learned and statuesque, the lines and folds studiously arranged; the drapery of the English *præ-*

Raphaelites, on the other hand, is common-place and undignified. In colour, likewise, we find the same opposing contrasts. The Germans, as befits solemn subjects, are sober and profound; while the English, although they studiously renounce the beauties of form, are allured by the witcheries of colour, and attain, as by miracle, a wondrous brilliancy. Perhaps the only point of agreement between these two schools is in a common origin. Each arose in a rebellion against established teachings and methods. This art-reformation, like the ecclesiastical, was thus a protest; but, departing from the same starting-point, the reformers, both artistic and ecclesiastical, took diverging roads, and soon found themselves widely severed.

We must refer to the triumphant position which our water-colour drawings occupy by universal consent. In this department, indeed, it can scarcely be said there is any international competition. But as the opinion of the French on this point is of greater interest than any thing we ourselves can say, it will be well to leave the question to their decision. The "*Moniteur*" thus speaks:—

"It is known to what point of perfection our neighbours beyond the Channel have pushed this national style, in which they have no serious rivals; they have acquired in it a vigour, an *éclat*, an incredible effect. If too often their oil pictures resemble water colours, in revenge their water colours are like oil pictures for intensity, warmth, and energy of tone. They possess colours of an irreproachable preparation, which form a scale the most extended, papers smooth as glass, granulated as a wall, according to the effect which they desire to obtain, and which admit of work the most varied, from a free wash to the utmost elaboration. Their exhibition of water-colour pictures is very numerous, and rich in remarkable works."—*Moniteur*, June 21st, 1855.

Thus, then, our nation has not only reason to be content with the rank which our pictures take in this international competition, but must feel equally satisfied with the candid and generous spirit in which the English works have been criticized in the official journal of the French Government above mentioned, which, after devoting many articles to their careful examination, thus writes:—

"Now, already arrived at our ninth article, we are far from having exhausted the subject. The English school is, it is true, the most numerous and the most original after that of France. It is right, therefore, that we should dwell upon it at length and in detail: the artists, possessing a trenchant individuality, and known at most by name on the Continent, merit profound study."—*Moniteur*, June 16th, 1855.

In our review of this great art-congress, our purpose has been to regard art as the representative of fundamental ideas; and thus, by our classification, we have endeavoured to arrive at a statement of the mental art-position occupied by the various nations. We have thus sought to generalize the multifarious

manifestations of each people into one ruling thought; and we would now finally, by a still wider induction, seek to compare the present art-epoch, as displayed in the Exposition, with periods already passed in the world's history. One marked characteristic of this collective living art is, its accurate study of nature, and tendency to detail. The age, whether we turn to science, commerce, or legislation, is one of detail; and art partakes of the general bias. This is specially seen in landscape, by the close study of nature throughout, and in the minute realization of foreground objects. This careful elaboration may likewise arise, in some measure, from the lack of strong impulsive genius. Men in whom genius is paramount, are frequently impatient of close study; they are not eminently learned; the one necessity of their nature is an outpouring expression. Now the absence of this overflowing impulse is especially conspicuous in extant art. It is, perhaps, a misfortune, resulting from position, that makes modern artists copyists and compilers. The first artist could not possibly copy or compile, the last can scarcely help it. The first man is original, the last learned. Still even the latest manifestation of genius, true to its inherent constitution, must create an originality of its own. And thus is the conclusion forced upon us, by this Universal Exposition, that there is a present lack of great men. Painting, like architecture, failing in original creative capacity, falls back upon greater accuracy and truth, than was attainable in earlier ages. But if living art can show no examples of giant greatness, at least the strength which does exist is widely diffused. In this competition, if no nation can feel inordinately exalted, there is none that need be wholly cast down. If this conflux of art were followed by a conference of artists, each nation has, by the works exhibited, established its right to send to the world's senate its representative. Forty years of peace are here closed by this great exhibition of the arts of peace. A great epoch in the history of the nations is thus marked by a full manifestation of their aggregate civilizations. In art, then, what have these golden years of tranquillity brought forth? Upwards of five thousand works, in which the characteristics of the fifteenth, the sixteenth, and even of the seventeenth centuries can be traced; but the nineteenth has not yet, even in these five thousand works, set its seal on the scrolls of art-history. The arts have infused themselves into our manufactures, and, in return, the spirit of manufacture has invaded art. Five thousand works are here assembled, and again dispersed, without creating an art-epoch. Ancient schools and epochs originated in, and centred around, men of genius; it is now sought to organize such periods through associations called "academies." Nevertheless, let us rejoice that we live not in utter darkness: in the absence of suns, satellites, with borrowed light, may cheer our way.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. In Two Volumes. Third Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

WE can scarcely wonder that this work, issued about the time of our last publication, has already reached a third edition. The great reputation of Sydney Smith for brilliant wit, and his extensive acquaintance with the highest circles of the metropolis, sufficiently prepare the reader for a treat of no ordinary kind; and, what is more unusual, he is not doomed to disappointment. It seems to us that the subject of this biography appears to more advantage in its memorial pages, than even in his own admired productions; and the anecdotes and letters with which it is enriched serve not merely to sustain, but to verify and enhance, his social reputation. As a wit, he is more happily reported to the world than any of the tribe we can call to memory; while his character as a man, quick-sighted, shrewd, industrious, cheerful, affectionate, high-principled, gives substance to the whole, and realizes that picture of moral goodness and domestic virtue which men of every class delight to honour. Unfortunately, in his clerical character he challenges a yet higher praise and still greater reverence, which the reader of these Memoirs must reluctantly refuse; for their perusal begets a painful sense of incongruity existing between the man and his office. So far as appears from these records, he might have been an active, benevolent country squire. The spiritual concerns of his parishioners, apart from their merely moral and social improvement, would appear to have been ignored. We do not wonder that his surviving literary friends declined to undertake to write these Memoirs,—a duty which has been fulfilled with much filial affection by his daughter. With all his eminently good qualities, we rejoice that the existing state of public feeling, amongst members of the Established Church, with regard to the requirements of the clerical character, will tend to discourage the future appearance of such a phenomenon as Sydney Smith in so high and responsible a sphere. We incline to think that, as a member of the Bar or of the Senate, the subject of these Memoirs might have attained the loftiest position and the most unequivocal success; and all the more painful, therefore, are the anomalous fame and circumstances of this great

man's life, and strikingly illustrative of the mischief of that Church-system which admits other than a divine call to the ministry of souls, and demands no spiritual qualification for the same.

Sydney Smith was the second of the four sons of Robert Smith, an accomplished but eccentric man, who had two notable peculiarities: one was a disposition to absent himself from home for indefinite periods; the other, a whim of dissipating his property by buying, altering, spoiling, and then selling, something like nineteen country houses in different parts of England. His mother was of French descent, of good intellectual powers,—of which a curious instance is recorded in the fact, that her letters to her sons at school were regularly read aloud at the request of their schoolfellows,—and died while yet young. She appears to have inspired her children with great respect for her virtues and high tone of feeling; and to her may be ascribed much of what was great and good in their characters.

Sydney was sent first to a school at Southampton, then suffered some miserable years at Winchester, and finally entered New College, Oxford, of which he speedily became Fellow. We next find him settled as Curate of a small parish on Salisbury Plain, a situation which he held during two years, when he was induced by the squire of the parish to undertake the office of tutor to his son. A contemplated residence in Germany was frustrated by the revolutionary state of the Continent; and the travellers were compelled, to use Sydney's own expression, by "stress of politics to put into Edinburgh," where he remained five years. Here he became intimate with a number of young men of great talent, amongst whom may be mentioned Jeffrey, Brougham, Horner, Playfair, Walter Scott, and others. A proposal of Sydney's led to the establishment of the "*Edinburgh Review*," of which he became the first editor, and to which he largely contributed. After remaining five years in Edinburgh, being now married and his family increasing, he thought it right to put himself into a more favourable position for obtaining promotion, and proceeded accordingly to London, where he lived much in society, and became favourably known to great numbers of the more intellectual circles of the metropolis, particularly amongst the Whigs. We then find him settled in a small living at Foxton, in Yorkshire, whence, after a few years, he was promoted, by the favour of Lord Lyndhurst, to the Rectory of Combe Florey, near Taunton. The descriptions of his mode of life when residing amongst his flock are the most pleasing in the book. His active benevolence led him to every expedient to alleviate the distresses and increase the comforts of his poorer neighbours. He acted as their counsellor, friend, teacher, and physician; throwing into all his intercourse with them so much sound common-sense, such cheerful energy, such consideration for their prejudices and weaknesses, that he first gained their attachment, and then carried them forward in a course of progressive improvement. Meanwhile his intercourse with his equals and the aristocratic friends whom his character and talents attracted to him, was of the most fascinating kind. Master of a species of wit so peculiar as to defy all definition; never exercising his powers so as to offend the self-love of his companions and friends, at the same time that he kept them under an agreeable

intellectual excitement; possessing unbounded animal spirits himself, and excelling in diffusing cheerfulness all around him; whilst, in regard to the management of his worldly concerns, he acted with the prudence befitting a man of limited means; we cannot be surprised that his social reputation should become known beyond the circles within which it shone, and his name become spread both far and wide. His domestic arrangements were characterized by the quaintness and oddity of the man. Describing his *ménage* to a lady friend, he says, "It" (building a parsonage-house) "made me a poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive, so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a mile-stone, christened her 'Bunch,' put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals. Bunch became the best butler in the county. I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter, (who came to me for parish relief,) called Jack Robinson, with a face like a full moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result."

The aforesaid Bunch is thus described and introduced to his friend Mrs. Marcet: "'You may laugh,'" said he, "'but you have no idea of the labour it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world; but you can never get a direct answer from them. If you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai dont knaw, Sir;'" but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? she has them by heart, and repeats them every day. Come here, Bunch,' (calling out to her,) 'come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;' and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a Judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat: 'Platesnatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open, and not attending, Sir.' 'And what is curtsy-bobbing?' 'Curtsying to the centre of the earth, please, Sir.' 'Good girl: now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on state occasions, Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork.'"

The last years of Sydney Smith were years of prosperity. In 1830, he was made a Canon of St. Paul's; and some time afterwards he became, by the death of a younger brother, a wealthy man. Spending his time alternately between the metropolis and his parsonage in the Flowery Vale, courted by the great and the intellectual, varying his occupations by encouraging Reform, skirmishing with Bishops, or branding the repudiations of America, his old age was an unbroken

course of happiness, interrupted only by the loss of his eldest son. He died, after a short illness, in February, 1845.

The want of space forbids our giving more than a few illustrative extracts.

"Ah! what female heart can withstand a red coat? I think this should be a part of female education; it is much neglected. As you have the rocking-horse to accustom them to ride, I would have military dolls in the nursery, to harden their hearts against officers and red-coats."

"How little you understand young Wedgwood! If he appears to love waltzing, it is only to catch fresh figures for cream-jugs. Depend upon it, he will have Jeffrey and you upon some of his vessels, and you will enjoy an argillaceous immortality."

"I thank God who has made me poor, that He has made me merry. I think it a better gift than much wheat and bean land, with a doleful heart."

Elements of Psychological Medicine: being an Introduction to the Practical Study of Insanity. By Daniel Noble, M.D., Physician to the Clifton-Hall Retreat, &c. Second Edition. London: John Churchill. 1855.

THE growth of our larger towns, and their consequent approximation to the social condition of the metropolis, are materially affecting provincial scientific literature. A number of the first provincial men, especially those engaged in the medical profession, are enabled to direct their attention prominently to specialities, which they can thus work out, in a way that they could not formerly do. They can now obtain a sufficiently wide field, both for pursuing their special investigations, and from whence to draw remunerative emolument. Hence they can afford to concentrate their chief attention upon narrow areas, at the same time that they may roam, like light skirmishers, over extended districts. They thus become comprehensive in their mental range, and at the same time accurate in the more special subject of their studies. It is only in this way that real progress can be made. On the one hand, a broad basis of general intelligence is necessary to prevent the false isolation of any topic, and in order that it may take its proper position amongst allied, or correlated, subjects; on the other, it is only by a limitation of the thoughts that all the details can be worked out, and their mutual narrower relations ascertained.

It is to circumstances of this nature that we owe Dr. Noble's admirable volume. Nominally a second edition of a little publication which we noticed favourably on a previous occasion, it is really a new work, having been entirely re-written, and expanded to about treble its original dimensions; and thus affording room for the elaborate analysis and illustration of some of the recondite problems previously but slightly touched upon by the author.

It is a happy circumstance that Psychology and Physiology are now so frequently studied by the same individuals. Unfortunately, too many of our earlier writers on mental philosophy were virtually ignorant of the sister science. The organization of the human frame

was unknown to them. Of comparative anatomy they were equally ignorant, whilst pure Physiology, especially of the nervous system, at that time imperfectly understood by any, was to them a *terra incognita*. It naturally followed that their learned lucubrations were alike visionary and uninteresting. When truth is once obtained, its simplicity constitutes its most attractive feature. The complexity of many of the unintelligible works referred to indicates how wide the writers were from the attainment of that goal; in fact, their blundering philosophy often made these works little better than the ridiculous productions of the schoolmen. When men attempted to define the relations of the Will, the Intellect, and the Emotions, irrespectively of the nervous system, which is the sole instrument of these functions, they found themselves reasoning without adequate *data*. Works like the one before us have put an end to this anomalous condition of things, by helping to place two mutually dependent inquiries in a just relationship; and the natural result of this improvement in the modes of investigation has been a corresponding advance in the practical treatment of the insane. Theoretical and applied sciences have advanced *pari passu*.

This correlation of Psychology and Physiology is the key-note of Dr. Noble's philosophy, as it is the subject of his longest, and perhaps most interesting, chapter. Hence we have a common-sense, intelligible, readable book, as opposite as possible to the dry mysticisms of many earlier writers. On a previous occasion we noticed the author's peculiar views respecting the parts of the brain which are the instruments of various psychological functions; we then referred to his belief that, whilst the *tactile*, or common sensibility, had its seat and centre in the nucleus of the *cerebellum*, the emotional sensibilities had, as their instruments, the *corpora striata* and optic *thalami*, forming the ganglionic bases of the hemispheres, and cerebral prolongations of the spinal cord. This question is of too abstract a character to be discussed in a notice like the present; but we may remark respecting it, whether the hypothesis receive ultimate confirmation at the hands of physiologists or not, it affords a simple and convenient basis for the classification of the phenomena of insanity.

The author defines insanity as "an apyrexial disorder of the brain, perverting thought or feeling, to the destruction or impairment of moral liberty." We like this definition. It appears to us equally simple and comprehensive. Whilst we have insanity as the *genus*, it embraces the lesser divisions of *species* and *varieties* with logical accuracy. He divides insanity into Notional, Intelligential, and Emotional; a division based upon his peculiar views respecting the cerebral functions, to which we have already referred. These views, however, are honestly propounded as hypothetical, aiding and directing inquiry into channels which promise to be productive. Pathology alone can demonstrate their accuracy, or the reverse. It will only be by carefully noting after death the locality of structural disease, in cases where, during life, there have been remarkable abnormal derangements of the functions of the brain, that the parts respectively performing these functions can be determined. A bold hypothesis, if honestly and modestly maintained, helps the elucidation of truth, even if itself false; and it is in this philosophic spirit that Dr. Noble

maintains his speculation. A great difficulty impeding the solution of these abstruse problems exists in the rarity of the cases, and the still greater rarity of competent observers; a large number both of the one and the other being requisite, ere any satisfactory results can be obtained.

Did the limits of a notice allow our doing so, we should extract largely from the volume before us. Logical arguments and pertinent illustrations alike tempt us to do so. Without being a religious book, its pages display a just subordination of science to the fundamental truths of religion, that is very gratifying in these days, when so much of the opposite spirit is abroad. It contrasts beautifully with the writings of some distinguished physiologists published in the early part of this century. Take the following as a specimen of what we refer to:—

"I would guard such of my readers as are inexperienced in discussions of this kind against the impression that science suggests that the soul, the conscious principle within us, is susceptible of true actual division. If there be one characteristic which more than another distinguishes the conscious *Ego* from mere body, it is, I conceive, its absolute unity. Have we not the same assurance from pure consciousness that the *me* which thinks is not composed of parts, as we have from sense consciousness that matter is an aggregation of atoms?

"Distinctness in the organic instruments implies no corresponding divisibility in the conscious principle which they subserve. Mind is no congeries of faculties in the sense of separate entities. Mental faculties are *states* of consciousness, phases only of one undivided and indivisible mind. In all psychical phenomena, the whole mind acts. It is the whole mind which hears and sees. It is the same entire mind which receives ideas, and recalls them in memory; it is the one thinking entity that loves, fears, and hopes; it is still the same unity, the soul, that performs the highest intellectual operations, in abstracting, combining ideas, reasoning, and judging; and, finally, it is the immaterial spirit which takes cognizance of itself, which controls its own states, and which wills.

"There is nothing in psychological physiology which *ought* to suggest even the approaches of materialism. In the present sphere of existence the mind is manifested through organic intervention. A thousand circumstances prove the fact. Yet it is no more the case that the brain is the thinking principle, and the separate parts divisions of the soul, than that the music of the lyre inheres in the instrument, and that the melodies elicited from it by art are self-produced by the particular strings."—Pages 64, 65.

This is pure spiritual philosophy, as well as clear, cogent reasoning, and is a fair sample of the *matériel* of the book. The latter part of the volume is devoted to the important practical subjects of the causes of insanity, predisposing and exciting, and the medical and moral treatment of the insane. Dr. Noble entertains the opinion that, when these disorders of the brain are correctly diagnosed, and judiciously encountered *at the outset*, they are as amenable to medical treatment as any "other maladies affecting structures that have an elevated rank in the organic scale;" care being taken to distinguish

between the psychical and physical features of the case. He also guards practitioners against assuming that, when the functions of the brain are disturbed, the brain itself is necessarily the primary seat of lesion; still less that inflammation, needing all the terrible array of bleedings, blisterings, and mercurial salivations for its cure, is the active cause of the mischief.

This able manual is philosophical in tone, lucid in style, and Christian in spirit; whilst its practical portions evince a tender sympathy for the insane, which finds its reflex actions in the gentle moral treatment which it recommends. We hail its appearance, and heartily recommend it, both to the public and to the medical profession.

Pictures from the Battle Fields. By the Roving Englishman.
London: Routledge. 1855.

THE title of this book is somewhat of a misnomer. But that is no peculiar or unpardonable fault; for, since your modern traveller is expected to make the contents of his book bear some relation to the truth, however distant, he has learned to concentrate his ancient and proverbial privilege upon the title-page; and no one is much shocked at an exaggeration by which nobody is deceived. There is even some touch of humour in the practice. If Johnson goes to Paris, he must embody his delightful experiences in an ultramarine octavo, splendidly emblazoned with the title of "Interviews with the Emperor,"—the said interviews consisting of one meeting with that personage at a *levée*, when he (rather inadvertently) took Johnson into his confidence, so far as to inform him of the state of the weather. Similar is the case of Tompkins, and his "Lounges unter den Linden, with Peeps at the Princesses of Prussia." The author before us is hardly more vexatious in his promises. His volume of "Pictures" consists of some 250 closely printed pages; but only about twenty of these relate strictly to the "Battle Fields," including adventures met with in a "pop visit" to Balaklava and the heights before Sebastopol. The rest of the volume is made up of sketches, *à la* Theophrastus, of the French, Turkish, and Russian soldiers, some short chapters of travelling in Wallachia, and a great deal of satire directed against the present system of embassies, but pointed more particularly at those of Constantinople and Vienna. The occupants of these latter posts are honoured with an almost personal antipathy. We must be allowed to express our regret that so extensive a traveller, and so accomplished a describer, as the "Roving Englishman," should have swept his stray scraps of paper together, and served them up in so slovenly a manner. At the same time we feel peculiarly edified with his opinions on the war, especially those with which the volume commences. His sage remarks leave the impression upon one's mind, that he is a disappointed *attaché*,—as, indeed, many slight tokens, in various parts of the book, go to show. He thinks (and who shall gainsay him? taking, according to rule, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*) that he could have set every thing Turkish to rights in half a day. But, with "Stubble" at Constantinople, and "Fiddle-de-dee" at Vienna, all went wrong; and we poor Britons are all in the wrong to this day. The Turks are a sad set

of lazy scamps, and were very wrong (on the face of the thing) in not giving the Greeks their rights. England and France are in the wrong to fight in behalf of Turkey, which was not worth the trouble. But then, for our comfort, we learn incidentally that the Greeks are a set of the greatest rogues that ever lived, and that "Greek faith" now-a-days is as famous as "Greek fire" in old Byzantine times; also, that the Russian privates are very little above the beasts that perish; and that their officers, though smooth and clever, are the most worthless and heartless of villains. So that all the right does not seem to be on one side; but these worthies, who *de jure* ought to be good fellows, are *de facto* very bad ones, and deserve a thrashing.

We need not spend our time in attempting to confute any of the writer's extreme opinions. Most of our readers will probably agree with us in thinking that this war was *not* the result of the blunders or ill temper of our aged Ambassadors, but rather of a fixed opinion in the minds of Englishmen generally, that the Czar (or series of Czars) was moving slowly down upon Western Europe, with full intent to crush under foot all approach to constitutional liberty and vital religion, and to annex the fairest portions of the Continent to his brutalized and unwieldy Empire. We believe that our author greatly exaggerates the ill effect of this war, when he says that it will put "back the dial of time centuries, and *plunge the world in darkness.*" Such, at least, will not be its effect in England and France. Let us call to mind the enlightened amusement which suffered eclipse by the breaking out of this war. Two years ago table-turning and spirit-rapping were, in many circles, the great events of the day, and the pens of men of sense and science had to be turned from more useful disquisitions to aid in stemming the current of delusion. Certainly civilization will suffer nothing by the public attention being diverted from such absurdities to the past history and present condition of the Continent; from the study of which will, we are sure, arise an earnest desire to set about promoting the spread of light and godliness all over Europe. Meanwhile true Science will not stand still; and Religion, let us hope, will be roused to fresh and more effectual exertions. Civilization is a large word: let us not narrow its meaning to the invention of steam-engines, or electric telegraphs, or such-like wondrous contrivances, which might surface over as foul an under-soil of barbarism as that which is found in the Celestial Empire. We long as ardently as any for the time when the nations shall learn war no more; but we do not think that the advent of that happy era will be hastened by succumbing for the present to the cruel empire of brute force.

That many of those who are appointed to represent this country at foreign Courts, and who draw from us large salaries, and live like Princes, are worse than useless, we cannot but allow, calling to mind the treatment of the Scotch Missionaries in Austria, and the many outrages committed on English travellers, to which our noble representatives abroad condescended to pay but the very slightest attention. The recent conduct of Lord Cowley at Paris towards the eminent men appointed to act as British Jurors at the French Exposition, is another instance of the extreme coolness, not to say rudeness, with

which the travelling Englishman is likely to be treated by those whom he pays to smooth his way and protect his interests in the *ausland*.

In conclusion, we would repeat our regret that our author has not traced out for us more of his travelling adventures, since he is such a lively depicter of men and nature as we do not meet with every day.

The War; from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan. By William Russell, Correspondent of "The Times." Routledge. 1855.

THIS volume is, what the foregoing merely pretends to be, a series of Pictures from the Battle Fields. But, though eminently such, it is also something more. It is a panorama of the war from its commencement; and some of its most interesting chapters are those earlier ones which depict, in liveliest colours, the brilliant muster of the allied troops at Malta, Gallipoli, and Varna. The Crusade of Western civilization against Northern Vandalism is unfolded, scene by scene, in this illuminated chronicle; and we read with bated breath, but kindling eyes, the story of a war unparalleled for the magnitude, both of the interest it involves, and the forces it employs. The numerous and vivid contrasts of this grand enterprise are all reflected in the book before us:—the stern history, and the moving picture of romance; the Western hordes, mustering their banners on an Eastern shore, and marching towards inhospitable Northern plains; the Christian Frank championing the turbaned Moslem; the lofty heroism and the mean privations; the fierce mechanical and wholesale slaughter, followed by gentlest acts of pity; the national and momentous character of the whole, and the deep personal and domestic interests staked in every incident and scene. But the praise of the book is not limited to the unrivalled greatness of the theme. If no military expedition ever exhibited so many features of distinction, certainly none was ever more fully, faithfully, or ably chronicled. In some respects this volume is absolutely unique. It is the production of a hired historian, sent forth at the expense of the leading journal of this country; yet under no other circumstances could so remarkable an account have been supplied of the actual events of the Crimean Expedition. It is a monument of the independence, enterprise, and resources of the free press of England. The writer has some of the highest qualities of the annalist of a military campaign,—fidelity the most impartial, an active and almost ubiquitous vigilance, a ready eye for apprehending characters, a graphic pen for delineating costume, a comprehensive and rapid appreciation of military movements, and a natural eloquence imparting force and animation to all the details of which his many-coloured story is composed. Mr. Russell is the Xenophon of this matchless Expedition; but, taking no personal share in the martial conflict, he has been at liberty to watch all its fortunes, to do ample justice to its proud achievements, to render to all their meed of praise, from the General in command to the humblest of meritorious subalterns. Many a brave action, it is true, has found no record in his pages; for, among so many heroes, some must fall undistinguished in the roll of fame: but every class and every regiment is represented in one shape or another,

in some brilliant adventure, or some great personal exploit. Unfortunately the history is not completed: the present volume closes with the lamented death of Lord Raglan, and the temporary check by which it was preceded. But while we write, the news of triumph is flashed to us, and followed by the thunder of true British cheers; and we anticipate a supplement to this journal of heroic deeds, deep suffering, and cheerful sacrifice, which will conclude and crown the whole with the appropriate name of "Victory!"

Recollections of Russia during a Thirty-three Years' Residence.

By a German Nobleman. Constable. 1855.

WE have no reason to doubt the authenticity of this book. There is a general air of truth about it, which inspires both confidence and interest. But the reader's satisfaction would be much increased by some knowledge of the author, even if it only extended to his name and character. The book, moreover, is not so intelligible as it might easily have been made by a stricter attention to dates. It begins abruptly, and the reader has no clear notion either of the period or the motive of the author's journey. The work is evidently composed out of very broken materials, such as occasional notes, or an ill-kept and undated diary. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is very valuable, and adds something to our knowledge of the detestable evils of the Russian Government. Of the late Emperor the author speaks with much respect; and this only serves to impress the reader with a greater horror of that despotic and irresponsible system, in which tyranny is multiplied by a deputy system, becoming only more harsh and cruel in every step of its descent. Nicholas himself was the august fountain of clemency as well as of authority; but the former was a merely personal attribute, and, for the most part, exercised on gala days; while the latter was propagated by commission through his Empire, knowing no grace and making no distinction, and superadding the brutality of ignorance and selfishness to the severity of a code of terror.

An Introduction to Theosophy, or the Science of the Mystery of Christ; that is, of Deity, Nature, and Creature. Vol. I. London: Kendrick.

THIS work is described, in continuation of the title given above, as "embracing the philosophy of all the working powers of life, magical and spiritual; and forming a practical guide to the sublimest purity, sanctity, and evangelical perfection: also, to the attainment of divine vision, and all holy angelical arts, potencies, and other prerogatives of the regeneration." If this does not suffice the curious reader, he may proceed from the title to the dedication,—unfortunately too long for quotation within our limits,—and there he will probably find ample satisfaction,—that is to say, all the satisfaction which the case admits. A quiet parenthesis is slipped into this dedication to the following effect: "To consist, it is supposed, of about thirty volumes." The present volume, we may remark, is a stout one of five hundred pages, and is compiled chiefly from the writings of William Law. But the Preface, like the title and dedication, is quite original; and the following is an

average specimen of its style and doctrine. We quote the passage *literatim*, retaining all the author's capitals and italics:—

"For (to pursue these intimations yet further) the abyss of nature and creature, wherein the soul that has died to itself, and become all divine, is found,—is the *supernatural nothing, liberty, softness, and stillness* of eternity, or pregnant womb of Goodness, Light, and Truth. Which is especially said to be a *magia*, and to have a WILL—unoriginate, unsearchable, and by reason of its very *thinness* incomprehensible by any thickness, or creaturely imagination; and which WILL is termed in Scripture, '*holy, eternal counsel, wonderful*:'—(and whose nothing-and-all power of Light, being a *superintellectual* fire, oil and water of life, it is, that is designated by the *alchymic* name of *tincture, or tinctura suprema*.)—This abyss, or ABYSSAL WILL then, (as mentioned,) apprehending a creaturely humility, *weakness, or vacated self-hood* in itself—a something in its nothing—possesses the same, as a perceptible ground of itself—as a *lubet*, or loving, *longing delight*, at feeling and finding itself (by means of such *contrarium*) and to be the GOOD."

If the reader should be fascinated by the specimen we have so carefully transcribed, the conclusion of our author's Preface will give him no little pleasure. The volume, as we are there told, "being of universal interest, it is proposed, after this impression shall have been disposed of, to make arrangements for the circulation of the work at a price to place it within the reach of all readers to whom it may be acceptable." Only fancy a people's edition of this Theosophy! and copies bought by the dozen to be delivered from door to door! But the enamoured reader is offered a wider scope for his benevolence. The author proposes—we are not jesting—"the establishment of a Theosophic College," and expressly intimates "the want of One Hundred Thousand Pounds for the foundation and endowment of such a scheme." It is actually added, that "any lady or gentleman, or number of individuals," both able and disposed to devote a fortune in this manner, "may, if they desire it, confer with the editor of this work upon the project, or otherwise *place the money to his account at Messrs. Glyn and Co's, Bankers, London*, designating it 'for the Theosophic College.'" This modest "Advertisement" is addressed "To the enlightened, wise, and loving reader of this Treatise who is rich in this world." We have nothing more to add; but leave this tempting proposal of our author to the consideration of his "enlightened reader."

Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover. By Dr. Doran. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1855.

THIS work extends over that part of English history which approximates most nearly to the present time, giving the history of the Court and higher circles, from the date when the House of Brunswick occupied the throne and influenced the fashions, down to the reign of George IV. It consequently passes over a period which witnessed more domestic changes and singularities than probably any other. The Georges, though, with one exception, possessing little versatility, and without much personal influence, inaugurated a period of cabal, secret history, complication, and intrigue, which it requires a

skilful and practised hand, and a clear head, to disentangle. There is little of the heroic, disinterested, or even romantic, in the volumes before us: they are, for the most part, a recital of family and national quarrels, of the triumph of base diplomacy over whatever of fairness and freshness it came into contact with. They traverse the whole eighteenth century of periwigged and pipeclayed heroism, of conventional art, of sordid and debased sentiment. Dr. Doran, who is already known to the public as author of "Table Traits," "Habits and Men," and other works, has brought several qualities to his present undertaking which are in unison with it. He has a very extensive acquaintance with the *minutiae* of history, a large store of anecdotal matter, gleaned seemingly from every period, a rapid and facile, though somewhat flippant, pen. He seems to have taken pains to render his present volumes as complete as possible, though they are not written with any very elevated design, being little beyond a collection of scenes and incidents from Court history, traced with a free and sketchy hand. We suppose that it is necessary for the bye-paths of history, or rather the crooked ways of the back-stairs, to be explored by some adventurous individual at odd times; but it is rather a disagreeable task to accompany the expedition. Not all the vigour and liveliness of Dr. Doran's style can make atonement for the scenes of folly and sin into which his subject leads him. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the Court history of the period in question, to be able to determine whether Dr. Doran's narrative may be taken as a fair representation of the state of society in the upper circles during the eighteenth century; but we are inclined to think that it is so, from the fact that a great portion of it is compiled from contemporary works. "I am not," says the author in his Introduction, "like those dull old Roman gentlemen, who nightly attended sociable parties, whither, being witless themselves, they took their wittiest slaves to amuse the company, and set down all the laughter and applause as compliments paid to their own wit. Whenever I could find an eye-witness, I have allowed him to speak, and occasionally at some length; for I question if one could narrate what Ulysses saw, better—that is, more truly—than Ulysses himself." Taking, then, Dr. Doran's book as a fair representation of what may be found in the Court circles of the eighteenth century, we are led to lament the maze of miserable intrigue, and petty or vicious motives, which ruled the actions, and cramped the natures, of the men in high places at that time. Dr. Doran certainly seems to have "nothing extenuated," and occasion has not required that he should "set down aught in malice." The curious will find much that may be interesting in his two volumes.

Introduction à la Cité de Dieu de Saint-Augustin. Par M. Emile Saisset. 8vo. Paris: Gratiot et Charpentier.

M. SAISSET is one of the few modern French philosophers, who, at the risk of being called a "Jesuit," and of incurring the hatred of men such as M. Lanfrey, still assert their conviction that revealed religion has not yet "lived its day." And truly, as matters stand now in France, it requires no small degree of faith to profess thus much. When either superstition or rank atheism is the loadstone

of the million, how difficult it is sometimes for the Christian to cling to the *obsequium rationabile*, which is inculcated in the inspired word of God! This M. Saisset has done, and his contributions to the literature of metaphysics show clearly that he understands both the claims of faith, and the no less imperative demands of reason.

The pamphlet we now take the liberty of recommending to our readers, is a sort of preliminary disquisition which introduces M. Saisset's new French translation of St. Augustine's books "*De Civitate Dei*." The author here gives us not only an analysis of the work, but a complete sketch of the great African Prelate as a philosopher; and he traces, with a great deal of ingenuity, in his religious and intellectual development, both the influence of Eastern ideas and the strong leaven of Platonic speculation.

"The distinctive feature," says M. Saisset, "which is stamped upon St. Augustine is, that, of all the Fathers of the Church, he may be called the greatest philosopher. Let us suppose, for a moment, that the circumstances amidst which he appeared are changed; suppose him born two centuries sooner, not at Tagasta, but at Athens or Alexandria; instead of Ambrose, let Ammonius Saccas be his teacher; then, what follows? The illustrious Bishop becomes the head of a metaphysical school; he composes the *Enneads*, and applies to the speculations of philosophy the subtle and ingenious curiosity, the power of abstraction, and the sublime outbursts which distinguish Plotinus. But every man has his own peculiar task assigned to him; that appointed to St. Augustine was neither the creation nor the revival of a philosophic system; and if at an early age the spiritualism of Plato allured him, the anxious and tender soul of the young man could not find there food substantial enough to satisfy his mental cravings. From the materialism of Manes he had risen to Plato; with like energy he forsook Platonism, and threw himself into the Saviour's arms. Nevertheless, whilst grasping something more substantial than philosophy, he did not give up his former studies. Led by philosophy to the threshold of the sanctuary, he brought it into the temple; having become a Christian, a Priest, and a Bishop, he remained a Platonist.

"It would be difficult to name one of Augustine's numerous writings which does not show, in some page or other, the alliance between the Christian's faith and the philosopher's reason; but nowhere has he delighted in consecrating that alliance with so much power, so much grandeur, and so much brilliancy, as in the treatise '*De Civitate Dei*,' rightly considered as the greatest effort of his genius. Every subject has found its place in that imposing, though irregular, monument; but the observer who places himself at the true standpoint, cannot fail to recognise in the work a production in which, after having spent his life in preaching peace and union, the Prelate undertook to bring about an everlasting union between spiritualism and the doctrine of Christianity. This is what constitutes the character of the '*De Civitate Dei*;' the book, as some have remarked, is the first important essay on the philosophy of history: nay, it is more than that; and we purpose, on the present occasion, to deduce from it the philosophy of Christianity."

When Augustine was directed to the study of Neo-Platonism,

his active mind had already been long fluctuating from theories to theories, from tenets to tenets; he was truly "tossed about by every blast of vain doctrine," and in a state of mental anxiety which, from the graphic description we find in the "Confessions," must have been distressing. The "*Hortensius*" of Cicero had taught him the comparative worthlessness of riches and pleasures, when set against wisdom and learning; but being himself divided between the allurements of sense, and the thirst after that glory which is derived from high intellectual culture, the calm reasoning, the rhetorical flow of the Ciceronian style could not soothe him. He saw every where, as he studied the universe, traces of the conflict which he felt raging within his own breast; he saw, and, conscious that evil cannot come from God, he was too blind to discover that it springs from the seed of Adam. Whilst thus endeavouring, but in vain, to account for the origin of sin, the Manichæans drew him towards them—philosophers so much the more dangerous, because, with the strictest ideas of morality, they combined an extraordinary amount of learning, and an eloquence so persuasive, that very few could resist it. The "*Suaviloquentia*" of Faustus easily entrapped Augustine; and although he soon felt strong doubts as to the merits of a system which was made up of Persian fancies, blended with a few ideas borrowed from Christianity, yet for nine long years he remained under the charm of Manichæism, dragging along with him, at Carthage, at Rome, at Milan, the weary chain of a mind and a conscience ill at ease. His next halting-place was the probabilism of Arcesilaus and Carneades; and he had finally sunk deep into the quagmire of Pantheism, when the perusal of some Platonist treatises, by bringing before him the Alexandrian doctrine of the *Logos*, marked the turning-point of his whole career. Plato had directed him to the *Word*; Christianity revealed to him the *Word made flesh*,—the God-man, Christ Jesus himself, uniting and reconciling the two natures which the voluntary fall of man had separated.

From this short sketch, which the reader will find enlarged in M. Saisset's introduction, it will be perceived that Augustine was peculiarly fitted to write on the philosophy of Christianity. He had wandered, as we said before, from system to system, and he was experimentally acquainted with every form of infidelity or heathenism prevailing in his own times. His reading was extensive, his power of satire equally remarkable; and whilst the "*De Civitate*" displays not unfrequently the depth of Bossuet, we are often reminded, likewise, as we peruse it, of Montesquieu's calm sagacity in the "*Esprit des Lois*."

Amongst the philosophers of the Neo-Platonist school, four only are quoted by Augustine in his large work; namely, Apuleius, Plotinus, Jamblichus, and Porphyry. M. Saisset is inclined to think that the last-named is the one whose writings the Bishop of Hippo had most thoroughly studied. For this preference there was a very obvious reason. Porphyry is by far the clearest, the most practical, of all the Neo-Platonists; he enjoyed an immense reputation; his controversial treatises against the Christians pointed him out more especially to Augustine's attention; and he chiefly discusses questions of a moral and religious character,—questions which the pure meta-

physician, Plotinus, neglected for abstruse speculations and vague theories, of no use whatever in every-day life. To conclude, M. Saisset calls upon us to admire, in the "*De Civitate Dei*," the union of Platonism and Christianity, which has subsisted ever since the fourth century, notwithstanding all the efforts of Thomas Aquinas and his school. We can trace it in the writings of Fénelon, Bossuet, Malebranche, and Leibnitz; the English divines, Mede, Perkins, Cudworth, and More, are Platonists likewise; nor will any re-action, as our author thinks, succeed in destroying a form of religious speculation which to him appears to result from the very constitution of the human mind.

De la Morale Chrétienne de Schleiermacher. Par Adolphe Schaeffer, Docteur en Théologie. Paris: Meyrueis. 1855.
De l'Influence de Luther sur l'Éducation du Peuple. Par Adolphe Schaeffer. Paris: Treuttel et Wurtz.

AMONGST the theologians of Protestant Germany, none have ever risen to the positions which Luther and Schleiermacher hold in the history of the world: Luther, whose eloquent appeals called to spiritual freedom the victims of Papal despotism; Schleiermacher, who, by his influence and his teaching, effectually destroyed the cold deism which had infected trans-Rhenane divinity during the last century. For this reason we gladly hail any publication like the present *brochures* of Dr. Schaeffer; publications carefully written, evincing much research, and supplying details on points hitherto comparatively unnoticed. For whilst historians have described, for instance, with most minute exactness, the dawn and progress of the Reformation,—whilst they have studied the development of events on the battle-field, in the council-hall, and at the Vatican itself,—how few have called our attention to the less prominent, but sure, manner in which the truths of Evangelical Protestantism leavened the whole community, through the intermediate agency of schoolmasters and school-books! There is, indeed, but one work we are aware of, discussing *ex professo* Luther's merits as an educational writer; and that work (Brüstlein's "*Luthers Einfluss auf das Volksschulwesen*,") appeared subsequently to Dr. Schaeffer's interesting volume.

In order to estimate rightly the character and extent of Luther's pedagogic endeavours, we must compare the results he obtained, both with the state of education before the sixteenth century, and with what has been accomplished since the great Reformer was called to his rest. Charlemagne deserves a special mention, as one of the few men during the Middle Ages who felt the value of education, and took the proper means to diffuse it. "It is well known," says our author, "that when Charlemagne ascended the throne, the abbey, which, by their resources and their influence, had most contributed in the preceding century to the educational movement, had fallen from the proud position they occupied. We may name, as an instance, the celebrated abbey of Lerins,—that focus of literary culture during the fourth century."

In the discharge of his duties, Charlemagne had to contend with great difficulties: he could not overcome them completely, assisted

though he was by Alcuin and the other illustrious members of the Palatine school. After his death, the reforms he had introduced gradually vanished, the Church fell back into the grossest ignorance, and, between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the cause of education was supported only by the solitary efforts of a few devoted men, such as Geert de Groote, Thomas à Kempis, John Wesselius, Rudolph Agricola, and Alexander Hegius. To Luther was reserved the glory, both of reforming the Church, and of dispelling the intellectual darkness in which the Priests had purposely kept those whom they should have guided in the way of salvation. Dr. Schaeffer enumerates very carefully all the obstacles the Reformer encountered, and also the assistance he received in his laborious undertaking. One of the most important of his auxiliaries was that supplied by the printing-press.

"Had it not been for the press, Luther could never have addressed the people as he did. The impetus which the Reformation gave to popular literature in Germany was immense. For, whilst 35 volumes only had been published in 1513, and 37 in 1517, the number of printed books increased with the most extraordinary rapidity after the apparition of Luther's Theses. We find, in 1518, 71 printed books; in 1519, 111; 1520, 208; 1521, 211; 1522, 347; 1523, 498. And where were all these works published? Almost always at Wittemberg. Who was the author of them? Generally Luther. In 1522, 130 of the Reformer's productions issued from the press; 183 more appeared during the following year. Only 20 Roman Catholic works were published in 1523. Now to what cause must we ascribe the ardour with which all classes of society purchased, read, and studied Luther's writings? An ardour so great that the Reformer himself, in a letter bearing the date 1518, says, 'My little books go, or rather fly, in a few days from the one end of Europe to the other.' The reason is plain. Whilst brought into contact with Popish doctrines, men felt their souls withered, and the springs of life dried up within them: the word of Luther falling upon them was the dew which the parched soil drinks eagerly."

Dr. Schaeffer then goes on to enumerate the various educational works composed by Luther. As early as 1520, in his celebrated "Appeal to the Emperor and to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation," he had stated with great power his ideas on education. A thorough reform of the Universities, the study of the Holy Scriptures taken as the basis of solid mental training,—such were the two principles he endeavoured to establish in this eloquent manifesto. But it was only four years later, in 1524, that Luther composed his first work, *ex professo*, on the subject of Pædagogics. It is a small pamphlet, of which eight editions were sold within twelve months. The title is as follows: "To the Councillors of all the German Cities: a Petition for the Founding of Christian Schools." We have been struck by the practical character and the elevated views of that exquisite production; it has lost nothing of its *actuality*, and, if reprinted even now in a popular form, it might be profitably studied by all persons engaged, or interested, in the cause of education. The manual generally known as the "*Visitationen Büchlein*," or "Hand-Book for Visitors," was the next publication given by Luther in connexion with our subject. Melancthon seems to have had the principal

share in its compilation. Dr. Schaeffer rightly calls it "*un chef d'œuvre*."

If Protestants are unanimous respecting Luther's character and merits, they do not, on the other hand, seem yet to agree about the real tendencies of Schleiermacher's teaching. The extraordinary vagaries in which German divinity has lately indulged, still contribute, no doubt, to make many people regard with suspicion any importation of Teutonic learning. Thus it is that, whilst for some Schleiermacher is the only true theologian the world has seen since the Reformation of the sixteenth century, not a few, especially in England, consider him as a subverter of evangelical doctrine, and as the champion of rationalism. The truth, we believe, lies at an equal distance from both extremes; and whilst we would not make even Schleiermacher a subject for "hero-worship," we feel as little inclined to view him in the light of a propounder of heresies. Dr. Schaeffer's work will, unquestionably, contribute to dispel many errors, and to solve many doubts in the mind of the impartial reader. It examines only one branch of Schleiermacher's system,—his ethics; but it does so in connexion with the rest; and the numerous references, in the shape of foot-notes, enable the student to judge for himself how far Dr. Schaeffer's deductions are correct.

Katechismus der Kirche der Zukunft, zum Gebrauch in der Gegenwart für Jung und Alt. (Catechism of the Church of the Future, for the Present Use of the Young and Old.) Frankfurt am Mayn. 1855.

WHAT is German Catholicism? Ten years ago—gathering our views from the general tenor of the English press—we should have regarded it as the breaking forth of a new Reformation on German soil, the harbinger to Germany of a better and a brighter future. Following the course of public opinion in our own country, we remark, at a later period, in some, but only in exceptional cases, a dawning suspicion as to the character and aim of this new teaching; more generally, a want of confidence as to the final issue of the movement, combined with a lingering regard for the names of its chief promoters, and affection for the principles they advocated. And at the present day, perhaps the common verdict of our country on German Catholicism would be, that it was the bursting forth of a little light and liberty upon a few minds which had before been ens'aved in ignorance and superstition; that there was an incongruous mixture of the pure and the worldly in the persons and aims of its first apostles and their followers; and that, after a brief period of flattering growth, the fair flower had been despoiled of its strength and beauty, and had left little but a faded and withering remnant behind.

We wish it were even so. It were a good thing if German Catholicism were indeed languishing and ready to die. In few things, probably, have the faith, hope, and charity of our countrymen been more abused, than in relation to the true nature and design of this movement. The charity which believes all things, and hopes all things, has permitted us to regard this phase in the religious history of Germany, in the first instance with intense satisfaction, in the latest

with but a very modified suspicion. The true history of German Catholicism has yet to be written. It is not a thing of the past, but unfortunately a power only too wide-spread and influential in the present. It is not to be reckoned, as to its influence, by the number of its professed followers, or the extent to which it has succeeded in forming congregations and erecting places of worship, large as that may be; but a more appalling picture is presented, when its influence is estimated by the extent to which its principles are received and practically acted upon by the mass of the population, by the number of those who, whilst still professing attachment to the Church of their fathers, have really surrendered every thing that is most essential in the doctrines of the Reformation, in favour of a frigid system of scarcely disguised infidelity.

Did we think it necessary, we would present our readers with a general analysis of the doctrinal teaching of the German Catholic Church, exhibiting, at the same time, the principal written sources whence such information is to be derived. In preference to this, however, we have selected, out of many works issued by the apostles of the new faith, one of their most recently published Catechisms, which, whilst taught to the children of their adherents, is intended to induct alike young and old into the breadth and liberty of the "Church of the Future." The writer of the Catechism is known to be Heribert Rau, one of their Preachers, who, besides furnishing the new Church literature with books of devotion, ecclesiastical history, didactic and other writings, has written a larger work, entitled "The Gospel of Nature," in which he more fully and systematically expounds the new Gospel which is to be the guiding-star of future humanity. Passing these, however, as well as the writings of Uhlich and other scribes and Doctors of the Church, we believe that our purpose will be fully accomplished, and our readers more than convinced of the actual character of this new teaching, by a few notes extracted from the Catechism to which we have already alluded.

The first principle laid down by the expounder of German Catholicism is, that whatever lies nearest to us, whatever we have most to do with, should be the object of our first and chief attention. "Hence," says he, "man's first study is himself, the fashion of his body and the characteristics of his mind; next, the world of nature around him, the plant, the insect, the fish, the bird:"—all this before he comes to study the Infinite, the Eternal, in other words, God. This, of course, is pure Secularism. It is to forget, moreover, that the highest to us of all beings is He on whom we depend at every moment for life, and breath, and all things. A God afar off, and not nigh, is the perpetual teaching of this new philosophy. Man's relation to the world follows in the order of study, from which the learner rises to the contemplation of mankind in general, and the mission and calling of collective humanity.

A second important principle in this teaching is, that every thing is governed by eternal, immutable laws: to these all things owe their being; they are inherent in nature; in a certain sense they are God.

A third important doctrine is that of development. Development is the law of the universe; it explains creation; it is the key to all history; it is the exposition of man in his past, his present, and his future.

A fourth lesson which we draw from our German Catholic teachers, relates to the being of God. A distinct, personal God, the self-existent Creator and Preserver of all things, is not to be admitted in the religion of the future. God is the soul of all existence, the life of the world, that Spirit which bears the same relation to the universe, pervading, actuating, and animating its being, which the soul of man bears to his bodily organization.

These are some of the general principles which lie at the base of the present German Catholic teaching. The student of religious and philosophical opinions finds in them nothing new; they are but the repetition of old fallacies a thousand times refuted.

Out of the six hundred and forty-three questions and answers which this Catechism contains, sufficient appears to show that the so-called German Catholic Church is another mournful instance of the grievous aberrations of men who cast away the written word, to introduce a Gospel of their own; sufficient also to make the lover of truth and happiness to mourn for Germany, when he knows that, beside and beyond the thousands of professed adherents to this new Creed, its principles have so permeated through society, that they are the actual faith in many places of a very large majority of the population. Like the Secularism of our own land, it is the kind of Gospel which, to the natural heart, is the most acceptable; and which, preached or not preached, finds, in consequence, the most ready access to the minds of those to whom the cross of Christ is a folly or an offence.

The Words of the Lord Jesus. By Rudolf Stier, Doctor of Theology, Chief Pastor and Superintendent of Skeudit. Vol. I. Translated from the Second Revised and Enlarged German Edition. By the Rev. William B. Pope. London: Clark's Foreign Theological Library.

ON many accounts we regard this publication as one of the most valuable of Messrs. Clark's series. Stier appears to us to be much more spiritual and reverent than any of the other German authors to whose writings these gentlemen have introduced us. Even the pious and gentle Neander compares disadvantageously with this divine. The loose doctrines regarding inspiration which most German theologians hold, and the very free criticism in which they consequently indulge, render their productions often offensive to the English reader, and require from the young student the utmost vigilance and caution in the perusal of them. Those who have read Neander's "Life of Jesus," while acknowledging the service which he renders to Christianity in his controversy with Strauss, will remember many painful instances confirmatory of this remark. The volume before us is, however, imbued, upon the whole, with a much more devout and reverential spirit, as the author's view of inspiration is evidently truer and deeper than that of most of his countrymen. Indeed, Stier is almost fierce in the declaration of his belief of "the *rigid* inspiration of the word."

It is impossible to read the book without being convinced, as the translator remarks, that its author is singularly "imbued with the mind of Christ." He has set himself, in the spirit of a most fervent

piety, and with the aids of uncommon learning, to interpret the sayings of our Lord; and we cannot but confess that he appears to us to have penetrated very deeply into their meaning, and to have brought out, with great accuracy and ingenuity, what some have thought they were almost entirely wanting in,—their evangelical significance. The limits of so brief a notice as this prohibit quotation; but there are many passages of incomparable sweetness and spirituality which justify our opinion.

But even Stier must be read with caution. When, for instance, he speaks of Christ, "in His estate of self-abnegation," as not "actively either omnipotent or almighty, any more than everywhere present;" and interprets his language to Nathanael, "When Thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw Thee," as indicating a past time, when "He also actually, with His bodily eyes," beheld him; we are constrained to demur to his doctrine. True, he admits that the Saviour spoke as the Omniscient Searcher of hearts; but what evidence is there that He had seen Nathanael otherwise than with the eyes of His omnipresence and omniscience? Such an instance as this, rare as it may be in the volume before us, shows how strong is the tendency to "free criticism" in Germany; and how constantly the English biblical student needs to be on his guard in perusing even the best theological productions of that country.

The excellence of the translation consists in this, that, while faithfully rendering one of the most idiomatic, and therefore difficult, of German writers, it preserves, beyond almost any other of Messrs. Clark's series, the idiom of our own language. We rejoice that a Wesleyan Minister has been found who, among the multiplicity and variety of connexional and pastoral labours, has been able to present this translation in so finished and beautiful a form. To all who wish to study the deep meaning of the Saviour's teaching, and especially its evangelical import, we earnestly commend this volume. Theological science and spiritual religion will have gained immensely in England, when this profound and suggestive work shall be completely before the public in its English dress.

Land, Labour, and Gold: or, Two Years in Victoria: with Visits to Sidney and Van Diemen's Land. By William Howitt, Author of "Visits to Remarkable Places." Two Vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

MR. HOWITT gives a detailed narrative of the travels of himself and his two sons to and fro among the gold-diggings, most of which they appear to have visited; and of their labours and privations, when there. And truly, of all modes of acquiring wealth, the direct search for the coveted gold is the most arduous, the most uncertain, the least picturesque. The squalid misery, the fearful privations, the moral wretchedness, which accompany the pursuit, form one of the most repulsive pictures which the countless occupations of a busy world afford.

We could have wished that Mr. Howitt had spoken with more moderation upon the public questions, in connexion with the Colony of Victoria, upon which he has so fully entered. We quite agree

with him that the land question is one involving the future prosperity of the Colony, but we cannot think that calling names is either just or decorous. The existing Government was not responsible for the law which it only administered; and a more generous man would have made greater allowance for the shortcomings of a Governor suddenly surrounded by difficulties, both unforeseen and unparalleled. The discovery of gold, and the consequent inundation of emigrants from all parts of the world, might well throw into confusion a machinery framed for ordinary times, and almost paralyse an executive overwhelmed by unexpected demands upon its resources, and incapable of sudden expansion. With the exception of this tone of undue severity both against the Local and Home Government, however, we look upon the work as one of great value and interest.

The land question is that, upon the just settlement of which the welfare of the Colony must hinge. At present the difficulty of procuring land, in moderate quantities and at a cheap rate, is such, that an emigrant cannot, as it is asserted, for two hundred or three hundred pounds, procure enough to grow vegetables for his family. When men have scraped together a competency, they are debarred from investing it, as they would willingly do, in the soil of the country; and either return to England or migrate to America, where the best land can be procured for five shillings an acre. The bulk of the best land in the Colony is in the hands of the squatters, who are claiming a vested right in the inheritance of the people. The extent of land held by these individuals is enormous. The average of square miles held by each squatter is sixty-nine; but many individuals hold immensely more. Two squatters hold more than 800,000 acres each; two, 600,000 each; one, 400,000; four, 350,000 each; three, 300,000 each; fourteen, 250,000 each; fourteen, 200,000 each; thirty, 150,000 each; seventy-three, 100,000 each; and two hundred and ninety-eight squatters hold more than 50,000 acres each. By law, each squatter can claim the right of pre-emption to one square mile, or six hundred and forty acres; but in Victoria, at least, no leases have been given, although it is stated that such were promised. Now it is obvious that this land must be set free, if the Colony is to prosper. A homeless and wandering population must have the means of becoming settled, and the quiet pursuits of agriculture must take the place of overcrowded gold-diggings. Mr. Howitt has argued the case with great energy, and, by so doing, has deserved well of the community, both in the old country and the new.

Reformers before the Reformation, principally in Germany and the Netherlands, depicted by Dr. C. Ullmann. Vol. I. Translated by the Rev. Robert Menzies.—Clark's Foreign Theological Library. New Series. Vol. VI. 1855.

THE object primarily proposed in this work is to do justice to certain comparatively little known, but most deserving, pioneers of the Reformation, and particularly to throw new light upon the steps of transition to it in the countries specified in the title-page; and thus to promote a more complete, profound, and correct knowledge of the Reformation itself. This first volume deals chiefly with the

antecedent need of the Reformation, in reference to prevailing corruptions. The sequel (to appear as a second volume) will treat of the positive preparations made for it, and of its incipient rudiments. In the first of the two "Books" into which the present volume is divided, *John of Goch*, as one of the chief representatives of the period in which he lived, shows the need of the Reformation, as it respects the general spirit of the Church inwardly. In the second "Book," *John of Wesel*, and several of the members of his circle, show the same thing with reference to special ecclesiastical abuses. And, further, an Appendix, at the end of the volume, presents us with an interesting account of *Hans Böheim*, of *Necklas-hausen*, one of the most notable pioneers of the Peasant War, and of *Cornelius Grapheus*, who, as the first propagator of Goch's doctrines and works, did much good preparatory service,—and might have done much more, but that, as the result of his quitting the special field of theology for that of general literature, his theological character was extinguished, and as a Reformer he halted, like Erasmus, behind his age.

The author promises himself a much livelier interest for the second volume, "partly because the materials will be of richer variety, and partly because the persons and subjects to be treated of will be of greater positive importance." Probably so. But the present volume is deeply interesting; and the more so, from what he supposes may, with some persons, be a ground of objection, namely, the circumstance of its depicting the different tendencies of the age through the medium of *persons* representing them. When the work shall have been completed, it will supply what has long been a *desideratum*, and will establish the claim of the author to the gratitude of all who are interested in the subject.

The Sanctuary: a Companion in Verse for the English Prayer-Book. By Robert Montgomery, M.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

WE welcome from Mr. Montgomery what we should scarcely praise in any other author of his pretensions. Obscurity is generally some shades better than absurdity; and in his case, at least, a good copy will always rank before a bad original. Yet it is venturing perhaps too far to pronounce the present work a good copy. Mr. Montgomery dedicates his volume to the memory of George Herbert; and it is evident that the "Temple" of the latter is the model, both in ground-plan and general style, of the "Sanctuary" of the former. But our author has not confined his imitation to a standard so peculiar and so remote. He has felt his need of guidance to enable him to adapt his antique model to the language of the present day. Hence we are reminded still more frequently of Keble than of Herbert. The question naturally occurs, Have not the English Church and the Prayer-Book received sufficient illustration at the hands of these two excellent authors? The answer is suggested by the poverty of this additional attempt. The poetry of ritualism has been well-nigh exhausted; and this is but a *caput mortuum*. It has none of Herbert's noble moral sentiment, and still less of Keble's chaste and thoughtful poesy. The

manner of the last-named author is very closely followed; all his measures are repeated; the subjects are frequently identical; and the very headings are similarly set in Gothic type; but the soul of Gothic worship is quite wanting. It is only just, however, to say, that in evangelical sentiment the "Sanctuary" is at least equal to the "Christian Year;" and would probably have appeared still more so, if the author's power of expression had adequately seconded his sincere endeavours after scriptural truth. Though taken from the Prayer-Book, Mr. Montgomery's texts are frequently in the very words of Scripture; and this fact insures a certain tone of intelligent and pure devotion, from which the author, by his unfortunate instinct of imitation, is otherwise inclined to deviate. The following verses occur under the heading of "St. Matthew the Apostle," and may be taken in illustration of our author's manner:—

"Lost in the gloom of life's tempestuous sea,
How anchorless the shipwreck'd heart must be,
Unless by faith 't is fasten'd on the Lord,
Who walks the waves, and rules them by His word.

"Here is that creed which glorifies their lot—
Saints cannot live where Christian love breathes not!
And Christ by omnipresent grace is found,
Where duty leads, and makes it hallow'd ground.

"Those peopled solitudes, loud cities vast,
If there by heaven thy cross of life be cast,—
O, thought divine! the aching soul to bless,—
The Lord is with thee in thy loneliness.

* * * *

"O, for a heart which like St. Matthew leaves
That mammon-world whose vice the Spirit grieves!
Flies from the golden martyrdom of wealth,
And finds in poverty true peace and health.

"When base expediency, like Naaman, bends
In Rimmon's temple for apostate ends,
Earth calls it providence!—but with God 't is crime,
Which makes eternity succumb to time.

"Christ is the income of celestial hearts,
When the vain world with its vile gold departs;
And man's true riches in the Spirit are,—
Comfort and calm, with purity and prayer.

"Yet need we not from throng'd abodes to fly;
If duty calls—then God Himself is nigh!
Nor pine in fancy for monastic cell,
But take our cross and try to bear it well.

"Heaven shines on earth when souls by faith can see
The lustres of reveal'd eternity,
Reposing softly on that secret path,
Whose winding still the Saviour's foot-print hath."

The above is not an unfavourable specimen of Mr. Montgomery's religious poetry, yet the reader will probably think that its order of merit is only secondary; and if he should remember Mr. Keble's beautiful lines on the calling of the same Apostle, he will sensibly appreciate the difference of its poetic flavour.

A Mother's Portrait : being a Memorial of Filial Affection ; with Sketches of Wesleyan Life, and of Religious Services. By the Rev. F. J. Jobson. London. 1855.

WE cannot defer the expression of our cordial approbation of this work, although an unusual demand upon our columns will preclude a lengthened notice, commensurate with its great interest and merit. The substance, plan, and general style of this biography have almost equally delighted us. Mrs. Jobson was an esteemed and highly useful member of the Wesleyan Church in the city of Lincoln, and eminent for piety, benevolence, and domestic virtues. Though long since gathered to her heavenly rest, the memory of this pious lady is still cherished in the neighbourhood and religious society which she adorned ; and her grateful son has not been misled in raising this more public monument to her worth. The plan of this Memorial is very happily conceived. When so many exceptions are taken to the style and substance of religious biographies,—many of which, of course, are of a merely captious or sceptical nature,—an experiment of the present kind, in which the claims of religion and of taste are happily conciliated, is doubly welcome. The character of Mrs. Jobson, as represented in this Memoir, was eminently exemplary ; and if the Christian Church is rich in patterns of female piety and worth, Christian literature is only too poor in such "Portraits" as the present. But the peculiarity of this biography is in the associated groups by which the central picture is surrounded. Besides family and local details, always so acceptable in books of this description, we are introduced to sketches of Methodism, in its early efforts to evangelize what may be called the heathen plains of Lincolnshire ; to pictures of humble, but religious and well-marked characters, such as Noble Sproule, the military pensioner and pious Class-Leader ; and to very pleasing *interiors* of public and domestic piety. There is nothing which may fairly be stigmatized as religious cant ; genuine, simple, earnest, but sober godliness is exhibited and commended in this volume, and nothing more. We sincerely welcome it as the most interesting piece of Christian biography, dealing with feminine and private excellence, which has appeared for many years past. The least of its merits is the elegant embellishment afforded by numerous spirited vignettes.

A Tar of the Last War : being the Services and Anecdotes of Sir Charles Richardson, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the White. By the Rev. C. E. Armstrong, M.A., Master of Hemsworth Hospital, Yorkshire. London : Longmans. 1855.

THIS is a very pleasing account of the adventures of a fine old worthy, who saw much service, and had many adventures, tragic and comical, by sea and by land. It was in 1787 that Charles Richardson entered the navy as a Midshipman. From that time to 1822 he served his country actively in various latitudes. He was with Lord Howe on "the Glorious First of June,"—stood by Duncan in the Mutiny at the Nore,—captured the brave De Winter off Camperdown,—did good service under noble Abercromby in Holland and

Egypt,—was with dashing Cochrane in the *Brest* and *Aix Roads*,—behaved gallantly even at *Walcheren*,—had a ludicrously narrow escape from being taken prisoner (by a madcap horse) into *Flushing*,—skirmished with the Chinese,—became, as he deserved to be, Rear-Admiral in 1837,—and died a calm and Christian death in 1850.

The perusal of this volume will, we think, lead many of its readers to entertain deeper respect and more generous sympathy for “those that go down to the sea in ships.” For certainly, spite of the unfavourable influences on board a large vessel,—spite of the cooped-up cockpit, the huddled hammocks, the frolicsome middies, and swearing officers, (and all these were ten times worse when Richardson first trod a deck,)—spite of all, some of the best and noblest of earth’s sons are to be found amongst those who spend their lives on the blue sea. It seems as if, where there is already a grain of religion in the deep soil of a sailor’s heart, the open sea life fosters and developes it to a healthy growth, seldom attained among shallow, narrow-minded, higgling landmen. On the ocean, far away from shore, with no roof between the sailor and the starry sky, nothing but a plank or two between him and the fathomless sea, even a wicked man is led to thoughts of better things, and things which make for his peace. But more especially in the grand and fearful storm are the minds of most men solemnized, and led to earnest trust in Him who alone can save.

We look with much satisfaction on the life of the veteran now before us. What more pleasing than to see a man faithful in all his duties, unflinching when death is in front, incurring fearful risk (as Richardson did many times) to rescue drowning men, meeting calmly the ills of life, and at last yielding up his soul, peacefully and trustfully, into the hands of that Saviour who had so long guarded and cheered him in the midst of peril extreme?

There are many passages in this little book which we should like to extract, had we the requisite space at command. Richardson’s only (and very harmless) love affair is racily told, as also his exploits with the hounds, and many other humorous adventures. In the following extract we find him taking the Bible as his text-book in a nautical dilemma, with the best results:—

“In February, 1808, the ‘*Cæsar*,’ while cruising off the French coast, anchored one evening about a mile from the shore; and towards night the wind veered round, and raged with the fury of a hurricane. As it blew direct from the southward, there appeared every probability of the vessel parting from her anchors; in which case she would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. Captain Richardson made it a rule never to retire to rest, when the slightest danger was apprehended in any ship under his command. He always kept himself awake by taking strong coffee: and on this night he was engaged in reading the Holy Scriptures. Often did he feel (he would observe) the support and peace of mind which they afforded, when every sea washed over the ship, and every plunge of the straining vessel seemed to be its last.

“Listening to each change in the tempest, the Captain sat with his Bible before him, and by chance (or something better) commenced reading *St. Paul’s shipwreck*, in *Acts xxvii*. As he proceeded, every

verse became more interesting, and somewhat similar to their present situation in the very same sea. For instance: 'And when no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away.' But on coming to verse 29,—'Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern,'—he jumped up with his authority in his hand, ran to the Admiral's cabin, and awoke him, exclaiming, 'St. Paul is a better sailor than any of us!' In a moment the cause for the interruption was explained, and the verse carefully read over and considered. Five minutes afterwards Captain Richardson's loud voice was heard, ordering anchors to be cast out from the 'Cæsar's' stern. This evidently relieved the ship, and her safety depended entirely upon her cables, which did faithful service until daylight, when the wind got round, and the gale died away." (Page 157.)

If the unfortunate "Prince" in Balaklava Bay had adopted the same plan, and then steamed with all her power *against* the wind, so as to lessen the strain on her cables, she might probably have weathered the storm, and earned a more agreeable *sobriquet*.

We commend this volume to the attention of our readers. We could have wished it to contain more about Richardson himself,—who, in his fourscore years, must have seen a world of adventure not recorded here,—and somewhat less of those martial exploits in which the old sailor did *not* figure. Still it is a pleasant record of many scenes in which British seamen have done their duty. We must not conclude without a word of commendation for the illustrations, which, though by a provincial designer, have a spirit and originality which are rather too rare now-a-days.

A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament during the First Four Centuries. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

THE readers of a former work by the same Author, under the title of "Elements of the Gospel Harmony," will be prepared to hail the appearance of this volume, on a somewhat kindred subject, as being likely to prove an equally acceptable and valuable contribution to our store of modern Biblical literature. Nor will they be disappointed.

The special object of the writer is to present a general history of the New-Testament Canon, or "collection of books which constitute the original *written* rule of the Christian Faith,"—as distinct from the particular history of the several books of which it is composed; and so to meet what he deems to be the new requirement created by the "new position in Theology," which, in the hands of various modern writers, the question of the Canon of Holy Scripture (that of the New Testament, in particular) has recently assumed. For this purpose, he divides the whole history of the *formation* of the Canon into three periods; the first of these periods extending to the time of Hegesippus (A.D. 70–170); the second to the persecution of Diocletian (A.D. 170–303); and the last to the third Council of Carthage (A.D. 303–393); each of these periods being assumed to mark "some real step in the progress of the work," as follows:—

"The first includes the era of the separate circulation and gradual collection of the sacred writings; the second completes the history of their separation from the mass of ecclesiastical literature; the third comprises the formal ratification of the current belief by the authority of Councils."

In his examination of the first period, which, from its superior interest and importance, justly occupies nearly two-thirds of the volume, he notices, separately, the age of the Apostolic Fathers, (A.D. 70-120,) the age of the Greek Apologists, (A.D. 120-170,) the early versions of the New Testament, and the testimony of early heretics to the New Testament. And from the whole inquiry, he makes it very clearly apparent, that, although the direct evidence in proof of the early existence of *some* Canon is fragmentary, yet it is of wide range, of unaffected simplicity, of uniform tendency, and confirmed by the testimony of heretics, as well as by the judgment of Churches; but that, still, partial doubts existed as to certain books, and that the idea of a Canon during this period was implied, rather than expressed.

In the commencement of his history of the second period, the author shows, from the testimony of Gallican Churches (particularly those of Vienne and Lyons) in connexion with that of Irenæus, the Alexandrian Church in connexion with Pantænus and Clemens, and the African Church in connexion with Tertullian, that towards the close of the second century, there was a Canon of *acknowledged* books, admitted throughout the Church, by the common consent of the great Fathers of that time, and by the contemporaneous Churches, to be apostolic and authoritative. And from that time, "with the single exception of the Apocalypse,—the assaults of the Manichees on the books of the New Testament being no exception to the truth of this statement,—the books thus acknowledged were ever received, until subjective criticism ventured to set aside the evidence of antiquity."

From this point the author passes to the historical problem of the *disputed* books, and, for the solution of this problem, he cites the testimonies of the Alexandrine Church, and the Egyptian versions; the Latin Churches of Africa, particularly with respect to the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the Apocalypse; the Church of Rome; the Churches of Asia Minor; and the Churches of Syria; as, also, the testimony of the Church writers, generally, of the period in question, and that of apocryphal and heathen writers. The conclusion of the history of this *second* period is to the effect that, although it was fertile in controversies, those controversies were not such as to awaken a spirit of historical inquiry on the subject of the Canon.

"Tertullian once alludes to synodal disclosures on the Canon; but, as a general rule, it was assumed by Christian writers, that the contents of the New Testament were known and acknowledged. Where differences existed on this point, as in the case of the Marcionites, no attempt was made to compose them by a critical investigation into the history of the sacred records. The age was not only constructive, but conservative: and thus the evidence for the New-Testament Canon which has been gathered from writers of the third century, differs from that of earlier date in fulness rather than in kind. But the fulness of evidence for the *acknowledged* books, coming from every quarter of the Church, and given with unhesi-

tating simplicity, can surely be explained on no other ground than that it represented an original traditionary, or an instinctive (inspired), judgment of apostolic times: while, on the other hand, the books not universally received seem to have been in most cases rather unknown than rejected."

In treating of the third period, the author shows, first, the advantageous effect which the persecution of Diocletian had on the more determinate settlement of the Canon; and secondly, after bringing down the history to the Third Council of Carthage, in which the first synodal decision on the Canon was given, he continues the history briefly through "the Age of Councils," and onward to the Reformation and the Council of Trent.

The work differs considerably, as it will be seen, from other works on the subject of the Canon, in the circumstance that, being of a purely historical character, it deals with *external* evidence, rather than with *subjective* criticism; though, at the same time, it admits the great value of the latter method of inquiry, as giving important support to the conclusions of the former, by "the powerful internal testimony drawn from the relations of the books to one another, and to the early developments of Christian doctrine."

It deals with a subject somewhat abstruse and unattractive, as it is usually treated, and therefore not very generally studied, even by divines, except from brief summaries. But Mr. Westcott has succeeded in producing a book, which, though of moderate compass for such a subject, is at once highly valuable for the amount of information it conveys, and the lucid arrangement under which that information is presented, whilst it is also, for the style in which it is written, sufficiently interesting and attractive for the taste of general readers, as well as of students in theology. To the latter it will prove an admirable text-book; and to all others who cherish any curiosity on the subject, it will be satisfactory, as one of the most highly interesting, as well as most useful and instructive, pieces of history which the records of the Church supply.

A History of Modern Italy, from the first French Revolution to the Year 1850. By Richard Heber Wrightson. London: Bentley. 1855.

AMONGST circles conversant with the political condition of the different Italian Governments, there prevails an opinion that great changes are impending. The attitude so creditably assumed by Sardinia in the war with Russia, following a five years' consistent constitutional career, has shown that a native basis exists, on which a national superstructure may be raised. Austria's persistence in a repressive policy throughout her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, and her devious, dishonourable, and timid conduct in her negotiations with the Western Powers, have intensified the dislike of her foreign subjects, at the same time that they have stimulated their hopes. The utter helplessness of the Papal Government still continues, requiring the protracted dry-nursing of the French troops. And need we say, that the insane and brutal behaviour of the King of Naples crowns the catalogue of Italian wrongs,—wronges which loudly cry out for justice, and lead to the expectation of a speedy providential adjustment?

A good history of the politics of Italy during the last fifty years

was much needed. The diversity of Governments, and the complication of political movements consequent thereupon, together with the fact that peninsular affairs have only recently become topics of general interest amongst Englishmen, have been the causes of the ignorance which so generally prevails.

And, unfortunately, this ignorance has, to some extent, diverted the sympathies of our countrymen from those Italians whose constitutional efforts should fairly claim them, to the advantage of noisy republicans, whose proceedings have constituted them the best allies of Austria. Mr. Wrightson's volume will be of great utility to those who seek for truth. His narrative is simple and straightforward, and his political views are moderate. Commencing with the state of Italy under the sway of Napoleon, he refers to the condition of the peninsula at the time of the Congress of Vienna; and remarks the severity and want of tact shown by Austria in her conduct to her recovered and enlarged Italian provinces. He then describes the formation, the growth, and fatal effects of the *sects* which have had so unhappy an influence over the destinies of Italy. He then proceeds to tell the story of each separate State, and relates in detail the revolutionary movements of 1848-49.

Memorials of Mrs. Mary Sarson Cooper, late of Dunstable: compiled from her Diary and Correspondence. By Henry Fish, M.A. London: J. Mason, and A. Heylin. 1855.

THIS is an excellent Memoir of an accomplished lady, who, early in life, gave her heart to God, and, throughout her brief course, which yet included many trials and afflictions, held fast her confidence in Him. It consists mainly of extracts from her letters and diary, which manifest her cultivated mind and pious heart. Mr. Fish's name is of itself a sufficient guarantee for the worth of this little book; and we cordially recommend it to our readers, especially those of the gentler sex.

On the Smokeless Fire-place, Chimney Valves, and other Means, Old and New, of obtaining healthful Warmth and Ventilation. By Neill Arnott, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

THIS thin octavo volume is, like the author's former writings, a remarkable combination of sound principles and practical suggestions. We need only give the divisions of the book to enable our readers to understand its objects. That the execution is able, they will readily infer. The volume is divided into six parts. Part I. is entitled, "Smoke-consuming and Fuel-saving Fire-place," and shows how to remedy the three common defects of open fires,—smoke, waste, and irregular heating; Part II. treats of the "Ventilation of ordinary Dwellings;" Part III., Of "Warming in General;" Part IV., Of the "Self-regulating Fire," a most ingenious and valuable suggestion; Part V., Of "Ventilation on a large Scale, by Pumps, Fan-wheels, Shafts, &c.;" and Part VI. points out the most efficient means of combining warmth with ventilation.

MISCELLANEA.

Mediæval History. London and Edinburgh, 1855. This volume is the most recent of Messrs. Chambers' Educational Course, and not the least interesting of that able series.—*The Last of the Czars : or, The Doom of Nicholas. A Romance, founded on Russian History and Traditions.* By W. R. Brand. Partridge, Oakey, and Co. The romance of this work is wisely limited to the text ; our interest and admiration are restricted to the notes.—*Canada. An Essay, to which was afforded the First Prize by the Paris Exhibition Committee of Canada.* By J. Sheridan Hogan. Montreal. A gratifying report on the material progress of this fine country, in some respects the noblest of our colonial provinces. Two large and well-executed maps increase the value of the work.—*An Inquiry into the prevailing Notion on the Freedom of the Will.* By Jonathan Edwards. Howell : Liverpool. A neat edition, of convenient size, and creditable to the provincial press from which it issues.—*Glimpses of Jesus : or, Christ Exalted in the Affections of His People.* By W. P. Balforn. Second Edition. J. F. Shaw : London. 1855. Earnest and practical, and calculated both for popularity and usefulness.—*Thought and Language. An Essay having in view the Revival, Correction, and Exclusive Establishment of Locke's Philosophy.* By B. H. Smart. Longman. 1855. A very sensible little book, by one whose services to English literature have not been duly acknowledged. As a metaphysical writer, Mr. Smart has the great merits of precision and conciseness.—*An Essay on the Existence and Attributes of God.* By the Rev. Patrick Booth, A.M. A creditable summary of Christian evidences, but written in a harsh, uninteresting style.—*Indestructibility : One of the great Truths proclaimed by Nature and Science, traced throughout surrounding Things, from a Bit of Coal up to the Soul of Man.* By Henry G. Cooper. An ingenious argument, but not, as it appears to us, of any great value. Indeed, all the natural arguments for immortality are most defective, and do as much for the spirit of a brute as the soul of a man. Happily, revealed truth makes the desired distinction ; and, coming in aid of human consciousness, substitutes a profound assurance for rational demonstration.—*Learning and Working. Six Lectures.—The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilization. Four Lectures.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A. A certain tone of originality and vigour imparts an agreeable flavour to all the writings of Mr. Maurice. Yet we are at some loss to account for this author's popularity. When his matter is least objectionable, it is often most unprofitable ; and with an evident ambition to be highly practical, he is usually (as it appears to us) very vague in his teaching. The first part of the volume before us strikingly illustrates this defect ; but the second series of Lectures is of superior merit, embodying many just and discriminating views.—*Creation's Testimony to its God ; or, The Accordance of Science, Philosophy, and Revelation.* By Thomas Ragg. Second Edition. Longman and Co. An eloquent and copious plea for natural and revealed religion ; and none the less worthy of our confidence because it is the animated prose of a poet.